Dec. 15, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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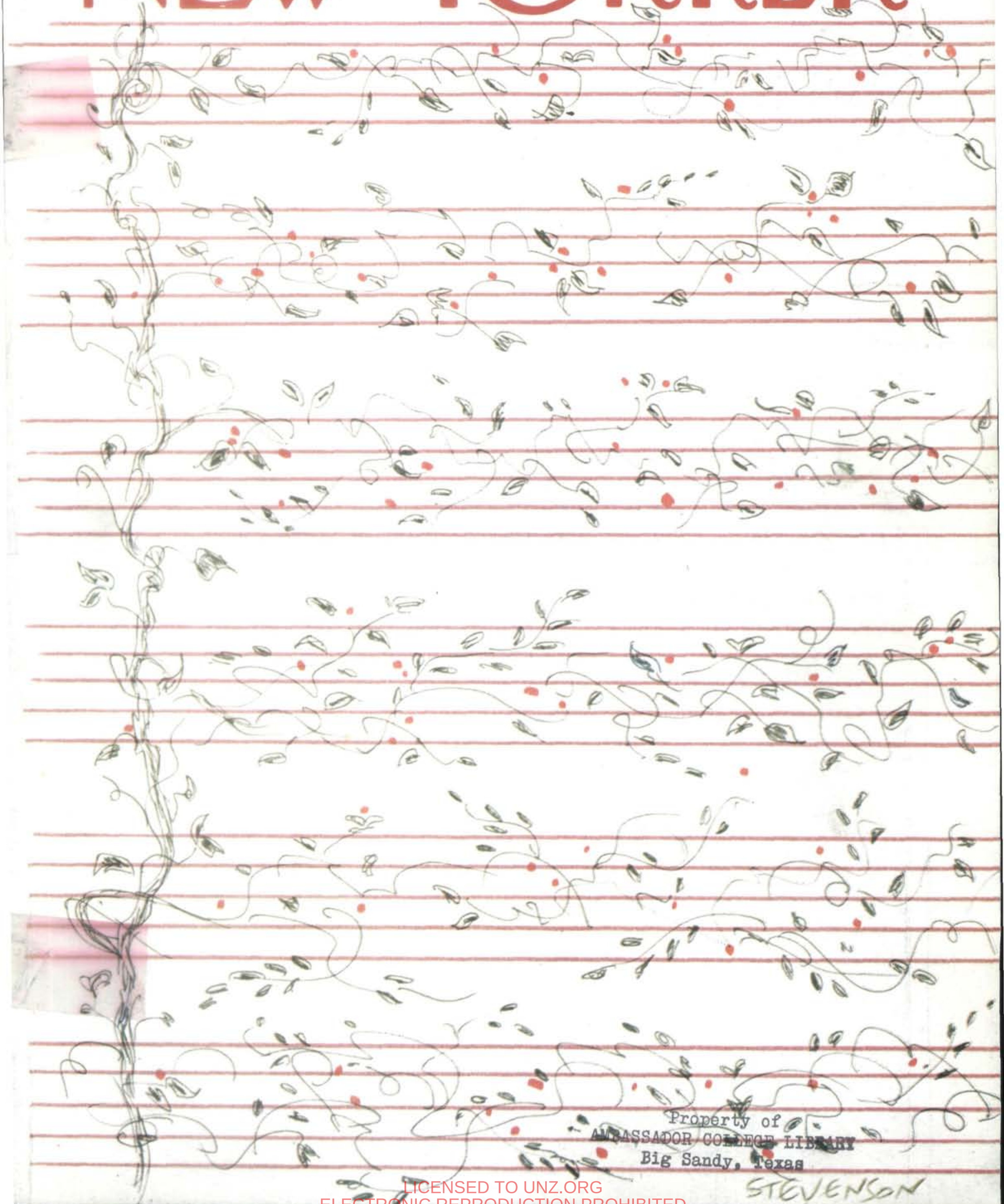

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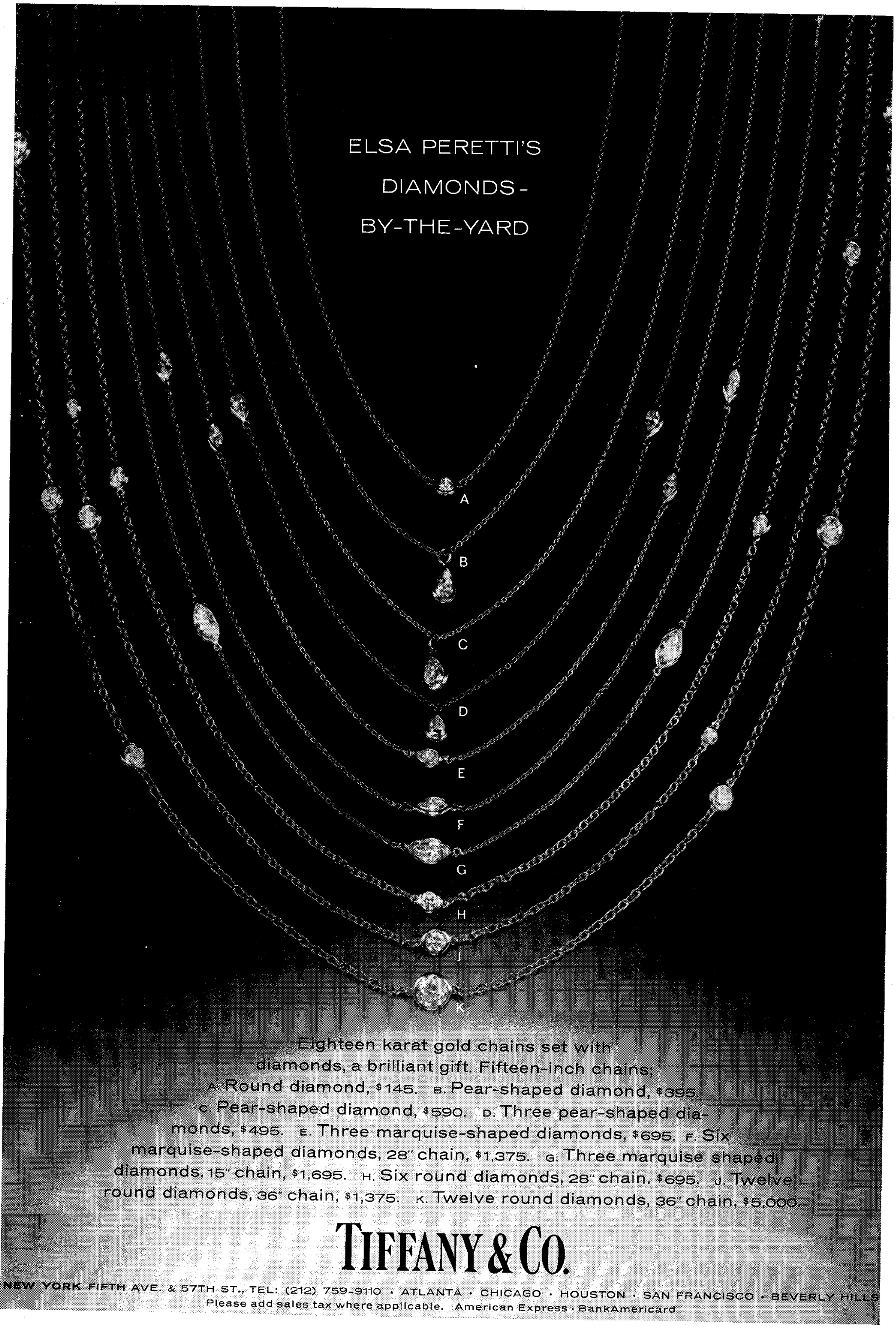

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

By Bernstein—A musical revue made up of Leonard Bernstein songs that never got performed in the shows for which they were written. New book by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; lyrics by Mr. Bernstein, Comden and Green, John Latouche, Jerry Lieber, and Stephen Sondheim. Michael Bawtree has directed a cast of seven, including Patricia Elliott and Janie Sell. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dear Mr. G.—A play by Donna de Matteo. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 243-8334. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Equity Library Theatre—Rose Franken's drama **another language** is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Fifth Season—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English) of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Gift of the Magi—A musical by Ronnie Britton, based on the O. Henry story. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Glass Menagerie—A revival of Tennessee Williams' play, with Maureen Stapleton, Rip Torn, Pamela Payton-Wright, and Paul Rudd. Directed by Theodore Mann. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 18, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 22. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Habeas Corpus—Jokes about middle-aged lust and bodily decrepitude, unexpectedly redeemed by a brilliant cast. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Hamlet—A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center, with Sam Waterston and Jane Alexander. Michael Rudman directed. Previews through Tuesday, Dec. 16. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 17, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 25. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—The everlasting musical, with the everlasting Pearl Bailey. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Saturday, Dec. 20.)

Ice Age—A German play by Tankred Dorst, translated by Peter Sander. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)

Jesse and the Bandit Queen—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime, Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is an occasion for two spirited performances, by Kevin O'Connor and Dixie Carter, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Kennedy's Children—A lament for five voices, the subject being the sad sixties and the disappointments inflicted in the course of that decade upon the promising young. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lamppost Reunion—A realistic melodrama about a famous singer who returns to his home town in New Jersey and meets old friends, not all of whom have a high opinion of him. With

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gabriel Dell and Danny Aiello. The author is Louis LaRusso II, and the director is Tom Signorelli. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith by clamping cloche hats on her head and singing Bessie's songs is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. Bessie had majesty; Hopkins doesn't. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

A Musical Jubilee—A couple of dozen old songs, delivered with spirit by Cyril Ritchard, Lillian Gish, Patrice Munsel, John Raitt, Tammy Grimes, Larry Kert, and Dick Shawn. This is Broadway? (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Norman Conquests—Richard Benjamin, Paula Prentiss, Ken Howard, Estelle Parsons, Barry Nelson, and Carole Shelley in Alan Ayckbourn's trilogy of comedies, imported from London. Directed by Eric Thompson. The schedule is complicated—**ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 2; Friday, Dec. 12, as well as Monday, Dec. 15, and Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2. . . . **TABLE MANNERS:** Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2; Tuesday, Dec. 16, as well as Thursday, Dec. 18, and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER:** Thursday, Dec. 11, and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 2; and Friday, Dec. 19, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

Phèdre—Racine's play presented, in French, by Le Tréteau de Paris. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11-12, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2. For tickets, call 644-1820.)

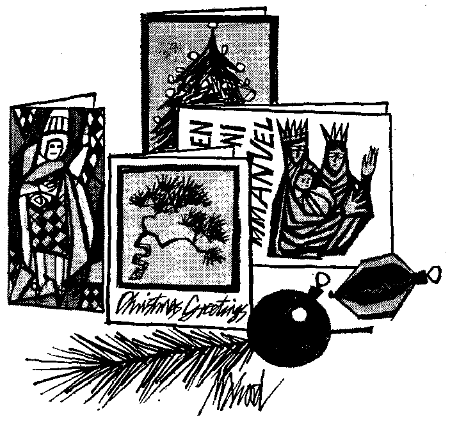
The Royal Family—Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, George Grizzard, and Sam Levene in a revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy. Ellis Rabb directed. Opens Tuesday, Dec. 16, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 28. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; on Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Sweet Bird of Youth—Irene Worth and Christopher Walken in a two-week engagement of Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by Edwin Sherin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)

Transition—A play by Ken Rubenstein. Opens Thursday, Dec. 11, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 21. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Free.)

Travesties—A comedy by Tom Stoppard that ingeniously mingles history with outrageous make-believe. John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) is the spectacular star. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Treemonisha—Scott Joplin's dull and contrived turn-of-the-century "opera" deals with a black Joan of Arc in Arkansas in the eighteen-eighties. Since Joplin's original material was sketchy, the show has been gussied up with a mini-ballet, a big chorus, and lots of stage business (dancing alligators, mock combat). But there is one gentle and lovely number, "A Real Slow Drag," and the singing, by Carmen Balthrop (Kathleen Battle substitutes for her at the matinées), Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White, is commendable. Gunther Schuller did the limber orchestrations. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)



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Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Yentl—You don't have to be Jewish to like "Yentl," but it will certainly help. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, the play tells how an old-country Jewish maiden assumes the guise of a man, marries a pretty girl, and finds misery. Tovah Feldshuh is enchanting in the title role. The play has been well directed by Robert Kalfin. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCE WITH ME:** A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,505 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Irving Lee, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE RITZ:** A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Stubby Kaye, June Gable, and Mike Kellin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** The great detective is played by Robert Stephens, and Alan Sues is his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.) . . . **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

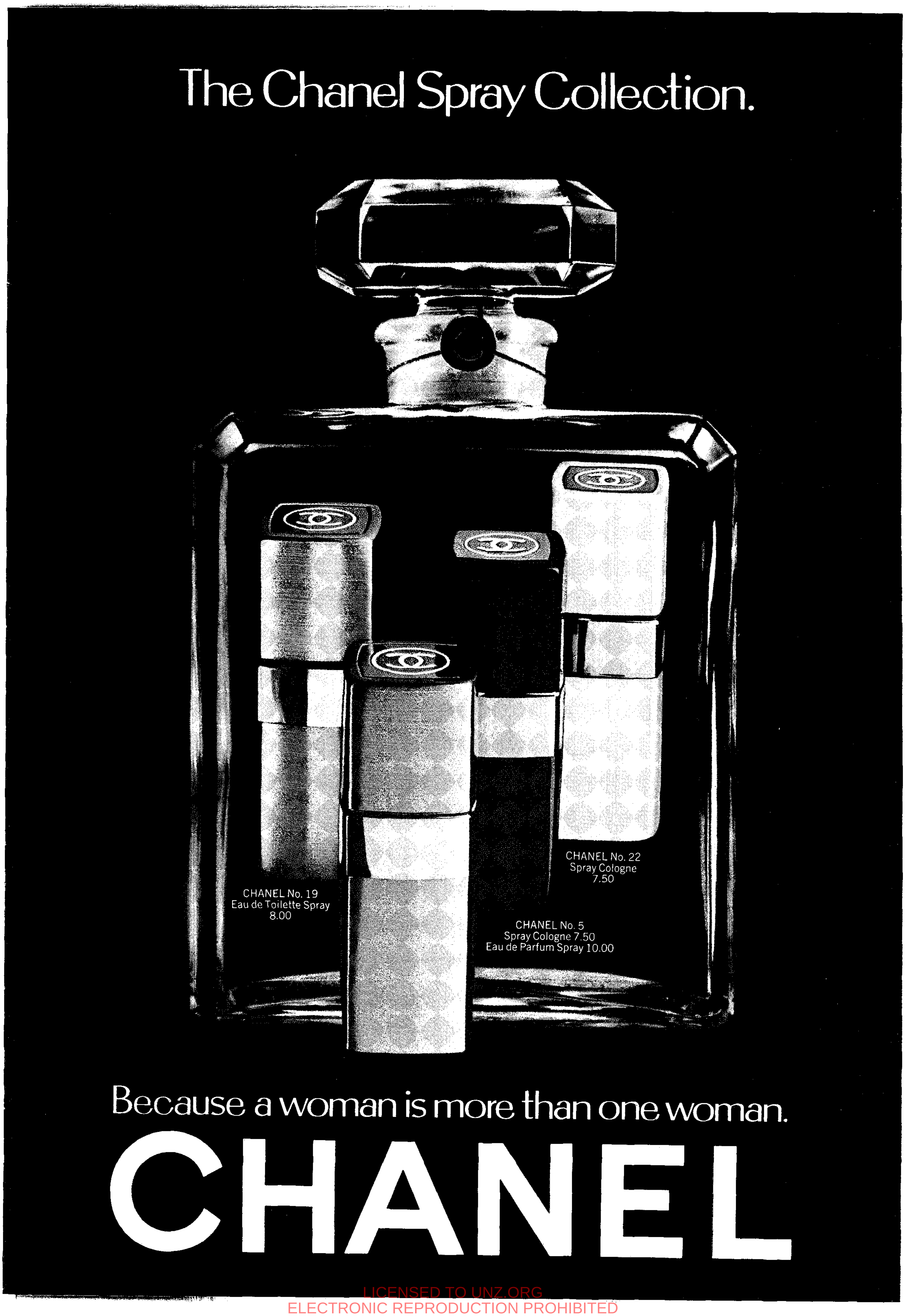
MISCELLANY

Soviet Circus (formerly the Moscow Circus)—The celebrated one-ring circus, with clowns, acrobats, jugglers, rope-walkers, Cossack riders, monkeys, and cycling bears. Opens Tuesday, Dec. 16, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 4. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 4. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 10-11, at 6; Friday, Dec. 12, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2 and 6; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 16-18, at 6; Friday, Dec. 19, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 8.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Dec. 10: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 11: "Night Creature," "Cry," "According to Eve," and "Liberian Suite." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 12: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec.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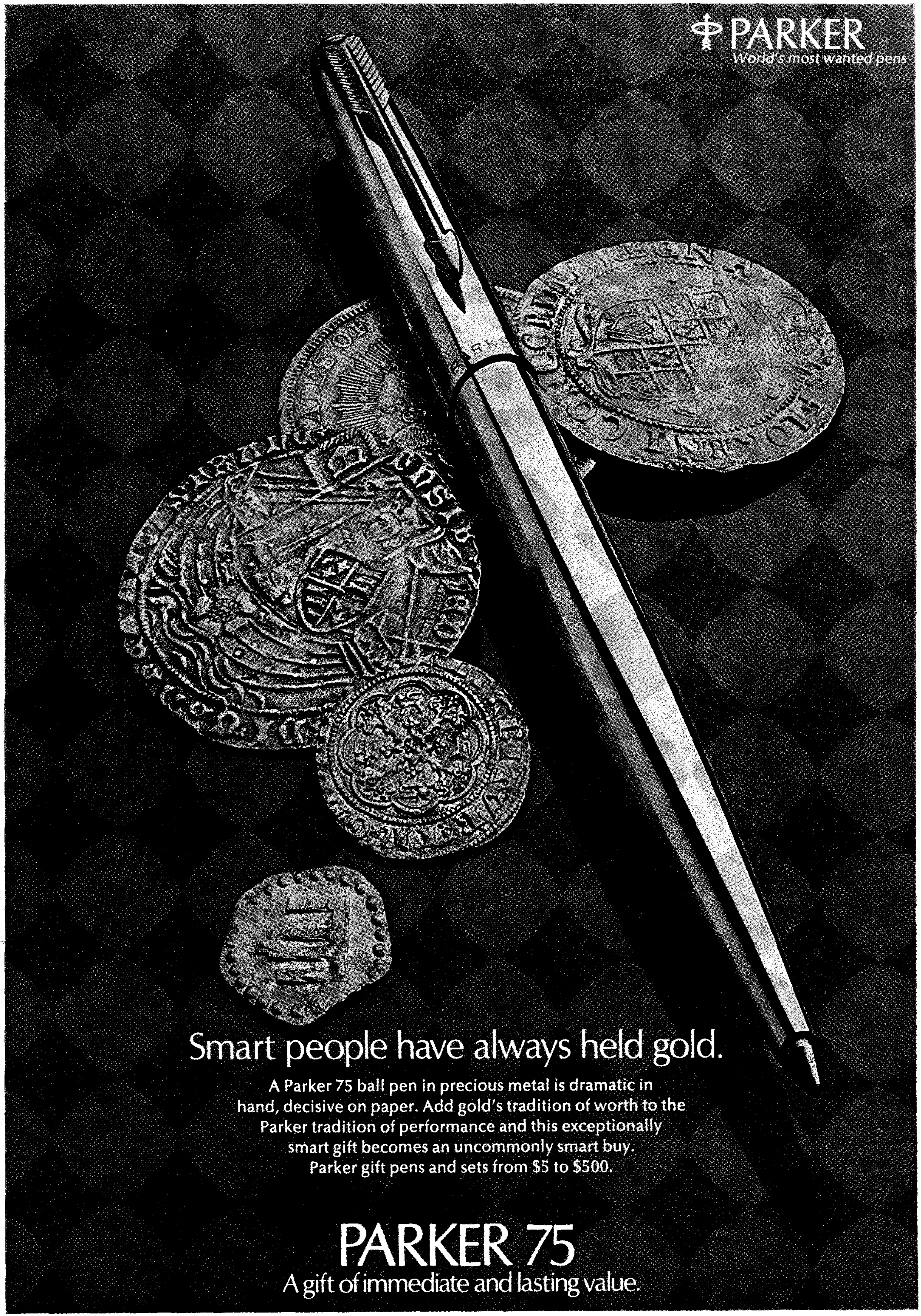

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

13: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Echoes in Blue," and "The Mooche."... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 13: "Hidden Rites," "Cry," "According to Eve," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 14: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Echoes in Blue," and "Liberian Suite."... ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 14: "Night Creature," "Cry," "The Mooche," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8089. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Wednesday matinée, Dec. 10: "Adorations," "Point of Crossing," "Lamentation," "Diversion of Angels," and "Lucifer."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 10: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 11: "Adorations," "Cave of the Heart," "Appalachian Spring," and "Lucifer."... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 12: "Adorations," "Diversion of Angels," "Cave of the Heart," and "Lucifer."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 13: "Acrobats of God," "Lamentation," "Diversion of Angels," "Point of Crossing," and "Lucifer."... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 13: "Point of Crossing," "Diversion of Angels," "Herodiade," and "Lucifer."... ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 15: "Diversion of Angels," "Appalachian Spring," "Night Journey," and "Lucifer."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 16 (a benefit performance honoring Aaron Copland): "Frontier;" "Diversion of Angels;" "Letter to the World;" and "Appalachian Spring," conducted by Mr. Copland. ... ¶ Wednesday matinée, Dec. 17: "Circe," "Appalachian Spring," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Night Journey."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 17: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Herodiade," "Acrobats of God," and "Night Journey."... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 18: "Diversion of Angels," "Lamentation," "Letter to the World," and "Night Journey."... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 19: "Dark Meadow," "Seraphic Dialogue," and "Night Journey." ... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 20: "Dark Meadow," "Adorations," and "Night Journey."... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 20: "Clytemnestra." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7050. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Jan. 3.)

Sanasardo Dance Company—Wednesday, Dec. 10, and Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:30: "A Memory Suite," "Shadows," and "The Path."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11, and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2:30: "A Consort for Dancers," choreographed by Paul Sanasardo to the poetry of Anne Sexton, read by Marian Winters and William Weaver. (City Center Downstairs, 131 W. 55th St. For information about tickets, call 247-4230.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—Wednesday through Sunday evenings, Dec. 10-14: "Go for Barocco," "Divertissement," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," "The Queen's Revenge," "Phaedra/Monotonous," and "Don Quixote."... ¶ Wednesday through Saturday evenings, Dec. 17-20, and Sunday matinée and evening, Dec. 21: "The Nutcracker." (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-7341. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Jan. 10—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, at 8: "Geometrics," "Moments" (company première), and "Catalogue" (première).... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Continuum," and "Index." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. For tickets, call 777-1123.)

Chiang Ching Dance Company—A program of classical Chinese dances, as well as modern works. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, at 8.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

Riverboat, 350 Fifth Ave., at 34th St. (736-6210)—By virtue of their long-suffering art and their unfailing humor, jazz musicians are the most patient of people. Consider the situation at the Riverboat, where **RICHARD SUDHALTER** (cornet, flugelhorn) and **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** (vocals) are brilliantly manning the breastworks against a blues-rock group, Gary U.S. Bonds, and an audience that, on a recent night, had much in common with the pit of the Globe Theatre in 1605. But Sudhalter is a gentle and funny man, and he parried the endless requests for sambas, the hustle, and "The Impossible Dream" with "A Bird's-Eye View of My Old Kentucky Home" (1926); McHugh and Fields'—not the Gershwins'—"Porgy;" the 1937 "I Double Dare You;" "Pink Elephants;" and Willard Robison's "Old Pigeon-Toed Joe." Introductions, however, are in order: Sudhalter—thin, dark, handsome, and devilish in an Aubrey Beardsley way—is in his late thirties, is the principal author of the highly regarded Bix Beiderbecke biography "Bix: Man and Legend," and spent the past fifteen or so years in Europe, where he worked for United Press International. He began playing at twelve, and is a graceful and highly lyrical cornettist, whose champions are Beiderbecke, Bobby Hackett, Ruby Braff, and Buck Clayton. Indeed, he is the best player in this mode since the emergence of Braff in the mid-fifties. Susannah McCorkle (neither she nor Sudhalter should for a moment think of adopting a stage name) is also a recent returnee from Europe, where, some five or six years ago, she decided to become a singer. She studied Billie Holiday closely and was encouraged by the late Ben Webster, and the results are a performer of inestimable promise. She has mastered Holiday's ingenious sense of phrasing and time, and she has developed a sturdy, pleasant voice. (She still has intonation problems, but that is to be expected when one follows Holiday's daring ways.) She is tall, blond, and voluptuous, and has a direct country beauty. She also shares Sudhalter's fondness for rare and unblemished songs, for she sang Holiday's classic blues "Fine and Mellow," Irving Berlin's "Let Yourself Go," a Wee Bonnie Baker favorite, "Pinch Me," "You're Not My First Love," and an old Nat Cole number, "The Trouble with Me Is You." Sudhalter's obbligatos were choice and, as all obbligatos should be, were heard but not seen. The rest of the group—Don Coates on piano, Frank Tate on bass, and Jules Moss on drums—are adequate. Sudhalter-McCorkle start around seven, reappear for an hour and a half at about nine-thirty, and finish at one. Their spirits willing, they will be here through Sunday, Dec. 28, and are not to be missed. Dinner. No music Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—There are two singular things about the pianist **BILL EVANS,** who, with Eddie Gomez (bass) and Elliot Zigman (drums), will be here through Sunday, Dec. 14. He is almost invariably at his best as a sideman rather than as a leader (the burdens of leadership seem to depress his playing, which grows somnolent and unrelievedly formal), and he has had a remarkable influence on other pianists—an influence, in fact, that is greater than even the brilliance of his best work warrants. But one cannot turn away from Evans, for he plays with an authority and purity that only front-rank musicians possess. His solidity is granitic, even hypnotic. Eddie Gomez solos with such deliberation and invention and volume that he overshadows Evans and Zigman, the last of whom, though, is a canny brush drummer.... ¶ On Tuesday, Dec. 16, intense, vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER,** perhaps the most respected of contemporary jazz players, will bring in his quartet. On Mondays, **THAD JONES, MEL LEWIS,** and seventeen or so other first-rate session men gather together to form one of the best big bands around. Music from ten.

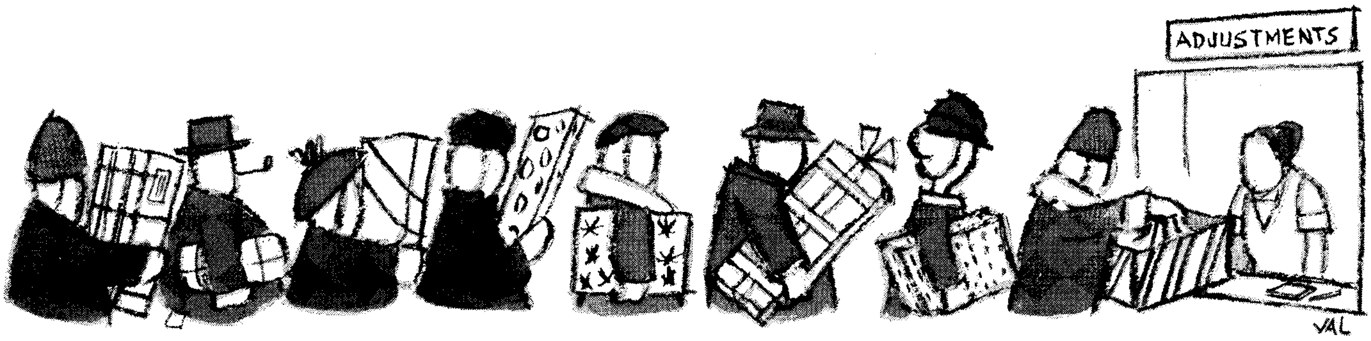
●

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant with mostly mainstream jazz right now: alto saxophonist Charles McPherson and his quartet finish up on Saturday, Dec. 13; Roy Haynes and his quintet will perform on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, and on Saturday, Dec. 20; and soul pianist Ramsey Lewis, who is now working with a septet, will visit for one night, Friday, Dec. 19. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Wednesday, Dec. 10, is British-rock night as two groups—Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel and Streetwalker—pound it out. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 11-14, **CHARLES MINGUS** will be inspiring his fine quintet, but most of the audiences these nights may well be turning out for Brazilian percussionist **AIRTO** (his last name is Moreira) and his fusion (jazz-samba-rock-New Music) band, who will open each show for the Mingus crew. Airto, who first came to prominence in 1969-70 with Miles Davis, plays a whole slew of percussion instruments, many of which he invented or devised—they range from bells to caxixis to pairs of wooden sandals. By using these instruments and his voice, Airto re-creates the sounds of a Brazilian forest, which go wonderfully well with the music the rest of his band is playing. On Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 15-16, the Ramsey Lewis septet will trade sets with soul singer Al Jarreau. Longtime Nashville recording-studio fixture and fiddler Vassar Clements will come in with his band on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, opposite the Western-swing-revivalist septet, Asleep at the Wheel. On Friday, Dec. 19, Leon Redbone, who sings oldies, will begin alternating with blues singer Tracy Nelson. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**TOMMY FLANAGAN** works with bassist John Heard through Saturday, Dec. 13. Walter Norris and George Mraz, another fine piano-bass operation, begin a week in this buzzing bar on Monday, Dec. 15. The Sunday-night slot is currently filled by Barry Harris. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Named for Buddy Rich, this basement club with its glass-and-metal décor and furry-cowhide-vested waiters and waitresses is actually Marty's place—Marty Ross, that is, and he also owns Marty's Bum Steer II, the steakhouse just upstairs. The **DIZZY GILLESPIE** big band, led by the cheekiest of trumpet players himself, is onstage for another week and a half, playing sparks-flying, Latin-accented, and altogether powerful arrangements. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight; dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a lovely pastel-hued time capsule: just step in and thoughts of fifty thousand tons of garbage give way to strains of "On the Sunny Side of the Street" and "I Happen to Like New York." **BOBBY SHORT** and his sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, perform Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND**, all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The decades go by, but **MARY LOU WILLIAMS'** playing—with its startling, steely single-note lines; tight, almost harsh chordal passages; and flashing, exploratory rhythmic sense—continues to surprise and delight and instruct. Her accompanist is bassist Brian Torff. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN**, a neatly bearded musical historian and memory bank, plays just about everything. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Dec. 16, tenor saxophonist Al Cohn will sit in with the regulars. Pianist Red Richards plays into the night, starting most nights at five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 14, Soprano Summit, which is a quintet co-piloted by Kenny Davern and Bob Wilber, takes over the stage for a few hours, beginning at eight. Dinner.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Modest and functional, with absolutely no frills, this club has presented some of the most important contemporary jazz in the world in the last few months. And it has regularly drawn (mostly) college-age New Music pilgrims from Boston and the rest of the Northeast; a few backpack-attired music buffs from even as far away as Ohio and California have turned up. Right now—through Sunday, Dec. 14—**SAM RIVERS**, a forty-five-year-old saxophonist, leader, and local mover (he runs a music loft, Studio Rivbea, in Noho, which is scheduled to reopen in January), is performing with two percussionists, **BARRY ALTSCHUL** and **WARREN SMITH**; bassist **DAVE HOLLAND**; and guitarist **ROLAND PRINCE**. Rivers' brand of new jazz, which sounds like a combination of Eastern, Mid-Eastern, African, and quite clear rhythm-and-blues forms, differs considerably from some of the more esoteric examples around (such as the music of the Revolutionary Ensemble and, sometimes, Anthony Braxton). Rivers' music not only goes more than halfway to the listener, it swings and it's positively foot-tappable. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American food.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONNY GREER**. The trio is well worth your time. The Hal Galper trio takes over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. Pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist Eddie Diehl, and bassist Jamil Nasser meet here from five to nine on Sundays, and they come up with some fine, loose, and exceedingly lyrical and blues-riddled renditions of bop and post-bop numbers.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, whose piano style is peppered with tremolos. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The impeccable **BOBBY HACKETT** is working with pianist Norman Simmons, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Bobby Rosengarden Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

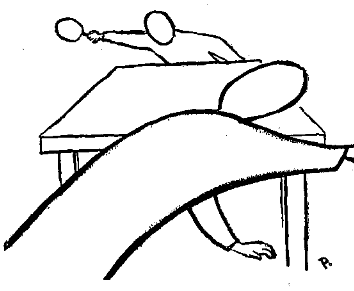
MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Bassist **GORDON EDWARDS** and his loose and nimble rhythm-and-blues outfit, which usually includes guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE**, pianist Richard Tee, and drummer Chris Parker, are present Mondays through Thursdays. They are among the very few blues musicians who work in New York on a regular basis. Fridays through Sundays, **JUNIOR MANCE**, a bluesy jazz pianist, leads a trio. Ten to three are the music hours. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The Mission Mountain Wood Band, a fine bluegrass group from out West, winds up its four nights here on Sunday, Dec. 14. Witty folkie **JOHN PRINE** will be ensconced Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 15-17. Jim Dawson, a more serious folksinger, will move in for five nights, on Thursday, Dec. 18. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Blues-and-ballad singer **HELEN HUMES** is currently sharing the bill with Louis St. Louis and his grinning, campy disco-rock band. Nightly, except Sundays, at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty. Dining and dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—An attractive, easygoing haunt for belatedly decadent college freshmen, middle-aged couples from Roslyn, remnants of the neighborhood glitter element, an occasional record-company representative, and through Sunday, Dec. 14, swarms of Peter Allen enthusiasts. Mr. Allen, who departs on Sunday, is a bouncing, bubbling singer and pianist with a repertoire of bittersweet, world-weary, schlock-chic compositions and a whole gang of Elton John mannerisms. On Monday night, Dec. 15, actress Geraldine Fitzgerald will do two shows' worth of Brechtian street songs, English and Irish music-hall numbers, and "Danny Boy." Beginning Tuesday, Dec. 16, Martha Reeves will liven up the place considerably with energetic rock and soul. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining.



STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A clean-cut uptown bar with small jazz groups presented from nine-thirty. On Wednesdays and Thursdays a trio called Inner Space—with vibraharpist David Friedman, saxophonist Eddie Daniels, and bassist Harvey Schwartz—performs some out-there but lyrical stuff; ex-Kenton vocalist Chris Connor and her trio are here Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13; other groups are scheduled for the rest of the week. Sundays, as always, are reserved for **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar duets.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Nearly half the tables have been placed on a newly constructed two-foot-high carpeted platform that offers a fine view of the musicians—usually pianists and bassists—who occupy the knotty-pine-walled corner. Those musicians include pianist Kirk Nurock's trio, through Saturday, Dec. 13; singer and pianist Jill McManus and her bassist on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 15-16; and Andy Bey, another singer and pianist, and bassist Harold Dotson, beginning Wednesday, Dec. 17. The hours run from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard on Sundays and Mondays, assisted by bassist John Williams.

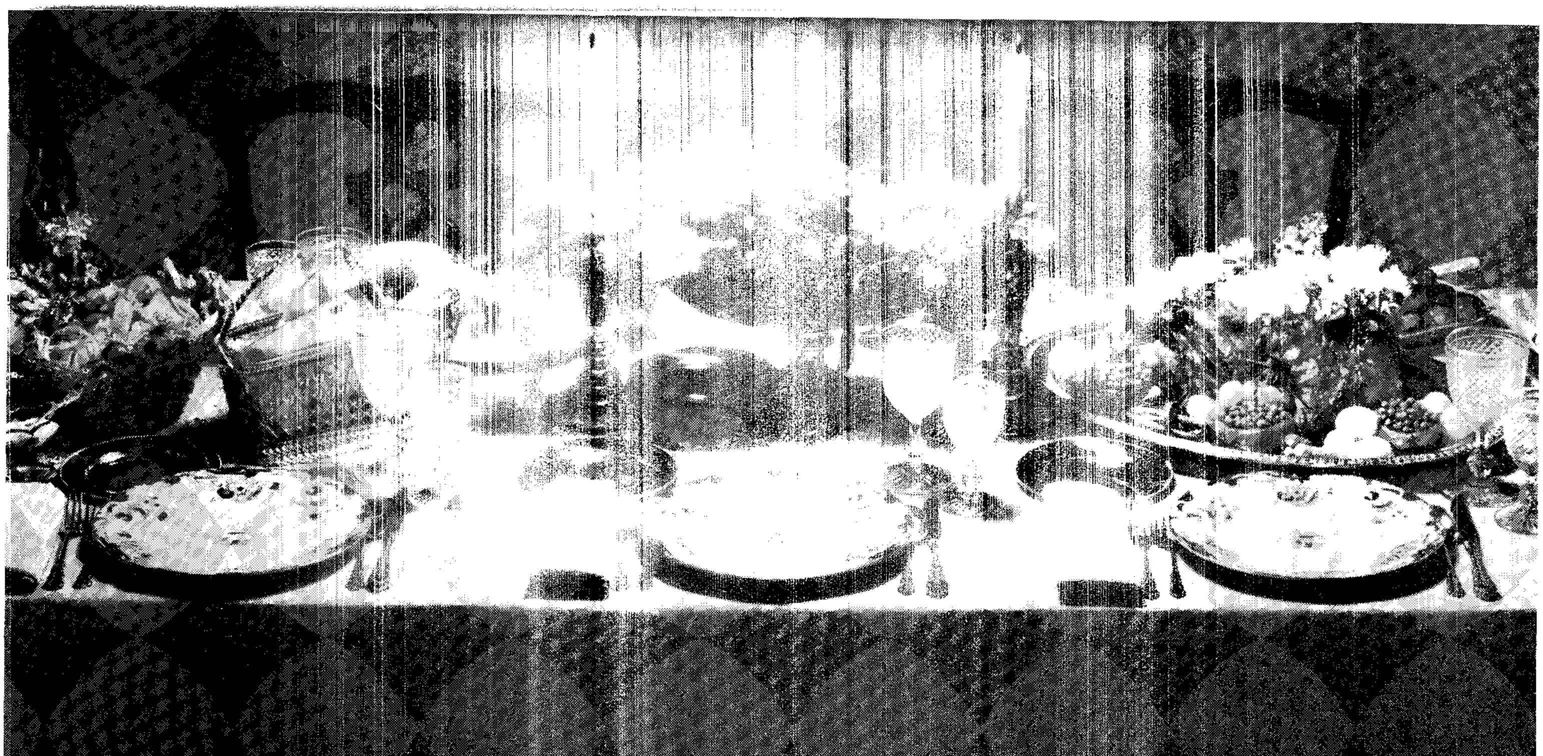
TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—None of the music here is slick; most of it is first-rate, but the best thing presented here—or almost anywhere else in town, for that matter—is singer **JOE LEE WILSON** and his backup band, who are onstage Fridays and Saturdays. Wilson, at thirty-nine, has enjoyed a respected but scarcely remunerative position in the New York jazz hierarchy for some time—he runs a music loft at 2 Bond Street, down the street from Sam Rivers' place, and has recorded one album, "Livin' High off Nickels and Dimes," on the small Oblivion label. His live performances are hot, intense, and authoritative, and they're not always this easy to come by. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Wednesdays, the Warren Court—an outfit that includes former Basieite Earle Warren, Taft Jordan (his gigs were with Chuck Webb and Ellington), and Ronnie Cole—is in session. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Sammy Price and Paul Quinichette get together with their quartet for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 5:45: **EARL WRIGHTSON**



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AND LOIS HUNT. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 5:45: **GEORGE FAISON DANCE COMPANY.**

Aretha Franklin—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8 and 11.

Paul Anka—A ten-day engagement, with Odia Coates; Rhodes, Chalmers & Rhodes; and an orchestra conducted by Johnny Harris. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)

Salute to Zoot—A tribute to Zoot Sims. Zoot himself will be there, along with Roy Eldridge, Joe Newman, Al Cohn, Ross Tompkins, Cliff Leeman, Major Holley, and Bucky Pizzarelli. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Janis Ian—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8.

Van McCoy; Faith, Hope and Charity; and **David Ruffin**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.

Elly Stone—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 13-14, at 8.

Todd Rundgren's Utopia—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 13-14, at 8.

Charles Mingus; John Hicks, Jr.; and **Andy Bey**—A benefit concert. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. Monday, Dec. 15, at 8 and 10. For tickets, call 783-4469.)

Eddie Palmieri—And others. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 7:30 and 11:30.)

Judy Collins—Carnegie Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 20-21, at 8.

Kenny Burrell and **Sylvia Syms**—With others. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Kosta Alex—Collages of more or less abstract heads, cut out of corrugated cardboard and built up in layers, which are glued to a backing of newsprint and then painted. The artist is a New Jersey-born American of Greek extraction who works in Paris. Through Jan. 10. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Peggy Bacon—Works, often humorous, ranging from her pastel portraits of the twenties to watercolors from a recent trip to Mexico. Through Jan. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Walter Darby Bannard—Recent color-field paintings. Through Jan. 7. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Will Barnet / Leo Manso—Lithographs. / Collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Cecile Gray Bazelon—Precisionist paintings of lonely metropolitan scenes—all sharp-edged buildings and no people—plus a few scenes of the Hamptons, also uninhabited. Through Dec. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Boxlike constructions, of elegant curiosity-shop oddments, mostly antique—doll heads, marbles, bits of worm-eaten mannequins, small geometric stone tiles—all with a strong aura of hidden meanings. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Leonora Carrington—A retrospective of the whimsical oils and gouaches turned out by this English-born woman, who traces her artistic beginnings to the Surrealist school in Paris and who now lives in Mexico City. Through Jan. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ Recent work. Through Dec. 31. (Iolas, in a new location, at 52 E. 57th St.)

John Singleton Copley (1738-1815)—A benefit loan show of the Colonial portraitist's less well-known works. Through Jan. 3. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Richard de Menocal / Harry Marinsky—Still-lifes, mostly, by a painter whose lapidarian manner of execution is oddly—but happily—applied to everyday subjects: a paper bag, a plate and napkin, a shuttlecock. / Small bronzes that make unexpected use of the space they occupy and some of which depict musicians at work. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

José de Rivera—A sinuous, revolving abstract stainless-steel sculpture, plus other works. Through Friday, Dec. 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—When Arthur Dove's abstracts were first shown in Chicago, in 1912, and it was explained to puzzled viewers that the works derived from nature, a columnist named Bert Leston Taylor wrote this jingle: "But Mr. Dove is far too keen/ To let a single bird be seen; To show the pigeons would not do/ And so he simply paints the coo." A selection of Dove's paintings is now on view at the Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. (through Dec. 27), coincident with his major retrospective at the Whitney Museum.

Hamilton Fraser—Semi-abstract landscapes, seascapes, and still-lifes in fire-truck colors that seem to have been lashed onto the canvas with a trowel. Through Dec. 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Edward Gorey—Forty-one meticulous pen-and-ink drawings that provide a new exploration of the Edwardian never-never land discovered by this artist. Through Dec. 31. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Figurative paintings that seem to swim into view, like photographs in the developing solution, and robust seascapes by this artist, who continues to move away from his purely abstract beginnings. Through Friday, Dec. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

George Harkins—Oils and watercolors of deep, sun-splashed Vermont woods, plus watercolor sketches of leggy carhops and circus performers in situ; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Hans Hartung—Paintings, including a number executed in the last two years, by an artist now seventy, in a show that coincides with one at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Wolf Kahn—Quick, impressionistic pastel sketches of Venice, most of them done in 1973, by a painter whose usual beat is the New England countryside. Through Dec. 27. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Karl Korab—Compositions by a young Austrian that contain elements derived from many antecedent Surrealists yet have an independent character of their own, not to mention excellent craftsmanship; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 7. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Robert Kulicke—Small, almost miniature still-lifes (carnations, pears, dollar bills), landscapes, and cloisonné enamelwork. Through Dec. 24. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Mihail—Hanging bulkheads made of heavy industrial paper that has been torn, pasted, and painted, and a series of menacing, batlike wall constructions made of umbrella tops removed from their frames and flattened out. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Gerhardt Moswitzer—Sturdy iron and brass sculptures, some suggestive of the human figure; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Erich Münch—Precise colored-pencil drawings of surreal landscapes, some of them barren and some of them teeming with baby humanoids, and equally surreal interiors; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Katherine Porter—Large abstract paintings that begin with a grid, upon which geometric forms are superimposed, sometimes giving a hint of weathered adobe walls. (The artist works in New Mexico.) First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Charles Shaw (1892-1974)—This artist got around to shaped canvases before there was a name for the genre, and in 1937 he was doing to a package of spearmint gum what Andy Warhol did to a Campbell's soup can a whole generation later; also, his writings graced the pages of *The New Yorker* in its formative years. A selection of this original's paintings, including some delicately poised abstracts, is now on view. Through Jan. 10. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Reuben Tam—Oils, acrylic watercolors, and crisp ink drawings of craggy promontories in Maine and Hawaii, where the shapes are similar but the colors are different. Through Jan. 3. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

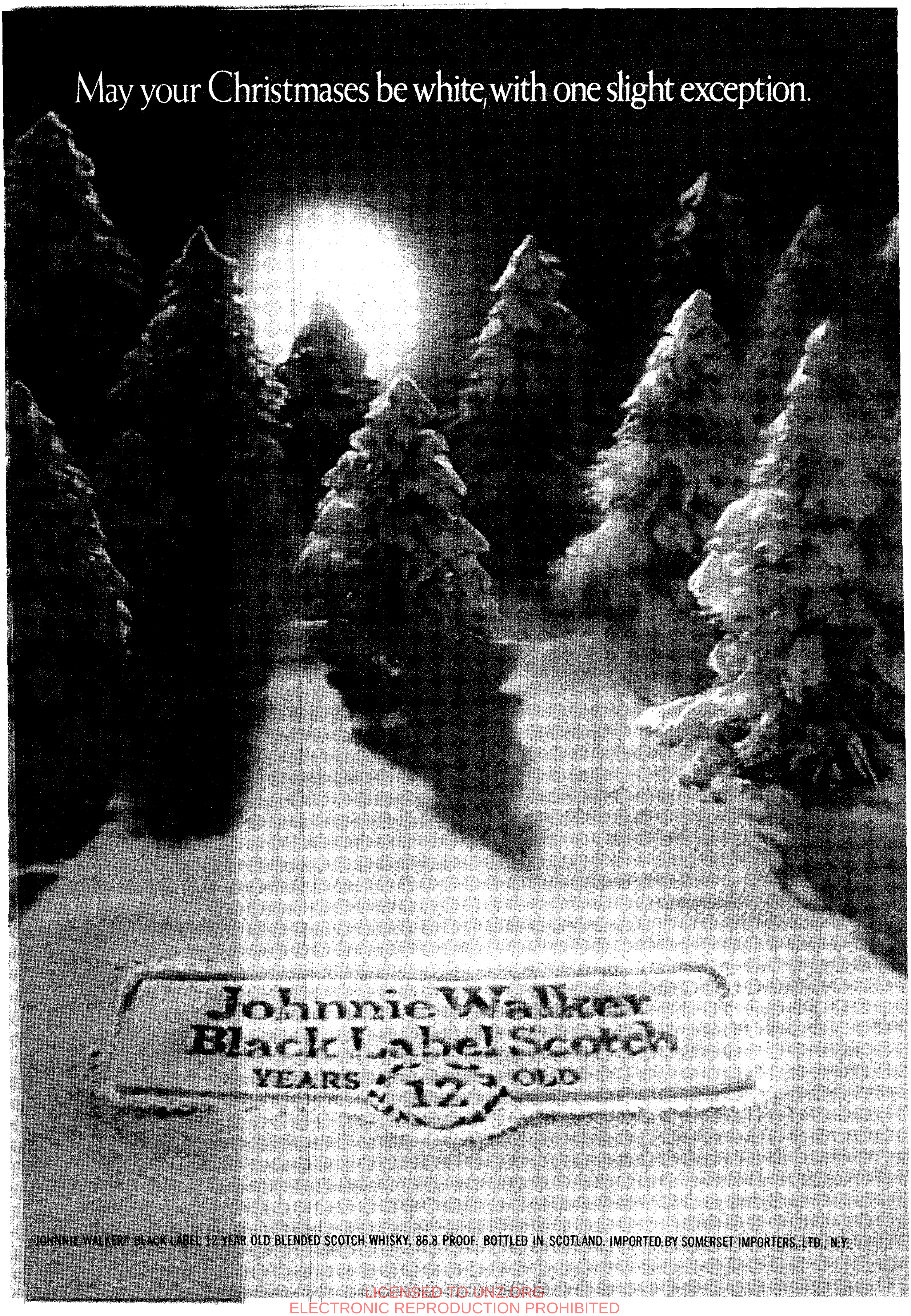
Antoni Tàpies—A double exhibit of this artist's characteristic strong stuff—dirt, blood, tar, stained rags, plastered onto canvas or board and gouged with totemic designs. Paintings, mostly, at the Jackson (32 E. 69th St.), and larger works at the gallery's branch (521 W. 57th St.). Through Saturday, Dec. 13.

Mia Westerlund—Floor-piece sculptures—three large slabs and two recumbent pillars—made of concrete faced with steel and meant, we are told, to give us a heightened consciousness of the sidewalks and roadways we walk upon every day. So watch it. Through Dec. 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Donald Roller Wilson—Skillfully handled realist paintings of macabre capers—chittering apes in fine raiment, grinning skeletons taking their ease—by a young artist who has holed up in Arkansas. Through Friday, Dec. 12. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: One or two paintings apiece by Agnes Martin, Robert Motherwell, and others, plus a single sculpture by John Chamberlain. Through Jan. 17. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Ruth Eckstein, Lionel Gilbert, Frank Metz, and others. Through Jan. 3. . . . **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and drawings by Hartley, Glackens, Maurer, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: Dan Flavin, Don Judd, Ellsworth Kelly, and Robert Morris showing paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. . . . **INGBER,** 3 E. 78th St.: Representational paintings by Nell Blaine, Gretna Campbell, Louis Finkelstein, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. . . . **KRASNER,** 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by a group that includes Armitage, Avery, Nevelson, and Picasso. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, R. Taylor, James Thurber, and Barney Tobey. Through Jan. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, Braque, Tamayo, and Calder. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 16 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Léger, Feininger, Laurens, and others. Through Friday, Dec. 19. (Closed Saturdays.)

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently being shown uptown include: **ALEXANDRA EXTER** (1882-1949) at Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **VITA GIORGI** and **MYRNA LIEB CITRON** at Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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5:30); **NEWTON HARRISON** and **HELEN MAYER HARRISON** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30); **ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER** (1880-1938) at Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Arman—In a previous exhibit here, the artist showed a smashed violin embedded in concrete. This time he is showing drawings that are made by inking fragments of musical instruments, mostly cellos, and making stamped impressions on paper with them. Through Jan. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Robert Dash—Paintings of a horse-show tent, the Shinnecock Canal, birds in flight, outsize mallows, and other end-of-Long Island subjects. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Recent abstractions that continue the "Ocean Park" series of this California artist. Through Dec. 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

James Hagan—Tulip, oak, and walnut are among the woods used in these large, abstract carved sculptures, which have a rough, unfinished quality; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Susan Hoffman and Molly Upton—Quilted tapestries in designs that consciously get away from the old-fashioned bedspread and take their place on the "modern" wall. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Maryan—Grotesque heads, like tortured carnival masks, by a Polish-born survivor of the concentration camps. Through Jan. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Terence Netter—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Dec. 27. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—Watercolors, dating from 1973 to 1975, in his comfortable, mellow, representational style. Through Jan. 6. (Alexander, in a new location, at 20 W. 57th St.)

Jean-Paul Riopelle—Paintings in rich, restless impasto, and more temperate pastel drawings by this French-Canadian abstractionist. Through Friday, Dec. 19. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Yehiel Shemi—Welded-steel floor pieces that resemble a heavy version of pick-up-sticks, a three-part wall piece that wraps around corners, and abstract collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jack Youngerman / Georges Noël—White fibreglass floor pieces. / *Paintings of sharp-edged* geometric forms, including one long and narrow work depicting overlapping rectangles. Through Jan. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: The first part of a twenty-fifth-anniversary celebration of this gallery's inception includes abstract paintings by Stanley Boxer, Ron Davis, and Robert Goodnough. Through Dec. 31. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings, drawings, and collages by such contemporary artists as Arman, Christo, and Frankenthaler. Through Jan. 10. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American paintings by West, Marin, Hopper, and others. Through Jan. 17. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics, all small-scale, by gallery regulars Margit Varga, William Palmer, Fred Meyer, and others. Through Dec. 24. . . . **PARSONS-TRUMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Saul Steinberg, Gregory Masurovsky, and Betty Parsons herself are among the contributors to this show of still-lifes on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 20.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Stephen T. Chapin / Mark Rendleman—Vertical and rather plain wall constructions made of wood, which somehow seem to stand for rectitude. / Large, competently painted studies of rock—boulders, pebbles, strata of shale—some seen in simple piles and others beneath the surface of clear pools. Through Dec. 27. (Lamagna, 380 West Broadway.)

Jeanette Chupack—Vermont landscapes seen through windows of the artist's studio. Through Dec. 31. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Alan Cote—Large abstract paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 27. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Charles Ginnever—Two large-scale abstract steel sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Don Nice / John Okulick—Realistic life-size, or larger, acrylic paintings of American animals (a bison, a bear, a longhorn steer, a wolf, and a deer), most of them surmounting a frieze of small watercolors on freely associated subjects—in the bear's case, some lollipops, a sneaker, a torn-open bag of marshmallows, and a view of the Hudson River Valley. / Cratelike constructions of raw wood bound together with rope which have a curious quality of perspective and are stuffed with finger-size twigs or sheafs of raffia. Through Jan. 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Gladys Nilsson—Arrays of attenuated figures in motion, done in watercolor. Through Jan. 3. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Marietta Warner Siegel—Figures, and parts of figures, done in cast Lucite in a sort of reverse bas-relief, like the frosted figures sculpted inside a piece of crystal. Through Dec. 30. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Kimber Smith—Abstract drawings. Through Dec. 24. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **KNOWLTON**, 153 Prince St.: The box is the theme of a collection of works by such artists as Larry Rivers, Andy Warhol, Louise Nevelson, and, of course, Joseph Cornell. Through Dec. 24. . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Landscapes by Sideo Fromboluti, Daphne Mumford, Paul Resika, and others, plus works on paper by Tom Boutis. Through Thursday, Dec. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Porfirio Di Donna, paintings; Herbert George, sculptures; and two other artists. Through Dec. 27. . . . **PROTETCH**, 157 Spring St.: Jackie Ferrara, Robert Mangold, Robert Ryman, and others in a show of works in a variety of mediums. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: An invitational show of paintings, drawings, constructions, and photographs by about a dozen artists. Through Dec. 24.

QUICK LIST—Other SoHo artists currently showing their work include: **CHRISTIAN BOLTANSKI** at Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **BENIGNA CHILLA** at Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **JANE KAUFMAN** at Alessandra, 489 Broome St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **VERNITA NEMEC** and **CAROL PECK** at SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **PATSY NORVELL** at A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **ALICE PLUSCH** and **JANE TUNICK** at Aames, 93 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30).

OTHER GALLERIES

Cedric Smith—Black-and-white Photo-Realist paintings of Second World War scenes. Through Wednesday, Dec. 17. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Ruckus Manhattan—A huge and very funny three-dimensional caricature of Lower Manhattan and some of its high rises and lowlifes, built by Red Grooms, Mimi Grooms, and twenty-two other artists, which can be climbed on, walked through, and touched. Through Jan. 20. (88 Pine St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 2; Saturdays, noon to 3:30.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: A travelling exhibit of traditional African art, on loan from the government of Zaïre. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.: Boris Aronson, Ruth Gikow, Al Hirschfeld, Raphael Soyer, and others are exhibiting paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Dec. 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.) . . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Early works by New York artists Ellsworth Kelly, Claes Oldenburg, Agnes Martin, and others. Through Tuesday, Dec. 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.) . . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Works in a variety of mediums by members of this artists' coöperative. Through Dec. 28. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

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Women of Photography—Unlike other arts and professions, which were male-dominated until recent years, photography was coed from the start, and its history, instead of casting forth the occasional Jane Austen or Mary Cassatt or Marie Curie, is full of illustrious girls' names. An all-woman photography show consequently does both photography and the cause of women's liberation a disservice, since it introduces sexism into a field that has been happily free of it and obscures the medium's exemplary parity between men and women photographers. Despite its philosophical delinquency, this exhibition (which originated at the San Francisco Museum of Art last spring and is now travelling around the country) offers many pleasures, among them work by Cameron, Käsebier, Johnston, Modotti, Jacobi, Lange, Morgan, Ulmann, Cunningham, and Arbus, to name some of the biggest guns, as well as by lesser-known nineteenth-century and contemporary practitioners—fifty in all, each represented by five prints. An illustrated catalogue, with an amateurishly written text by Margery Mann, is available for $8.95. Through Jan 3. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lewis Baltz—An exhibition of photographs, somewhat mysteriously titled "The New Industrial Parks Near Irvine, California," of industrial structures, interiors, and landscapes. The pictures are carefully and elegantly composed, with doors, windows, shadows, and textures used for their formal contribution. But reality is never effaced (as some abstract photographers efface it); it is coolly, almost blandly accepted, and perhaps this high tolerance for the given—this respect for what is—is what endows these conventionally handsome pictures of conventionally ugly warehouses, factories, parking lots, and industrial waste places with their tense authority. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Castelli Graphics, 420 West Broadway.)

Louis Lanzano—Street photographs taken with a wide-angle lens which have the brooding, sinister angularity of German Expressionism. Lanzano's New York is not the dirty, crowded, chaotic, fairly cheerful city we know but a place of shadows and cul-de-sacs, with a medieval city's walled-in atmosphere, peopled by lonely, symbolic, black-coated figures anxiously scuttling to some nameless, dreadful fate. Clothes and street signs show that the pictures were taken today but do not reassure; the words "Nunn Bush" assume an ominous significance in one picture, and in another a white traffic-divider line delivers an awful warning to a man with a cane blackly silhouetted in front of it. Through Jan. 9. (Foto, 492 Broome St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

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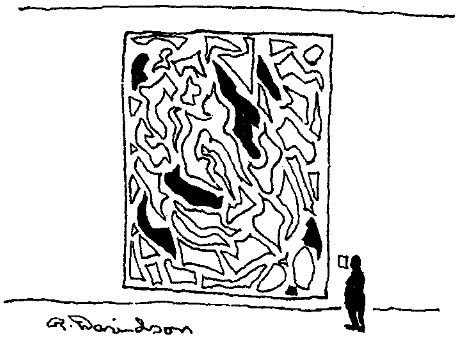
Bernhard and Hilla Becher—About eighty pictures of industrial plants in Pennsylvania



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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coalfields. Through Jan. 22. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Eugene Buechel (1874-1954)—Photographs of the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations taken between 1922 and 1942 by a South Dakota Jesuit priest and teacher. Through Feb. 8. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Cornell Capa—Documentary photographs of the people of Honduras and El Salvador by the director of the International Center of Photography. Through Dec. 30. (SoHo Photo, 30 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Alfred-Lucky Checkley—Black-and-white pictures of bridge forms, beach scenes, shadows, and the like, that emphasize strong contrast; first one-man show in New York. Through Monday, Dec. 15. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Roger Fenton (1819-69)—Photographs from the Crimean War. Through Dec. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Gary Hallman / Joe Deal—Outsize black-and-white prints of, for example, ice cream melting, lettuce compressed under glass, hands holding ice; also a group of pictures made from scratched negatives. / Photographs of back yards taken from elevated points. Through Jan. 10. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Monroe / Darryl Jones—Dye-transfers; one thousand toned prints (all variants using the same negative); and other manipulated prints. / Three-dimensional images printed on nonsoluble gelatin (also known as the carbo process because the image is made of powdered carbon). Through Jan. 11. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Barbara Jo Revelle and Richard Edelman—Composite prints in black-and-white and in color. Through Jan. 4. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Judy Tomkins—Photographs of hands. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Max Waldman—Photographs of theatrical performers, dancers, and nudes. Through Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **International Center of Photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Fifty-six photographs of Chicago immigrants and workers that may or may not have been taken by Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) but that do reflect his period. . . . ¶ Color photographs of the American scene by Ernst Haas. Both exhibitions through Jan. 11. (Open Sundays.) . . . **Witkin**, 243 E. 60th St.: A hundred prints by ten photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, Walker Evans, and Edward Weston. Through Jan. 10. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23. . . . ¶ A private collection of Japanese paintings, ranging from thirteenth-century scrolls to nineteenth-century folding screens, and other art objects. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Another private collection: classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through March 23. . . . ¶ Twenty-seven recent paintings by Hans Hartung. Through Jan. 4. A complementary exhibit (ending Saturday) is at the Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. . . . ¶ Eighty-six newly acquired drawings by European artists, in a selection that has examples dating from the Italian Renaissance to the late nineteenth century. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Starts Saturday, Dec. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—About two hundred nineteenth-century architectural drawings, from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Also on view: photographs of French and American buildings that incorporate Beaux-Arts ideas. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "Printsequence," an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for example, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of objects acquired during the last couple of years for the museum's design collection, including wrought-iron pieces and ceramics. Through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Photographs of Midwestern Indian reservations. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Photographs of Pennsylvania coal-screening plants by Bernhard and Hilla Becher. Through Jan. 22. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Works in many mediums by participants in the museum's arts program for inner-city children. Through Sunday, Dec. 14. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the abstract sculptures of Mark di Suvero. The smaller pieces are on exhibit in the museum, and fourteen monumental pieces have been installed in open spaces in all five boroughs. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, and drawings of one of the earliest American abstractionists, Arthur G. Dove. Through Jan. 18. A complementary show is at Terry Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures drawn from the collections of this country's oldest art institution, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, along with material documenting the academy's history. Some of the artists included are Peale, Eakins, Sheeler, and Calder. Starts Thursday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Seven collages on panels, by Alexis Smith. Through Sunday, Dec. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. The clothing on view includes a lace collar, court-presentation suits, a tuxedo, and a Bill Blass suit. Through Jan. 18. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall devoted to the mollusk surveys both its biology and its uses—practical and decorative—by human cultures throughout history. One example on view: a Henry Moore sculpture of a woman wearing a skirt made from a cast of an oyster shell. Starts Friday, Dec. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings from which a selection will be made, under a Childe Hassam bequest, for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada, combined with a showing of paintings that were purchased by the fund between 1946 and 1973. Among the artists are Robert Bidner, Robert La Hotan, and Isabel Bishop. Through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of clay, stone, jade, and bronze figurines found in Chinese tombs dating from the third century through the sixth. Through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred drawings from the Thaw collection, including examples by Rembrandt, Watteau, Degas, and Cézanne. Through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings of New York City by fifty leading artists associated with the Art Students League (this year marking its centenary). Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ William Auerbach-Levy's caricatures of John Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Waters, and other stars of the theatre. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Two hundred steam-powered toys, preponderantly from the late nineteenth century—boats, trucks, fire engines, automobiles—about a dozen of which will be in operation. Through March 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixty-second annual exhibit of oils, watercolors, and sculptures by members of the Allied Artists of America, as well as by nonmembers. Through Dec. 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Genre paintings and folk art detailing daily life in nineteenth-century America. . . . ¶ A scale model of an eighteenth-century New York City mansion, complete with furnishings and inhabitants. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Early manuscripts and printed editions by American writers, ranging from Benjamin Franklin to Walt Whitman, from the Berg Collection. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8. For tickets, call CI 5-5730.)

Handel's "Messiah"—**masterwork chorus and orchestra:** David Randolph directing the second and third in a series of five performances, with Sandra Darling, soprano; Ann Yervanian, mezzo-soprano; David Britton, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2 and 6:30.) . . . **brooklyn philharmonia:** Lukas Foss directing, with the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society; the Brooklyn Boys Chorus; Carmen Balthrop, soprano; and other choruses and soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3.) . . . **oratorio society of new york:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Miss Balthrop; Edward Brewer, harpsichord; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 10: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Leonie Rysanek, Astrid Varnay, Phil Stark, and Morley Meredith; conducted by Heinrich Hollreiser. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 11: "Così Fan Tutte," with Edda Moser, Huguette Tourangeau, Colette Boky, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Lenus Carlson, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 12: "Hansel and Gretel," with Christine Weidinger, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Paul Franke, and William Walker; Franz Allers. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 13: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Katia Ricciarelli, Placido Domingo, and José van Dam; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 13: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, Alma Jean Smith, Jean Kraft, Justino Diaz, Wolfgang Brendel, Andrew Foldi, and Andrea Velis; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 15: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Placido Domingo, and José van Dam; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 16: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Leonie Rysanek, Astrid Varnay, *Phil Stark, and Morley Meredith; Heinrich* Hollreiser. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 17: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Rita Shane, Maureen Forrester, Barry Morell, and Sherrill Milnes; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 18: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Placido Domingo, and José van Dam; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 19: A new production of Puccini's "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Teresa Kubiak, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Lili Chookasian; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Evelyn Mandac, Lili Chookasian, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 20: "Così Fan Tutte," with Edda Moser, Huguette Tourangeau, Colette Boky, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Lenus Carlson, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 20: "Hansel and Gretel," with Christine Weidinger, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Paul Franke, and William Walker; Franz Allers. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Dec. 13, at 1:30, and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Verdi's "La Traviata." Staged by Bliss Hebert, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Sixten Ehrling. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, Dec. 11, and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 12, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 7:30 (all with Zino Francescatti, violin). . . . ¶ William Steinberg conducting Thursday *through Saturday, Dec. 18-20, at 8:30 (no* soloists).

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Thomas Schippers directing, with Sung-Sook Lee, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and the May Festival Chorus of Cincinnati. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Carlo Maria Giulini conducting. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College, 859-1180. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8, a performance of Bruckner's Symphony No. 8; and Friday, Dec. 19, at 8, a varied program.)

Mannes College Orchestra and Chorus—Richard Westenburg directing. (St. Ignatius Loyola Church, 980 Park Ave. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing a program of the church *music of Giovanni Battista Sammartini, with* Carole Bogard, soprano; Bernadette Greevy and Joanna Simon, altos; Robert White, tenor; Andrew Foldi, bass; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Lynn Harrell, cello; Hamao Fujiwara and Eugene Drucker, violins; Melvin Kaplan, oboe; and Arthur Weisberg, bassoon. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Peter Eros directing, with Benita Valente, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing the first in a series of three programs of choral masterworks, with soloists and an orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Betty Lane, soprano; Ellen Alexander, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and John Challener, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and Robert Helps, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The second in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—An all-Mozart program, with Jaime Laredo, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in two all-Bach recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 12, and Friday, Dec. 19, at 8. All seats for the first concert have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Emanuel Krasovsky—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:30.)

Gary Graffman and Lydia Artymiw—Pianos. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions will be more than welcome.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Simon Preston—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2:30.)

Cleveland Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2:30, with Robert Sylvester, cello. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8, the third in *a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle.* . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2, both with Michael Tree, violin.)

Eugene Fodor—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3.)

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—The first in a series of five recitals by small ensembles drawn from the orchestra. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Arnold Schoenberg and Charles Wuorinen. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Dec. 15, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Samuel Dilworth-Leslie—Piano, in an all-Fauré program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The second in a series of three programs of new music, this one with Neva Pilgrim, soprano, and Paul Jacobs, piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Lenox Quartet—The second in a series of three Mozart-Brahms concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The first in this season's series of five programs, this one with Janet Steele and Joan Logue, sopranos, and Daniel Shulman directing members of the Light Fantastic Players. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Playing Handel's "Water Music." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in a recital of Beethoven sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Richard Morris and Martin Berinbaum—Organ and trumpet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Karl Kraber—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Naumburg Foundation Fiftieth-Anniversary Celebration—A program performed by Naumburg Award Winners of the past, including Carol Brice, contralto; Sidney Harth and Berl Senofsky, violin; and pianists Jorge Bolet, André Michel Schub, Abbey Simon, Constance Keene, and Adele Marcus. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:05.

Professional Football—Giants vs. New Orleans Saints, at Shea Stadium, Sunday, Dec. 14, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. San Diego Chargers, at San Diego, Monday, Dec. 15.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Dec. 17. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:05.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, Dec. 23. The Next Move Handicap, Wednesday, Dec. 10; the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 13; the Tempted, Monday, Dec. 15; and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches and quarterfinals, Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 21. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin Saturday at 9 and Sunday at 10:30. No tickets necessary.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Monday, Dec. 15, through Saturday, March 6.

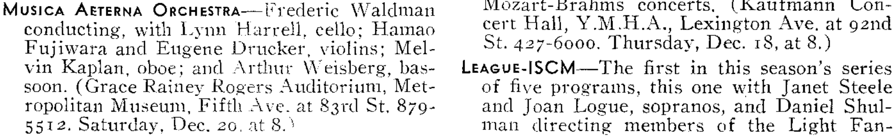
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Flower Show—The Christmas Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Wednesday, Dec. 17, from noon to 6.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 10:15: Art Nouveau and Art Deco works, from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 2: Modern and antique jewelry, from various sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, including icons, silver, porcelains, enamels, bronzes, and Fabergé pieces; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 12, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 10:15 and 2: Pre-Columbian, African, Oceanic, and American Indian art; the property of Jay C. Leff and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 10:15 *and 2: Early Wedgwood pottery, from the* collection of Milton Milestone. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 2: English and Continental ceramics, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Modern prints, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 13.

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—Sundays, from 11 to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

BARONET
CORONET
BARONET
tom funk

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14	15	16	17	18		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Distant Thunder."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 13: "Broadway Melody of 1938" and "Broadway Melody of 1940."
Dec. 14-17: "The Merry Widow" and "The Great Waltz."
From Dec. 18: Theatre temporarily closed.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Dec. 16: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Wedding in Blood."
From Dec. 17: "Farewell, My Lovely" and "Russian Roulette."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 16: "Icy Breasts."
From Dec. 17: "Le Lit . . . Ze Bawdy Bed."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 16: "Farewell, My Lovely."
From Dec. 17: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Swept Away."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Mahogany" and "Once Is Not Enough."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 16: "The Romantic Englishwoman."
From Dec. 17: "Killer Elite."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Human Factor."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Dec. 17: "Exhibition" (X-rated).
From Dec. 18: "The Story of O" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hester Street."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 17: "The Story of O" (X-rated).
From Dec. 18: "Barry Lyndon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 16: "The Magic Flute."
From Dec. 17: "The Man Who Would Be King."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Naughty Victorians" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rancho Deluxe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Swept Away."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Hearts of the West."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Other Side of the Mountain."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Special Section."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Hiding Place."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Dec. 13: "Three Days of the Condor."
From Dec. 14: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 16: "Undercovers Hero."
From Dec. 17: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 16: "Icy Breasts."
From Dec. 17: "Le Lit . . . Ze Bawdy Bed."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 16: "Crazy Mama" and "Big Bad Mama."
From Dec. 17: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Mahogany."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Sex and the French Schoolgirl" (X-rated).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 16: "Let's Do It Again."
From Dec. 17: "Killer Elite."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Dec. 16: "A Brief Vacation."
From Dec. 17: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" and "Sisters."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"French Connection II" and "Take a Hard Ride."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 10: "The Bride Wore Black" and "Stolen Kisses."
Dec. 11: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" and "The Naked Night."
Dec. 12: "State of Siege" and "Z."
Dec. 13: "La Dolce Vita" and "The Exterminating Angel."
Dec. 14: "Lawrence of Arabia."
Dec. 15: "Open City" and "Miracle in Milan."
Dec. 16: "My Man Godfrey" and "Holiday."
Dec. 17: "Mississippi Mermaid" and "The Wild Child."
Dec. 18: "Lacombe, Lucien" and "The Lovers."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 16: "Rancho Deluxe."
From Dec. 17: "Killer Elite."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 16 at one or another of the theatres: "Conduct Unbecoming" and "The Last Detail"/"Where's Poppa?," "Harold and Maude," and "Putney Swope"/"A Brief Vacation" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis"/Two X-rated films.
From Dec. 17: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Dec. 10: "Greaser's Palace" and "Barbarella."
Dec. 11: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "Zorba the Greek."
Dec. 12-13: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "Mean Streets."
Dec. 14-15: "The Ruling Class" and "Start the Revolution Without Me."
Dec. 16: "The Magic Christian" and "Get to Know Your Rabbit."
Dec. 17: "Yojimbo" and "Throne of Blood."
Dec. 18: Theatre temporarily closed.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Mr. Quilp."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Sunshine Boys."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Dec. 17: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 18: "Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Dec. 16: "A Man and a Woman" and "Happy New Year."
From Dec. 17: "The Magic Flute."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Theatre temporarily closed.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 13: "The Story of O" (X-rated).
From Dec. 14: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 10: "A Thousand Clowns" and "Funnyman."
Dec. 11: "Grand Illusion" and "Paths of Glory."
Dec. 12: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "La Guerre Est Finie."
Dec. 13: "What's Up, Doc?" and "The Front Page."
Dec. 14: "Moby Dick" and "Billy Budd."
Dec. 15: "The Men" and "A Streetcar Named Desire."
Dec. 16: "To Kill a Mockingbird" and "Trilogy."
Dec. 17: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" and "Une Femme Douce."
Dec. 18: "Casque d'Or" and "Port of Shadows."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Where There's Smoke."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Stormy Weather" and "The Gang's All Here."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Romantic Englishwoman."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "A Brief Vacation."
Theatre 2: "Crazy Mama" and "Big Bad Mama."
Theatre 3: "Sex and the French Schoolgirl" (X-rated).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 16: "A Face in the Crowd" and "Baby Doll."
From Dec. 17: To be announced.

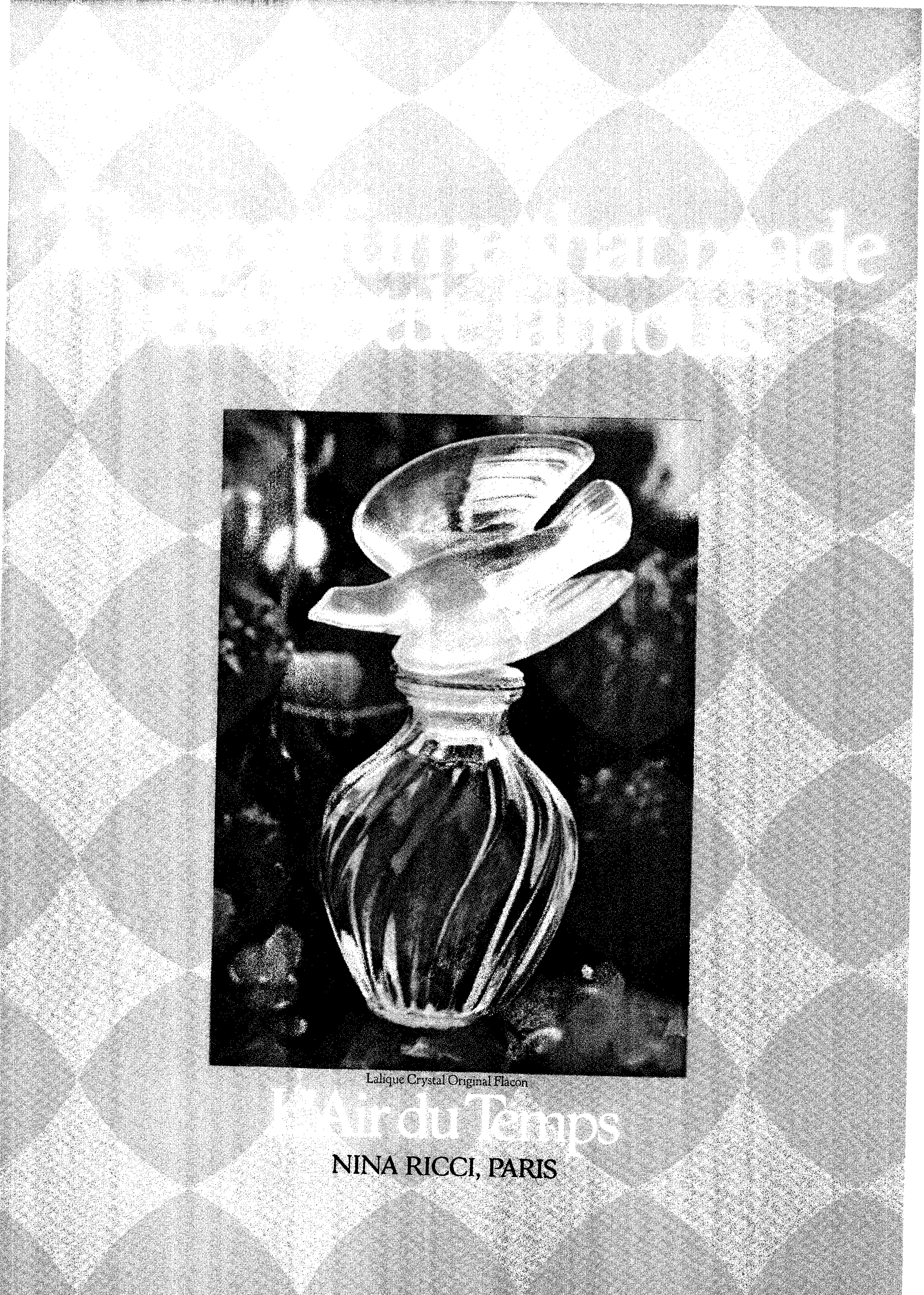
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 11: "The Man in the Trunk."
From Dec. 12: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Dec. 16: "Smile."
From Dec. 17: "Rancho Deluxe."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 16: "Nashville."
From Dec. 17: "Where's Poppa?," "Harold and Maude," and "Putney Swope."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 11 at noon: "The Wonderful Chance" (1920), directed by George Archainbaud, with Eugene O'Brien and Rudolph Valentino. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise and Jerome Robbins, with Natalie Wood and Richard Beymer. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 5:30: "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951), directed by Robert Wise, with Michael Rennie and Patricia Neal. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 8: "I Want to Live!" (1958), directed by Robert Wise, with Susan Hayward. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2: "The Flying Dutchman" (1964), in German, directed by Joachim Herz; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 5:30: "The Wonderful Chance." . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at noon: "Elephant Boy" (1937), directed by Robert Flaherty and Zoltan Korda, with Sabu. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 3: "The Seventh Year" (1969), in German, directed by Frank Vogel; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 5:30: "Farewell" (1968), in German, directed by Egon Günther; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at noon: "Elephant Boy." . . .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¶ Dec. 14 at 3: "I Was 19" (1968), in German, directed by Konrad Wolk; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 5:30: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2: "The Seventh Year." . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 5:30: "Cutting Loose" (1974), directed by James Lipscomb. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 2: "I Was 19." . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2: "Worst Woman in Paris?" (1933), directed by Monta Bell, with Adolphe Menjou and Benita Hume. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 5:30: "The Third" (1972), in German, directed by Egon Günther; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 8: "Do You Know Urban?" (1971), in German, directed by Ingrid Reschke; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 16: "Articulation of Boolean Algebra for Film Opticals," directed by Tony Conrad. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 17: "Woman to Woman," directed by Donna Deitch; and "Being a Prisoner," directed by Suzanne Jasper. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Keaton, Jordan, Kubelka, Nekes, Dore O., Ramos, Landow, Mekas, Richter, Rossellini, Riefenstahl, Méliès, and others. Showings Dec. 10 at 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 11 at 7, 9, and 11; Dec. 12 at 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 13 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 14 at 8; Dec. 16-17 at 6 and 8; and Dec. 18 at 6, 8, and 10.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of six films. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—With Gene Wilder, Madeline Kahn, and Marty Feldman. Written and directed by Mr. Wilder. (Loews Tower East, and Little Carnegie; starting Dec. 14.)

Au Hasard, Balthazar (1966)—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey, and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 17.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set lowdown in Mississippi. The infantile erotic heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) With Mildred Dunnock and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. There are some wobbly moments toward the end, but it's an entertaining picture. (New Yorker; through Dec. 16.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Elgin; Dec. 10.)

Barry Lyndon—With Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson, directed by Stanley Kubrick. (Baronet, and Ziegfeld; starting Dec. 18.)

Big Bad Mama (1974)—With Angie Dickinson and William Shatner, directed by Steve Carver. (Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ U.A. East; through Dec. 16.)

Billy Budd (1962)—Melville's short novel is stripped for action in this tense, straightforward shipboard narrative, directed by Peter Ustinov. Ustinov's efficiency and Robert Krasker's stylized black-and-white cinematography help to release the ambiguities without clogging the film with metaphysical speculation or too many homoerotic overtones. As Billy, the beautiful sailor, an American Prince Myshkin, Terence Stamp wears white pants and suggests angelic splendor without falling into the narcissistic poses that juveniles often mistake for grace. Robert Ryan is the depraved master-at-arms, Claggart, whose self-hatred makes it necessary for him to destroy Billy, the image of goodness; Ryan gives the role the requisite satanic ugliness. Unfortunately, Ustinov miscasts himself as Captain Vere; as he plays the part, the Captain is a humane man, a good liberal tragically torn by the demands of authority. But what gives Melville's story its fascination and its greatness is the suggestion that Claggart is merely the underling doing the Captain's evil bidding. As actor, director (and co-scenarist, with the uncredited Robert Rossen), Ustinov may be too much the relaxed, worldly European to understand Melville's raging emotions; in Ustinov's view, Billy is just a victim of unfortunate circumstances. The film doesn't approach Melville's passion, but it's a good movie anyway. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 14.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 10.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful, beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/3/75.) (In Italian, with subtitles, at the Loews 83rd St.; and at the Quad Cinema, through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Dec. 16.)

Broadway Melody of 1938—An M-G-M musical with Judy Garland in bobby socks singing the memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable," and Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The score is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, but not at their top, and the director is Roy Del Ruth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 13.)

Broadway Melody of 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed; he couldn't do much with the indefatigable, intensely dull Miss Powell. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs are reprised, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 13.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—The young Simone Signoret had her finest role as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld of 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality and physical assurance; she makes this fundamentally trashy and touristy view of low life worth seeing. With Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 18.)

Conduct Unbecoming—Michael Anderson directed this film version of Barry England's contrived courtroom play, set in a cavalry outpost in India in 1878. James Faulkner plays the junior officer accused of sexual assault on a regimental widow (Susannah York), and Michael York is the officer who defends him. It is still contrived. The big-name cast includes Trevor Howard, Christopher Plummer, and Stacy Keach. (11/3/75) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 16.)

Crazy Mama—With Cloris Leachman and Stuart Whitman, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Dec. 16.)

Distant Thunder—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films; it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful. In Bengali. (11/10/75) (Art.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Cinema I.)

La Dolce Vita (1960)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 13.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 13.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith as a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television in Elia Kazan's blast at the Fascist potential in this country. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are hysterical and discordant. With Patricia Neal, Lee Remick, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Budd Schulberg wrote the script. (New Yorker; through Dec. 16.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Gramercy; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 17.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Robert Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 17.)

French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles, determined to break the French heroine connection for good; the connection is once more played by the suave Fernando Rey. Doyle is taken by the film to be a sophisticated plain speaker, but his sophistication is really a case of megalopolitan rudeness. Photographed by Claude Renoir, nephew of Jean Renoir (for whom he photographed "Grand Illusion"); the compositions are individually very fine, but there are too many slam-bang close-ups that make you pine for a long shot to let you find your bearings. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Front Page (1974)—Ben Hecht's and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Charles MacArthur's rowdy and marvellous dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, has here been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Billy Wilder, the director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk. (1/27/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 13.)

Funnyman (1967)—A remarkably pleasant film, directed by John Korty, about a young comedian (Peter Bonerz) who gets tired of "improvising" the same material for hundreds of nights in a San Francisco cabaret theatre. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda on an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Regency.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 16.)

Get to Know Your Rabbit (1973)—With Tom Smothers and John Astin, directed by Brian De Palma. (Elgin; Dec. 16.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an electric score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. (There's a funny description of the film in the opening pages of Iris Owens' novel "After Claude.") In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 11.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 11.)

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Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny, with none of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (Elgin; Dec. 10.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—The passion of Johann Strauss according to M-G-M. Fernand Gravet—talented enough in French films—seems horror-stricken and depressed as Strauss, and Luise Rainer, as his sniffling, suffering wife, and the singer Miliza Korjus, as the other woman, are not exactly cures for melancholia. A big, overdressed bore, directed by Julien Duvivier, with musical arrangements by Dimitri Tiomkin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 14-17.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12.)

Happy New Year (1973)—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Festival; through Dec. 16.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Dec. 17.)

Hearts of the West—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stunt man in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Columbia I.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. The weaknesses are in the casting and handling of the aggressive characters, and in the thin, audience-pleasing attitudes toward the Americanization process. (11/24/75) (Plaza.)

The Hiding Place—With Julie Harris, Eileen Heckart, and Arthur O'Connell; directed by James F. Collier. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 16.)

The Human Factor—With George Kennedy, directed by Edward Dmytryk. (Trans-Lux East.)

Icy Breasts—With Alain Delon and Mireille Darc, directed by Georges Lautner. In French. (Cinema Village, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 16.)

Killer Elite—With James Caan and Robert Duvall, directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and Greenwich; starting Dec. 17.)

Lacombe, Lucien (1974)—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the camera will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 18.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and Jack Nicholson are dispatched to escort a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted by Robert Towne from Darryl Ponicsan's book. (2/11/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 16.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Law-

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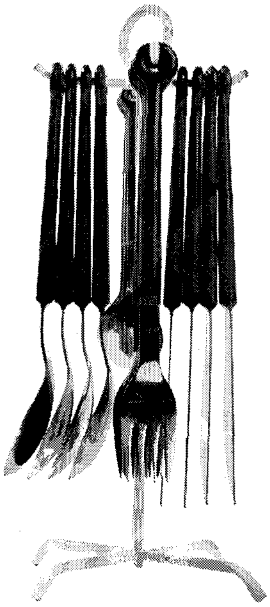

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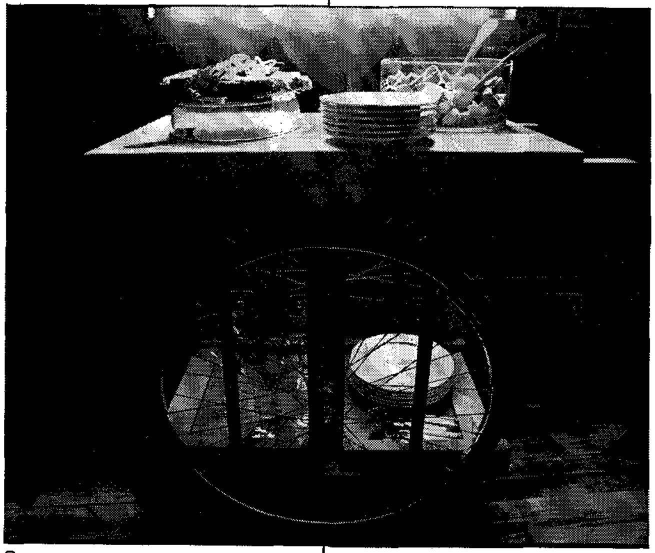

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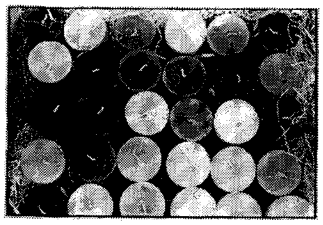

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rence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 14.)

Let's Do It Again—An innocent, cheerful farce about an Atlanta milkman (Sidney Poitier) and a factory worker (Bill Cosby) who go to New Orleans and pull off a great scam. Cosby looks spaced out on his own innocent amiability, and he floats away with the show; Poitier, who directed, plays straight man to him and gives an embarrassed, unfunny performance. It's crude slapstick, but the people on the screen are very likable. The cast includes Jimmie Walker, Ossie Davis, Julius Harris, Mel Stewart, John Amos, Lee Chamberlin, Denise Nicholas, and Calvin Lockhart. (11/3/75) (86th St. East; through Dec. 16.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris.)

Le Lit . . . Ze Bawdy Bed—With Alice Sapritch and Michel Galabru, directed by Jacques Lem. In French. (Cinema Village, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Dec. 17.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Gramercy; starting Dec. 17.)

The Lovers (1950)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she makes love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, was once Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 18.)

The Magic Christian (1970)—The Terry Southern novel, in a slovenly version, directed by Joseph McGrath, that never quite seems on target. There are funny moments, but they don't add up to enough. With Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan, Raquel Welch, Leonard Frey, and Christopher Lee. (Elgin; Dec. 16.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Coronet; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Dec. 17.)

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Mahogany—Diana Ross in a garish, garbled version of outmoded white kitsch. She plays a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar, goes on to be a whirling international celebrity, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed. (10/27/75) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Festival; through Dec. 16.)

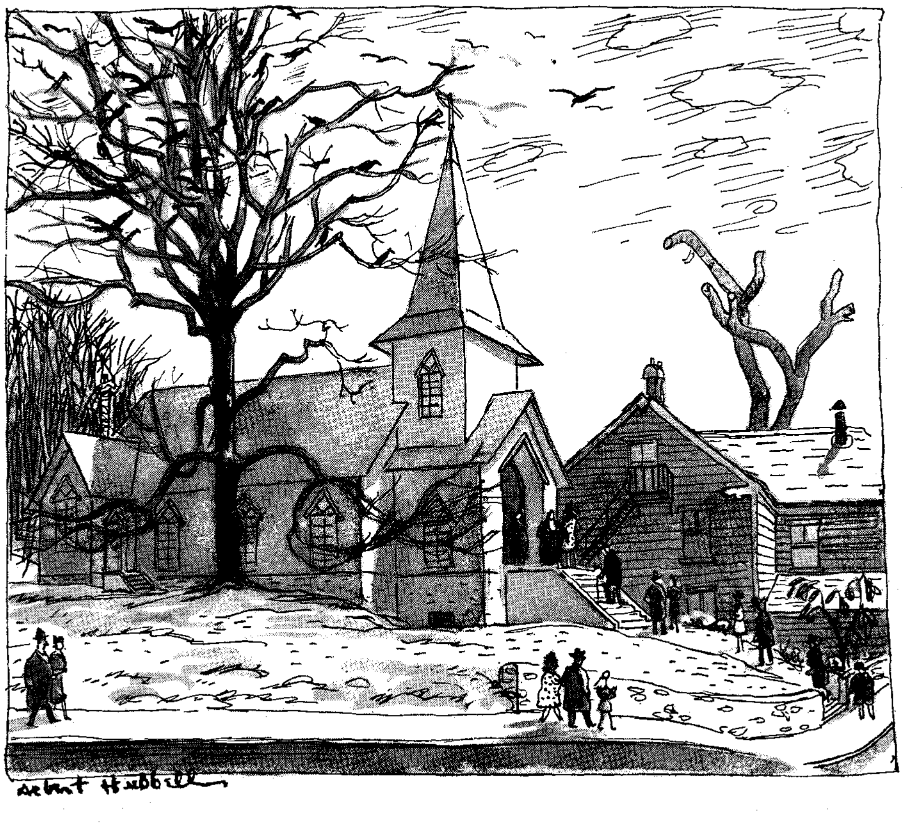
The Man in the Trunk—With Mireille Darc and Michel Constantine, directed by Georges Lautner. In French. (Symphony; through Dec. 11.)

The Man Who Would Be King—Based on the Rudyard Kipling story. With Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; directed by John Huston. (Coronet; starting Dec. 17.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie: Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Elgin; Dec. 12-13.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (Elgin; Dec. 12-13.)

The Men (1950)—Marlon Brando made his first screen appearance as the paraplegic Second World War hero, rebelling furiously and helplessly against his condition; paradoxically, Brando gives an overpoweringly physical performance. He's amazingly sensitive and intense—no one before him who smoldered on screen ever gave off so much heat. Fred Zinnemann directed, with sureness and tact, using the paraplegic patients in a California veterans' hospital as part of the cast. With Jack Webb, Teresa Wright, and Everett Sloane. Produced by Stanley Kramer; conventional melodramatic banalities mar the Carl Foreman script, but it's an economical, vivid narrative. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 15.)



The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 11.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—Ernst Lubitsch brought style and spirit to this lavish M-G-M operetta, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, and Gus Kahn and Lorenz Hart wrote new lyrics to the Franz Lehár music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 14-17.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—Part social satire, part fantasy, this Vittorio De Sica film suggests a childlike view of Dostoevski's "The Idiot." A fun-loving old lady finds a newborn baby in a cabbage patch. The baby becomes Toto the Good, the happy man who loves everyone; when he is frustrated in his desire to help people, the old lady, now an angel, comes down and gives him the power to work miracles. Toto the hero, naïve and full of love, organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, but the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic powers can resolve them. The failure of innocence here is touchingly absurd; the film is stylized poetry, and it is like nothing else that De Sica ever did. With Francesco Golisano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and the great Emma Gramatica as the old lady. Cesare Zavattini did the adaptation of his own novel. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 15.)

Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 17.)

Mr. Quilp—A musical version of Charles Dickens' "The Old Curiosity Shop." With Anthony Newley, who also did the music and lyrics. Directed by Michael Tuchner. (Guild.)

Moby Dick (1956)—Gregory Peck—the least demonic of leading men—was a most unfortunate choice for Ahab; Richard Basehart's Ishmael and Orson Welles' Father Mapple provide some compensations. At times, John Huston's direction seems surprisingly perfunctory for a task of such magnitude, but even an erratic version of "Moby Dick" is more exciting than most movies. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 14.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—Carole Lombard shrieking happily as a beautiful, rich ninny, and William Powell modulating impeccably as a suave, bitter victim of the Depression, in an entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy with a muddled social conscience. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's too silly and good-natured to be offensive. With Mischa Auer doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron, Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane

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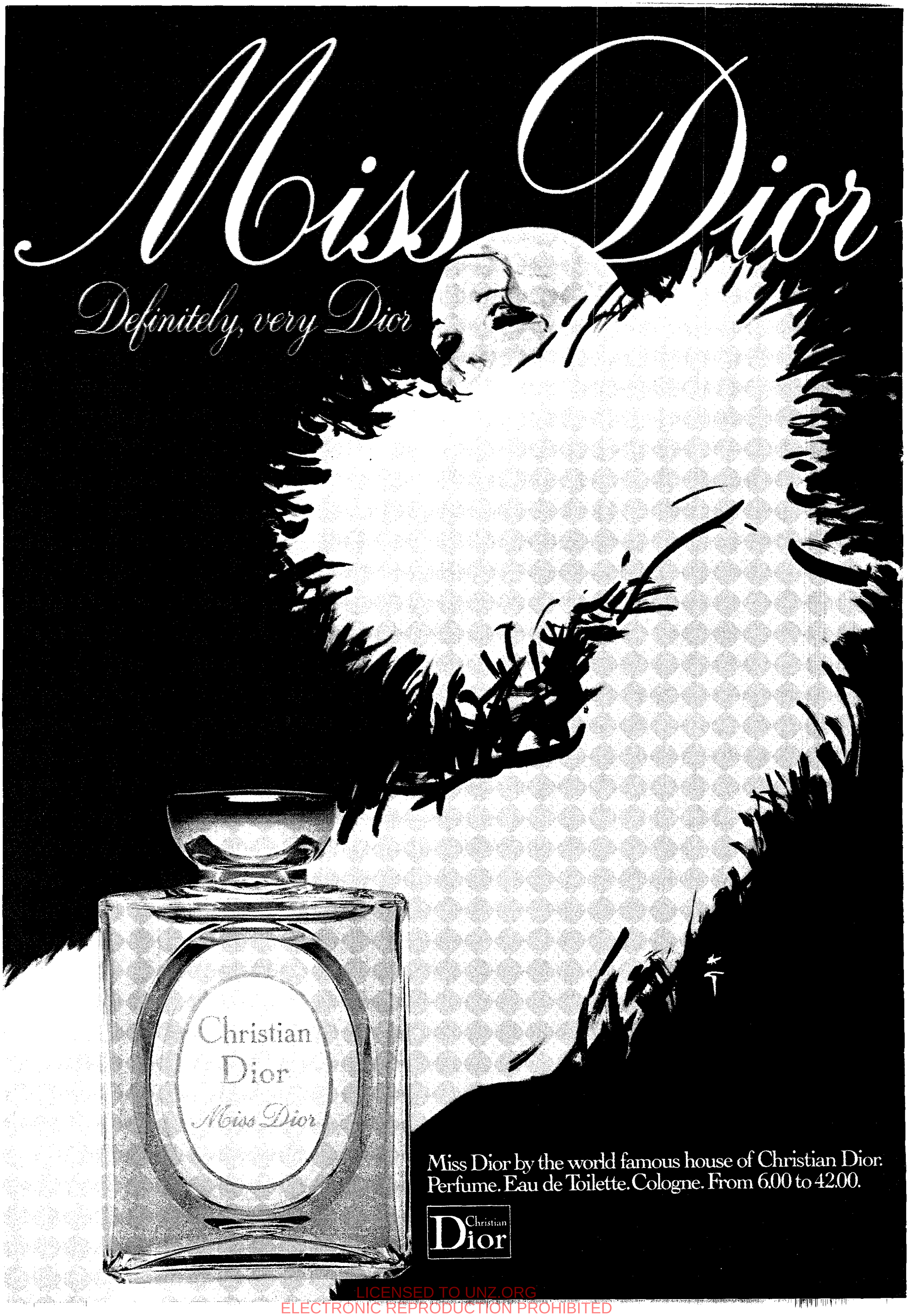
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Wyman. Gregory La Cava directed, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 16.)

The Naked Night (1953)—One of Ingmar Bergman's most powerful and erotic early films, but also one of his most masochistic and mawkish; life is a circus, people are gross clowns suffering through rounds of frustration and humiliation, and so on. Ake Groenberg is the circus owner, and the voluptuous Harriet Andersson is his mistress. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 11.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Olympia; through Dec. 16.)

Once Is Not Enough—This adaptation of Jacqueline Susann's infatuated exposé of the scandalous goings on among celebrities wants so badly to be shocking and is actually so naïve that you begin to feel some affection for its silly sleaziness. The picture lacks the nerve to be crudely flamboyant, and so it isn't the smashing trash it should have been, but it has its moments, such as George Hamilton, as a celebrated stud, luring a virgin named January Wayne (Deborah Raffin) into his lecher's pad, which is equipped with red couches, blazing fires, and a Sinatra record at the ready. Brenda Vaccaro is entertainingly spunky as a Helen Gurley Brownish editor, and David Janssen gives a surprisingly energetic performance as a Norman Mailer-like brawling writer. The others include Kirk Douglas, and Alexis Smith and Melina Mercouri, who have an excruciating lesbian scene. Guy Green directed, unevenly, from a too-sober script by Julius J. Epstein. (34th St. East.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel-outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Sutton and Paramount.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 15.)

The Other Side of the Mountain—With Marilyn Hassett and Beau Bridges, directed by Larry Peerce. (Columbia II.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Stanley Kubrick's film about the First World War. The issues were simpler, it's true, but nothing that Kubrick does is ever unsophisticated or without an echoing shrewdness. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 11.)

Port of Shadows (1938)—Marcel Carné's film, written by Jacques Prévert, with Jean Gabin as a hero cornered by society. Infinitely less good than the two collaborations with Prévert that followed ("Daybreak" and "Children of Paradise"). The film greatly attracted foreign audiences of the time by its then unfamiliar and rather glamorous Gallic pessimism. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 18.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Dec. 17.)

Rancho Deluxe—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. These two pranksters rustle cattle because the facetious machismo of it appeals to them; they do it "to keep from falling asleep." Their sly asides are too kicky, too pleased; the self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. McGuane sets up some funny situations, but the film's deadpan distancing makes everything seem anticlimactic. Things brighten up whenever Harry Dean Stanton or Richard Bright or Slim Pickens is on the screen. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (12/8/75) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Thalia; starting Dec. 17.)

The Reincarnation of Peter Proud—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I; starting Dec. 17.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. The director, Joseph Losey, persuaded Tom Stoppard to do the rewrite on Thomas Wiseman's adaptation of his own novel, and Stoppard has given the dialogue a few Noël Cowardish bitch-nifties, but not enough to keep the viewer's blood coursing. It's a mystification melodrama with leftish overtones; the title is ironic—the film's oblique message is that the bourgeois wife consumes everything, even her lover. (12/8/75) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Dec. 16.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Elgin; Dec. 14-15.)

Russian Roulette—No click. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 17.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Dec. 17.)

Sisters (1973)—An erratically witty horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin; the audience gets scared enough to scream. With Margot Kidder and Jennifer Salt. Directed by Brian De Palma. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I; starting Dec. 17.)

Smile—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. With Bruce Dern as the chief judge, Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Thalia; through Dec. 16.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas, but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Elgin; Dec. 14-15.)

State of Siege (1973)—Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political trilogy—"Z" and

I love it!
I've always been a peasant at heart.
Now, I can live the part.
That gathered top and long, full
sleeves, wrapped in a scarf. They're
what every sensible peasant dreams of.
And those giant splashes of flowers
in orange and white—just my
speed. How romantic!
Polyester jersey dress. The skirt in
black with white, orange and green; the
top, the same flowers on white.
In 10 to 18 sizes, $98. The Fifth Avenue
Shop, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York,
and all stores. Please add 1.25
for handling mail and phone orders
sent beyond our regular delivery areas.
Oh, it's the peasant's
life for me...
and it's from
Saks Fifth Avenue

PAY MORE, GET MORE.
Plus other compelling arguments for buying a Steinway vertical.

A Steinway vertical piano costs more than other verticals. A little more than some. A lot more than others.

Yet the demand for a fine smaller piano is great enough that half the Steinways® built this year will be vertical models.

Here are some of the compelling arguments that stand behind their popularity.

The 'nuts and bolts' argument.

A Steinway vertical is essentially a Steinway with strings that run up and down instead of back and forth.

It is built with the same care and attention lavished on every Steinway grand.

It is fitted with hammers identical in quality to those in a Steinway grand—made in the same factory with specially prepared felt.

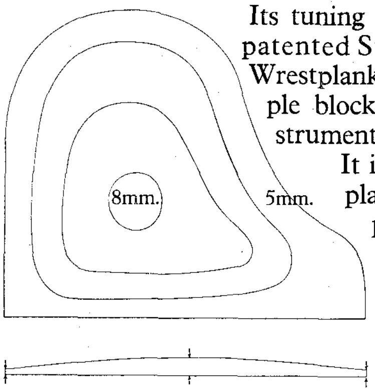
It has Steinway's uniquely responsive Accelerated Action.®

It has Steinway's exclusive Diaphragmatic® Soundboard, 3 millimeters thinner at the edges than in the center, that helps produce a strong, clean, characteristically Steinway sound.

Its tuning pins are set in the patented Steinway Hexagrip Wrestplank...a 6 layer rock maple block that holds the instrument in tune longer.

It is built in the same place, by the same people, of the same materials, to the same standards, as every other Steinway.

It is a smaller Steinway, and emphatically not a compromise.



This topographical map of a Steinway grand soundboard shows how all Steinway soundboards—grand and vertical alike—are tapered from center to edge. It's one of the reasons only a Steinway sounds like a Steinway.

The 'it's a great investment' argument.

Some pianos are like automobiles.

The moment you get them out of the showroom they begin depreciating like mad. But a Steinway piano holds its value because of its qualities as an instrument and because of its sheer physical endurance.

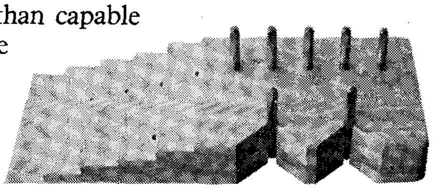
Look at the back of a Steinway vertical.

Check the dimensions of the back posts.

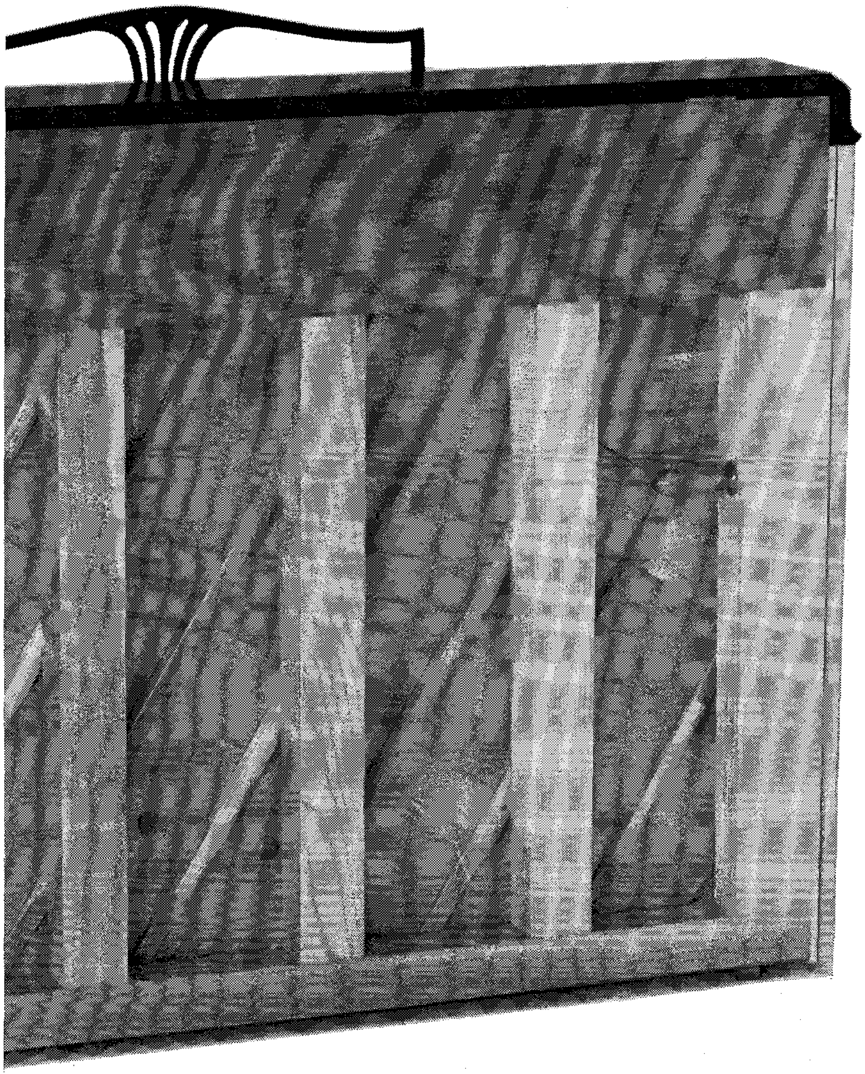
Note that they are joined invisibly and without resort to metal connectors. The posts are actually mortised into the foot piece, inserted and wedged at the top.

This neat fortress of select maple, birch and spruce is more than capable of bearing the 35,000 odd pounds of pull generated by more than 220 strings under tension.

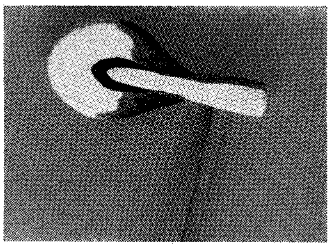
It is typical of construction found throughout every Steinway, and one of your assurances that, given proper care, your Steinway will last for as long as you care to own it.



The pin-block of every Steinway piano is built of six maple layers, set at 45° to one another, to grip the tuning pins throughout their circumference.



When you compare vertical pianos, look for the hidden features, like back construction. The things you seldom see make a tremendous difference.



Steinway hammers are drilled and 'compression wired' in the Steinway factory. Nobody else makes hammers this way. They'd make any piano sound better.

It is also one of the reasons that if you should want to trade up to a larger piano in the future or simply sell the one you've bought, a Steinway will be worth a greater percentage of what you paid initially, than instruments of lesser quality.

The 'money isn't everything' argument.

This is a musical instrument and as a musical instrument the Steinway vertical has no equal for its size and price.

Its touch and sensitivity and sound are beyond what other verticals are capable of.

It can, in fact, be favorably compared with some small grand pianos which are not Steinways.

Is price really what you're looking for in this kind of purchase?

The 'beautiful furniture' argument.

The style and proportions of a Steinway are authentic, and classically correct.

As a result, the one you buy today will not become 'dated' as you own it. You've probably seen for yourself 100-year-old Steinways that are quite at home in contemporary surroundings.

And as for the tiny details that make the difference between mere cabinetwork and artistry, we simply suggest that you look at a Steinway and compare it with anything else.

A keen eye will tell you more than we can here.

The 'don't short-change the kids' argument.

A vertical is sometimes a first piano for the children.

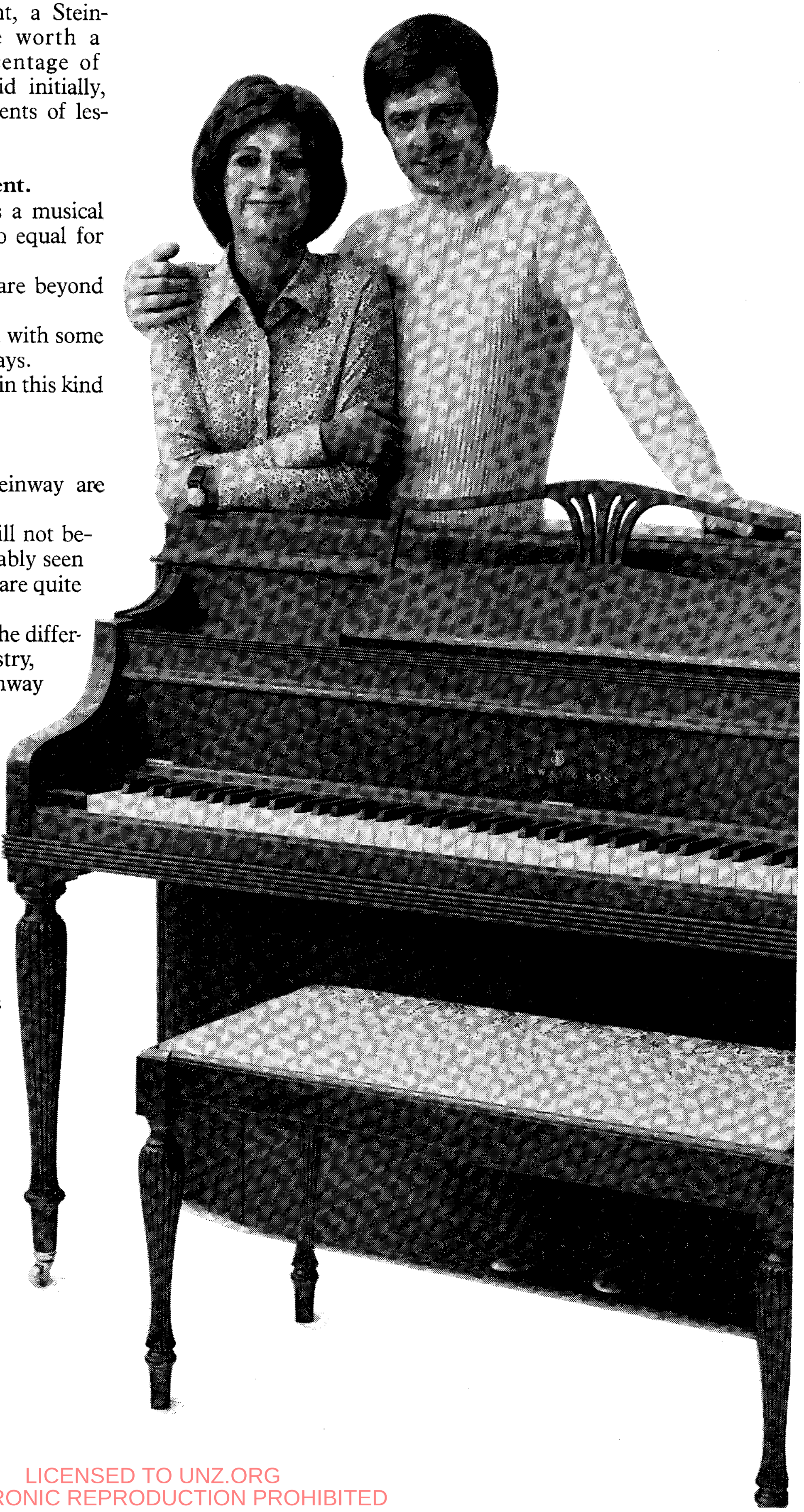
A poor one is merely a machine for reproducing sound. A fine one can be an inspiration.

And, on a purely technical level, a Steinway opens students' eyes to nuances of touch and tone as no other vertical piano can.

If you're buying the kids a piano just for fooling around, you can get by with less than a Steinway.

But there's always the chance that with the Steinway, they may end up doing a lot more than just fooling around.

For more information write to John H. Steinway, 109 West 57th Street, New York 10019.



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Koala (4⅝″×6⅜″h.) $125.

Collectors, take notice. The first series of animals ever sculpted by Aynsley is here.

Each is a ceramic work of art, commissioned to celebrate 200 years of achievement by Aynsley English Bone China.

Prices range from $75 for the Baby Owl to $300 for the African Bull Elephant.

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After 200 years

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Confession." In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 12.)

Special Section—The latest political film from Costa-Gavras. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 10.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Vague, wandering show-biz story—a fictionalized bio of Bill Robinson—but marvellous musical numbers. With Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin'"), Cab Calloway, Dooley Wilson, Katherine Dunham and her dancers, and the great Nicholas Brothers. Andrew Stone directed, and Clarence Robinson and Nick Castle staged the dances. (Regency.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 15.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Music Hall.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-allied bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Murray Hill, and Cinema II.)

Take a Hard Ride—With James Brown and Lee Van Cleef, directed by Anthony M. Dawson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Jr., as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Loews Tower East; through Dec. 13.)

Throne of Blood (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Elgin; Dec. 17.)

To Kill a Mockingbird (1963)—When Gregory Peck got the Academy Award for his performance as an upstanding widowed lawyer practicing in Alabama in the early thirties, there was a fair amount of derision throughout the country: Peck was better than usual, but in that same virtuously dull way. Robert Mulligan directed, from Horton Foote's adaptation of the Harper Lee novel, and it's all terribly conscientious—the clapboard houses, the slatted porch swings on rusty chains, the Chevy phaetons on dusty streets, the high moral sentiments, the specs on Peck's nose. Mulligan slows the pace down when he wants to suggest the mysteries of childhood or to arouse warm emotions; this works only intermittently. The movie is part eerie Southern gothic and part Hollywood self-congratulation for its enlightened racial attitudes. Brock Peters is the black man accused of rape, and Robert Duvall is the brain-damaged Boo Radley, of whom the lawyer's children (Mary Badham and Phillip Alford) are terrified. With Ruth White, Rosemary Murphy, James Anderson, Collin Wilcox, William Windom, and Richard Hale. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 16.)

Trilogy (1969)—Truman Capote stories, narrated by the author, adapted by the author and Eleanor Perry, and directed for television by Frank Perry. Stodgy, despite the performers. Mildred Natwick, Susan Dunfee, and Jane Connell are in "Miriam;" Maureen Stapleton and Martin Balsam are in "Among the Paths of Eden;" Geraldine Page enlivens "A Christmas Memory"—almost miraculously, considering the pedestrian direction. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 16.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Undercovers Hero—With Peter Sellers, directed by Roy Boulting. (72nd Street East; through Dec. 16.)

Wedding in Blood (1974)—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (6/3/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 16.)

What's Up, Doc? (1972)—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (seconds, really) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 13.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Dec. 17.)

Where There's Smoke—With Annie Girardot, Mireille Darc, Bernard Fresson, and Michel Bouquet; directed by André Cayatte. In French. (Cinema Studio.)

The Wild Child (1970)—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor (played by Truffaut himself) who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 17.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to Westerners. In Japanese. (Elgin; Dec. 17.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 12.)

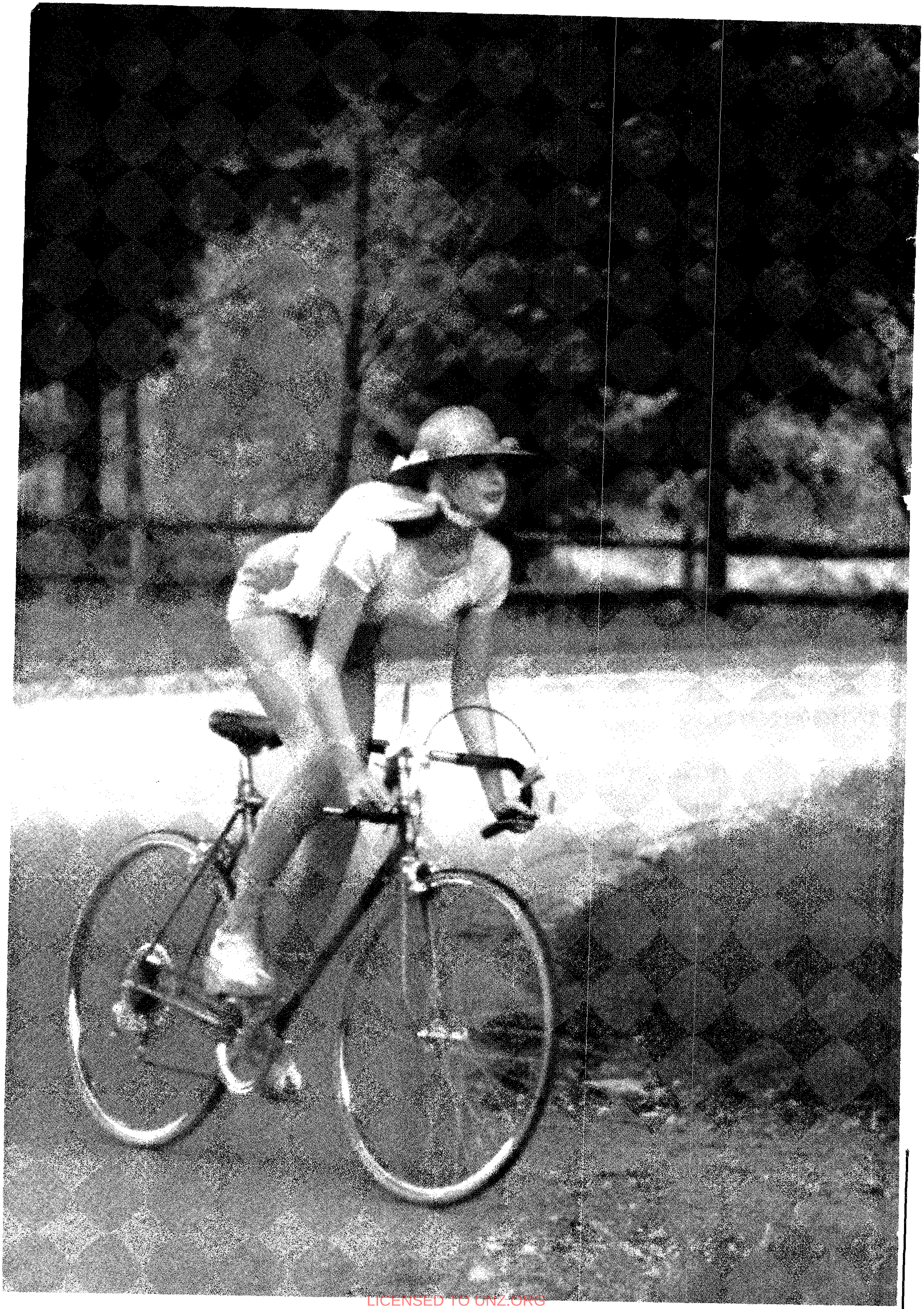
Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Elgin; Dec. 11.)

Evyan's salute to the Women of America

Evyan
White Shoulders

With admiration for the great contribution American women have made toward the phenomenal growth and accomplishments of our country ---from the pioneer days, to the space age

We Salute you!



Is the leg mightier than the atom?

Before you say no, keep in mind that we know very little about many forms of energy available to us.

Including good old muscle power.

For too long a time we've relied on oil and gas to serve our needs, and failed to take full advantage of other sources of power.

Including the atom.

But recent events make it clear we must learn about all the options, and how best to apply them.

At Union Carbide we're studying a wide range of energy technologies and resources for the Energy Research and Development Administration.

From something as basic as bicycling to the complexity of controlling nuclear fusion.

For instance, we are learning how to turn coal into oil and gas in a way that is practical economically.

We're deeply involved in nuclear research, particularly in finding ways to make this important source of energy safer and more efficient.

Our work in fusion power, at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, offers the most exciting possibility for the future: the ultimate source of inexhaustible energy.

If we succeed, there will never be another energy crisis.

But for the present, the answer to our energy dilemma is not likely to come from one source, but many. All the way from the leg to the atom.

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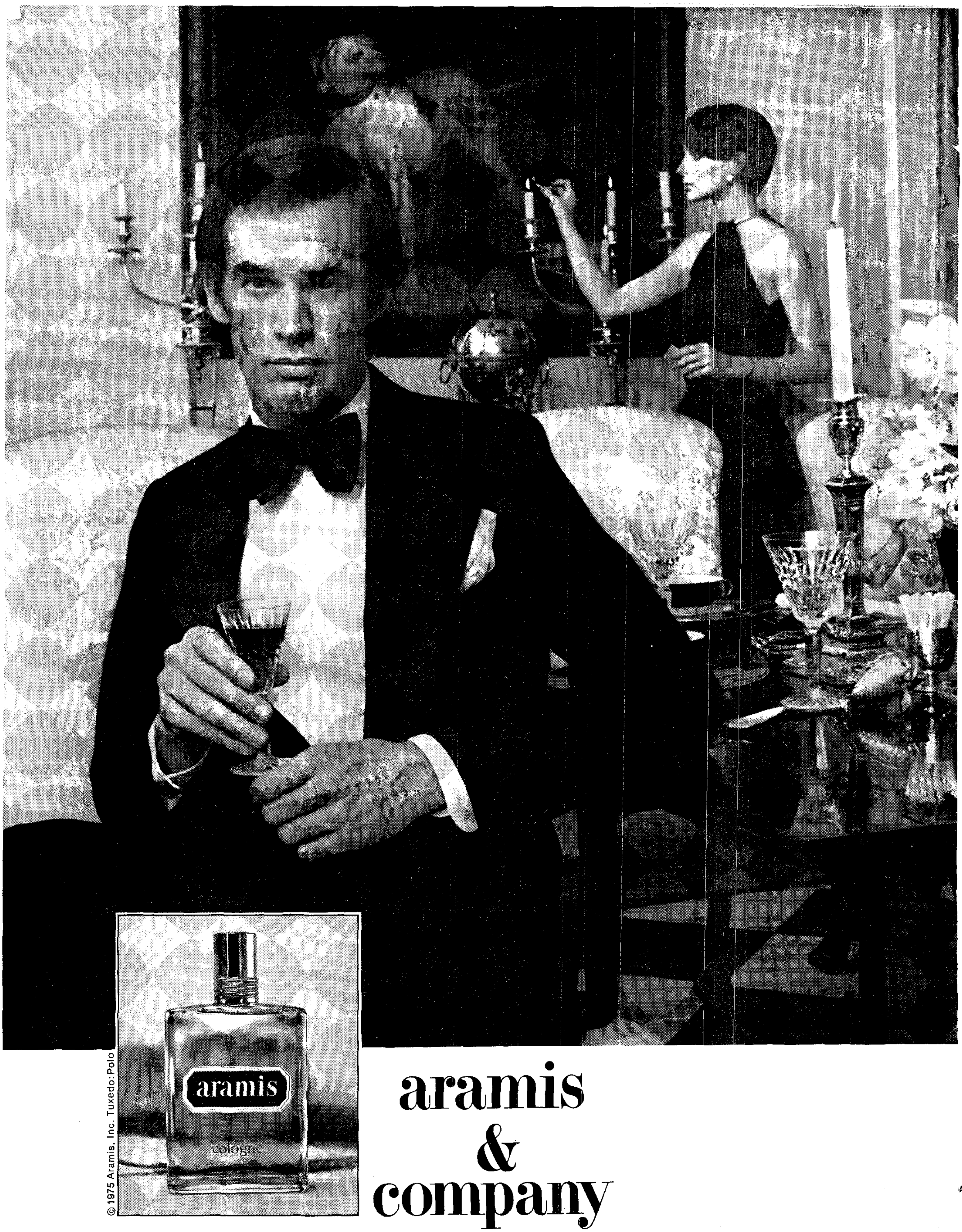

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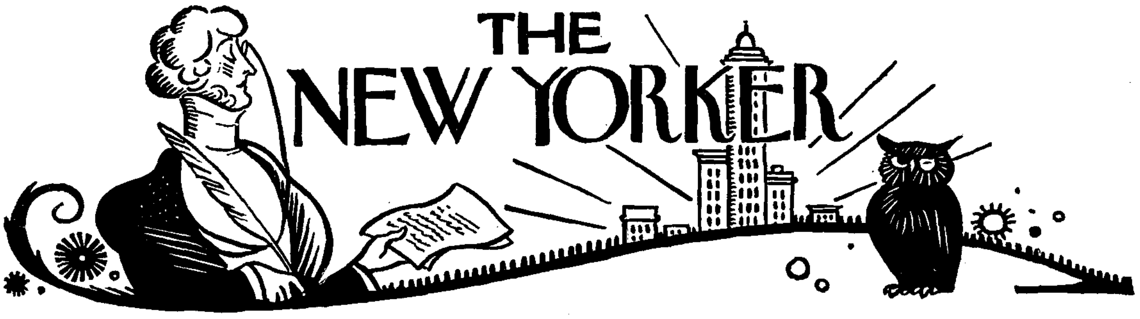
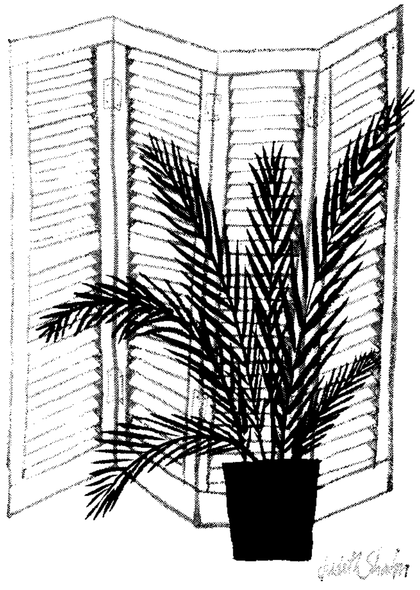


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

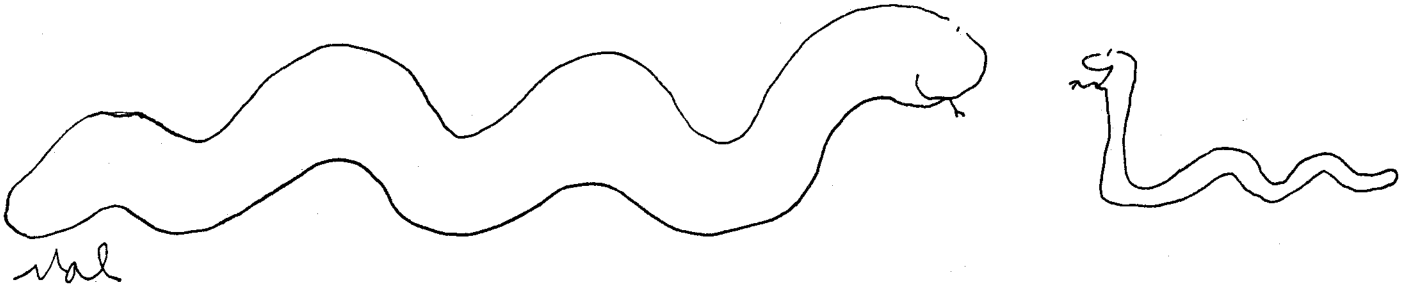
Notes and Comment

A FEW years ago, a national debate arose over what the Club of Rome, in one of its publications, called "the limits to growth." Some people believed that economic expansion could go on indefinitely. Among them was President Nixon, who remarked, in a speech to the Seafarers International Union toward the end of 1973, "There are only seven per cent [actually, the figure was then five and a half per cent] of the people of the world living in the United States, and we use thirty per cent [actually, thirty-three per cent] of all the energy. That isn't bad; that is good. That means we are the richest, strongest people in the world, and that we have the highest standard of living in the world. That is why we need so much energy, and may it always be that way." President Nixon, of course, wanted the United States to be "No. 1" in just about every statistic you could think of. On the other side of the argument were people who believed that economic expansion would run up against certain natural limits—limits on the earth's capacity for supporting population, limits on the biosphere's capacity for enduring industrial pollution, and limits on the earth's natural resources. A few days ago, the results of a recent Louis Harris poll indicated strongly that, at least as far as the general public was concerned, the debate was over. By sixty-one per cent to twenty-three per cent, the public agreed with the statement that it was "morally wrong" for Americans to consume forty per cent (a later figure) of the world's energy and raw materials. By fifty-five per cent to thirty per cent, the public agreed that the disparity between population and consumption "hurts the well-being of the rest of the world." By fifty per cent to thirty-one per cent, the public agreed with the statement that America's continued high consumption "will turn the rest of the people of the world against us." By eighty-one per cent to ten per cent, the public agreed that such high consumption "causes us to pollute the air, the rivers, and the seas." And by ninety per cent to five per cent the public agreed that "we here in this country will have to find ways to cut back on the amount of things we consume and waste." These figures seem to indicate a revolution in the popular attitude. The figures in polls, of course, are extremely changeable, as anyone who has followed political campaigns well knows. However, when they rise above a certain level—reach sixty or sixty-five per cent—there can be no doubt that something significant is happening to public opinion. And on the very rare occasions when the figures rise into the eighties or the nineties one recognizes that one is dealing with political reality of the first order.

Many currents of opinion must have flowed together to produce the shift reflected in the Harris poll. One of the currents, certainly, was the anti-materialist revolt of the young in the nineteen-sixties. Probably another was the revival of fiscal conservatism among politicians of the right, which took the form of an attack on the programs of social spending set up in the years of President Lyndon Johnson. A third current was probably the environmental movement. The decisive events may have been the oil embargo of 1973 and the recession, which began at about the same time. The concurrence of the energy crisis and the recession apparently taught the public that the penalties for overconsumption could be basic and severe. The threat, the public learned, was not just to "the quality of life"—that luxurious preoccupation of the nineteen-sixties—but to people's livelihoods, to life itself.



The people in politics, not for the first time in recent years, have been slow to discover the public's mood, and slow to respond to it. Among politicians who are visible on the national scene, only Governor Jerry Brown of California seems to be closely attuned to it, in his politics of austerity, and a recent poll has shown that he enjoys an approval rating of seven to one among California voters. The Presidential candidates of both parties have drawn close to the new consensus and circled around it, but not one has laid claim to it. Many of the Democrats have apparently decided that the thing to do is to "run against Washington"—an empty, wholly negative program that catches the bare fact of the public's disillusionment but not its content. The Republicans seem to have rested their political hopes on a campaign against federal spending, but federal spending, although it may be unpopular, is not exactly what is bothering the public, either. The public is not fed up with government and at the same time enamored of private enterprise. What seems to have happened is that the public, in a striking reversal of the American mood in the prosperous post-war years, has turned against excess and waste in all its forms—public, private, and even personal. In addition, the passion to be No. 1 has apparently subsided, leaving the people willing to let the United States take its place in the world simply as a nation among nations. It will do now to be No. 2 or No. 3 in a few areas. (And if the public does not want the United States to



"Not the Monty Python!"

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give offense to other nations by excessive consumption, how much less must it want the government to overthrow the governments of other countries and kill their leaders.) Next year, the United States will recall its origins through Bicentennial celebrations and set the course for the immediate future through a Presidential election. As that year of reflection and decision approaches, Louis Harris is telling us that the public is hoping for a new modesty of national purpose and a new austerity of means. He may have given us an early glimpse of the spirit of 1976.

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The Brain

FOUR thousand scientists whose professional interests range from pharmacology to computer programming got together recently at the New York Hilton to talk about the one interest they have in common—the brain. The occasion was the fifth annual meeting of the Society for Neuroscience. During the meeting, which lasted five days, twelve hundred scientific papers were presented from various podiums, and we made an effort to listen to a representative sample.

We were cheered to learn that many cases of acute depression, manic-depressive psychosis, and schizophrenia can be effectively treated with psychoactive drugs. We were discouraged to learn that there is no widespread agreement among doctors on the criteria to be used in determining whether a person in a coma is alive or dead. And we were astonished to learn about a new treatment for people suffering from what is known as "intractable" pain: wire electrodes are implanted in the brain stem; the electrodes are connected to a small battery pack that can be activated by a portable radio transmitter; and whenever a patient feels pain, he simply presses a button to send a jolt of electricity into his brain stem. In some cases, one or two jolts will provide a pain-free day that could otherwise be achieved only by doping the patient with massive and highly addicting doses of morphine.

As we moved from meeting room to meeting room, trying to get an idea of the state-of-the-art in the brain sciences, it became obvious that most of the papers being presented did not deal directly with the human brain but, rather, dealt with the brains of rats, cats, dogs, horses, crayfish, frogs, sea slugs, lobsters, newts, flounders, goldfish, fruit flies, spiders, crickets, chickens, pigeons, songbirds, tree shrews, hamsters, gerbils, mice, squirrels, rabbits, goats, sheep, guinea pigs, and monkeys. Not that the speakers were interested in these creatures per se. But scientists have to start somewhere, and most brain researchers today are seeking answers to such basic questions as "How does the nervous system work?" and "How did it get that way?" The experiments that might provide the answers are not conducted on human subjects both because such experimentation would be unethical and because a researcher can often learn more about a complicated system by studying a related but simpler system. In fact, some brain researchers prefer to work with even simpler systems than any of those provided by nature. These are the specialists in tissue culture, who take small pieces of nerve tissue from animals and grow their own experimental preparations in the laboratory.

Dr. Richard Bunge, of Washington University, in St. Louis, works extensively with nerve-tissue cultures, and we asked him to describe a typical preparation. To survive outside the body of an animal, he told us, neurons (or nerve cells) need a bed of structural protein to lie on. Scientists use a common protein called collagen. Collagen can be extracted from rats' tails with a solution of acetic acid, in a process analogous to what a cook does in boiling beef bones to make aspic. The end product is a gelatinous substance, which is smeared on the bottom of a small, saucer-shaped glass container known as a Petri dish. On top of the collagen the researcher places a pinch of tissue from a rat's spinal cord and a pinch of tissue from the autonomic ganglia—a part of the nervous system that lies alongside the spinal cord and carries messages to and from the internal organs. The nerve cells are then covered with a nutrient medium containing salts, vitamins, amino acids, glucose, and blood serum, and the dish is sealed in clear plastic and kept under carefully controlled atmospheric conditions. The best preparations may last up to a year. Tissue culture is a common practice in other branches of science; in medical-research laboratories, bits of heart, lung, liver, and kidney have been kept alive for years and years, and such cultures have played an important role in testing new drugs and vaccines. The first successful culture using nerve cells was reported as early as 1910, but until recently culturing nerve cells for certain types of basic research was considered a waste of time. What brain scientists really wanted to know was how nerve cells communicate with each other across the tiny gaps, called synapses, that separate one neuron from the next in the nervous system, and there was no reason to believe that nerve cells that were spread out in a thin layer in a Petri dish could form working synapses with their neighbors. Now it is known that they do. According to Dr. Bunge, after a few days in the culture the cells begin to put out long, amoeboid extensions; after a few more days these extensions make contact with nearby cells, and synapses are formed. Within a week or so, the cells are able to communicate with each other by releasing chemical substances known as neurotransmitters, and the substances they release turn out to be the same ones that these cells use for transmission in the nervous system.

The significance of this discovery is just beginning to be felt in the brain sciences, Dr. Bunge said. Besides making it easier to study what happens in a living synapse, nerve-tissue cultures may provide some clues to what goes on during the development of the fetal brain—when newly formed brain cells reach out to each other and forge the synaptic links that determine the circuitry of our biological computer. For example, the spinal neurons and the cells of the autonomic ganglia hook up with each other in ways that allow the animal to regulate its blood pressure, heart rate, temperature, digestive activity, and glandular secretions. To keep the body functioning at optimal efficiency, these cells must remain in almost constant communication. The value of any nerve-tissue preparation depends on how closely the communication between cultured cells mimics the communication in the nervous system, and the feeling now is that the mimicry is very good indeed.

Building

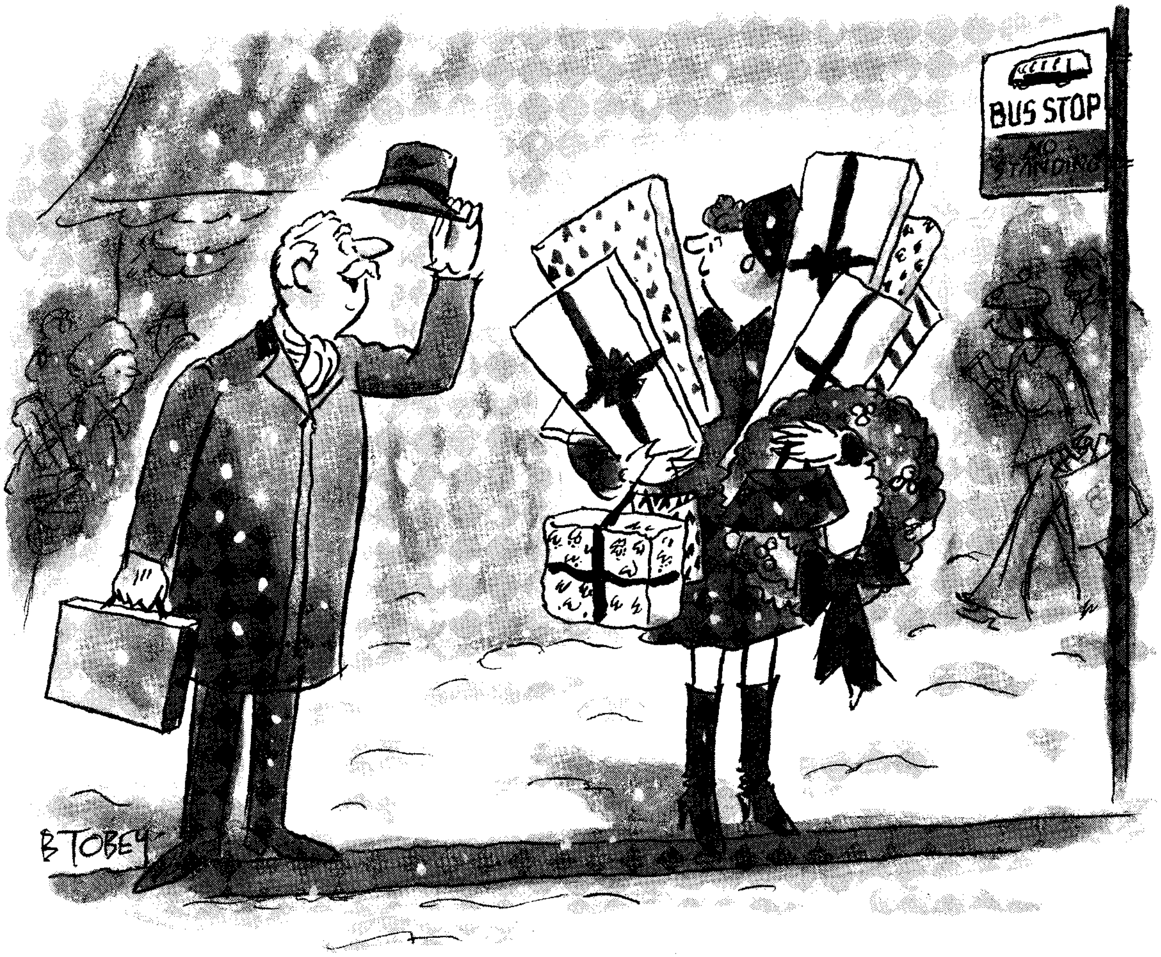
WE have a letter from a friend, a close observer of the Empire State Building, who assures us that he is using his spare time to good advantage:

I've been watching the Empire State Building for several months now, carefully monitoring its comings and goings from a window in my apartment. There are fair days and gray days in this routine, all of them revealing. If you're interested, the best hours for watching are in the evening, when everything from the seventy-second floor to the top of the TV antenna is floodlit. On a clear night, if I'm not wearing my glasses the building seems to wear a plastic bonnet lighted from within by a twenty-five-story incandescent bulb. But when I put on my glasses I can see perfectly well that the building is much more like Kafka's Castle as it would appear if the mists lifted and some humane bureaucrat hit *das Schloss* with, say, a beam of a hundred and twenty-five million candlepower.

At this time of year—short days and long nights—the lights come on around five. They go off at midnight, except on foggy or cloudy nights during heavy bird migration, when they're doused early so as not to confuse the birds and cause them to fly smack into the building. I've been more or less conversant with the nuances of the lighting system ever since I took an insider's tour of the premises not long ago with Steve Seniuk, the Empire State Building's chief elevator mechanic. This title is slightly misleading, because Seniuk, a very obliging fellow, who started working at the building in 1941, now has a desk job. As a proper administrator, he wears a suit and tie to work every day, but he still carries a pair of pliers, a flashlight, and a screwdriver with him wherever he goes. Seniuk likes to be prepared.

Which brings me to the gaggle of Boy Scouts I met when I went up to the eighty-sixth-floor observatory on Thanksgiving Eve. I made the trip to see what my apartment looks like at night from the top of the Empire State Building, but I never found out, because I had forgotten to turn on the lights before I left home. No matter; the Boy Scouts were far more diverting. They were on the eighty-sixth floor because they just happened to be camping out there for the night. I first ran into them in the lobby, where they were lining up to march double-file to the elevators. Everything was well orchestrated, thanks to the efforts of the Reverend Frank F. Rafter, pastor of the Richmond Hill Baptist Church and the officially ordained Scoutmaster of the Empire State Building, and Walter A. Bruckner, the Scoutmaster of Troop 103, Jackson Heights, Queens. There were twenty-seven Scouts from Troop 103, plus one Cub Scout, David Rapena, who is working on the requirements for the Bear patch, and Albert Cortizo, a Webelos Scout. These two got to make the trip because they both have older brothers in Troop 103 and because their fathers are troop committeemen. Before the evening ended, I had my picture taken with Albert and David. I regard this as a touching moment, particularly when I reflect upon my own career as a Cub Scout, which was abruptly terminated in 1959, when I "earned" a Bear patch on condition that I agree to retire from Scouting for life. This tricky negotiation was handled by a very cagey den mother, who also happened to be my real mother. Mom was pretty much convinced that I did not have "the stuff" to earn the Lion patch, much less make a name for myself in the ranks of Boy Scouts.

But back to Pastor Rafter. "This is Scouting in *New York*," he explained when I asked how Troop 103 had come



"My compliments, Madam. May I tell you how nice and Christmassy you look?"

to choose the Empire State Building as a campsite, rather than, say, the sidewalk in front of Bloomingdale's. "Scouting isn't just rubbing two sticks together. The top of the Empire State Building is a good spot for a historical lesson on the city. I can tell the boys how it was the time that B-25 bomber hit the building—give them perspective."

As nearly as I can tell, Pastor Rafter got to be Scoutmaster of the E.S.B. because of his mastery of the rhetorical question—jewels like "Are we going to have a good time tonight, fellas?" and "Will there be any misbehavior tonight, fellas?"—and because he knows how to keep a troop of Scouts on their toes. When the fellas reached the eighty-sixth-floor observatory, Pastor Rafter stood on one side of the room and gave orders: "Gear over here, tents over there, Scouts over here. Gear over here, tents over there, Scouts over here." He repeated this several times, until all the gear, tents, and Scouts were in their proper places.

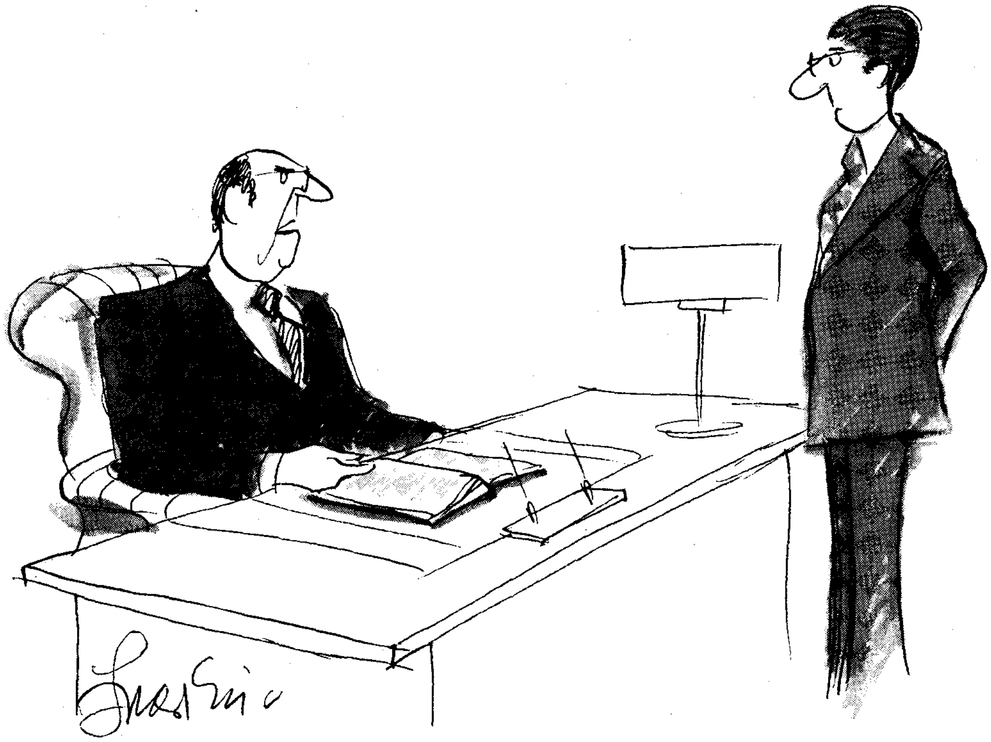
Then Pastor Rafter turned the administrative chores over to Walter Bruckner, who sounds exactly the way George Carlin would if he were doing an imitation of a Scoutmaster. A few of the boys had pressing questions: "How long will we be sleeping outside—about an hour?" and "Do airplanes fly over this building at night?" There was also considerable concern about the temperature (forty degrees) and the ever-perilous wind-chill factor. Bruckner answered the questions, but he probably could have been more reassuring. "Now, guys," he said, "we've been up here in much worse weather than this. Some of you might recall how a couple of years ago we were caught in a blizzard up here and lost a couple of tents. You boys who have been here before know the ropes. You others will learn."

While Scoutmaster Bruckner and most of the Scouts worked on the tents, I talked to Waldo Medina. Waldo is thirteen years old, a fast talker, and the designated leader of the Apaches, one of the three patrols that make up Troop 103, the others being the Cobras and the Eagles. "We're up here for several reasons," Waldo said, "but mainly because this is the greatest place in New York, and Scouts like to sleep out." Waldo ran through a bit of officialese from the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, then excused himself to go check out the tents, and I stepped onto the observation deck to catch some local color. Eighty-six stories below, in Herald Square, a group of marching bodies had spelled out "NOEL" for the benefit of television crews who were rehearsing scenes to be shown on the "Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade" telecast.

I stayed outside until I started to feel cold, and when I went back inside, the members of Troop 103 were seated on the floor, listening to Pastor Rafter's brief rundown of the history of New York City. He started out talking about how different islands in New York Harbor got their names, and quickly worked his way around to the Empire State Building airplane disaster. He seemed to know some fairly explicit details of the crash. Then Pastor Rafter shifted gears in another direction. "Some people like to draw parallels between New York City and Sodom and Gomorrah," he said. "They refer to the sex movies on Forty-second Street—that type of thing. But New York's problems come from a lot of sources, and after a while we'll be holding our Interfaith Meditation for the Financial Crisis of the City, to ask God to help us out of the bind we're in. Now, of course, fellas, we always remember to separate Church and State—but separate the State and God, fellas? Never!"

I puzzled over that syllogism for a moment, and then suddenly realized that I had to hurry home in time to catch the building's lights-out ceremony. As I was leaving, I heard Pastor Rafter and Scoutmaster Bruckner giving out patrol assignments. The Apaches were dispatched to the observation deck to find the George Washington Bridge, Yankee Stadium, Times Square, and something called Camp Alpine, in New Jersey; the Eagles were told to locate Greenwich Village, the U.N. Building, and the Pan Am Building; and the Cobras were assigned New Jersey, the Statue of Liberty, and the Brooklyn Bridge.

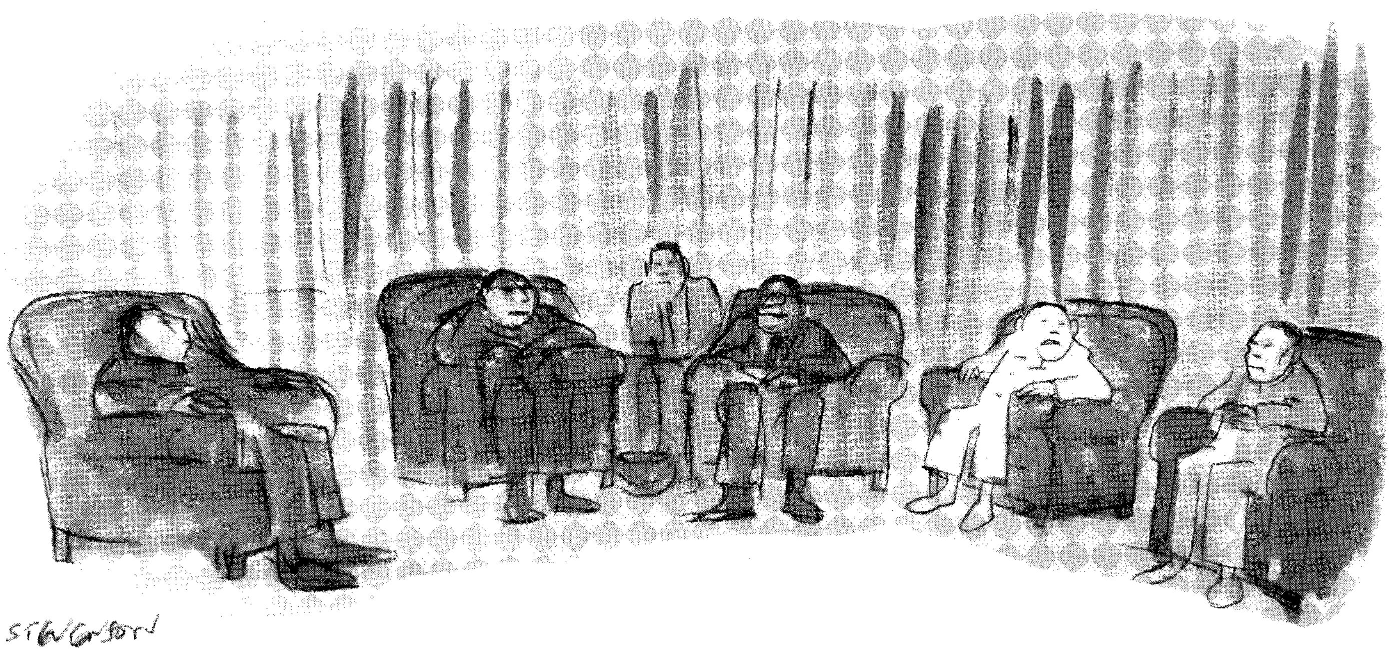
"Don't forget to stick with your patrols," said Pastor Rafter. "And walk, don't run."



"Lest you forget, Brimmer, you were hired to do market research. These reports of yours are becoming more and more autobiographical."

Wrong Clothes

THE other evening, a young woman we know found herself faced with a particularly thorny sartorial problem: first on her schedule was a social and art event in SoHo; second was a cocktail party on the upper East Side. There would be no time to change costumes in between. Now, a woman with a large and various wardrobe could solve this problem without too much difficulty, by donning—oh, say, one of those antique dresses now in fashion, or a dress of peasant design, and slipping some makeup and jewelry into her handbag to be put on between events, during the long taxi ride over the border. She would not be perfectly fashionable in either place, but she would probably be able to "pass" in both as one of the crowd. Our friend, however, detests shopping for clothes, and as she looked over the meagre collection in her closet, she sensed that she was about to pay for this sin. For her it



"I am no revisionist, but yet I never fail to wonder. Where in the world did we get these weird chairs?"

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was strictly an either/or situation: bluejeans or cocktail dress. This meant that in one duchy or the other she would have to appear in enemy uniform.

After a harrowing period of indecision, our friend decided that she would be better off in a cocktail dress in SoHo than in bluejeans on the upper East Side. The fashion in SoHo, she reasoned, was to dress in a way that shows that you do not care about clothes, and therefore SoHo people should not care if she was dressed differently. She knew that her theory was shaky. She knew that a far truer definition of the fashion in SoHo would be dress that announces that you have no allegiance to the conventional, Establishment world of the upper East Side. But what could she do? Upper East Side society was equally, if not more, hostile to badges of an alien allegiance. Her rationale was flimsy, but it was all she had to go on, so she set out for Wooster Street trying hard to forget that she looked as though she had stepped out of a Peck & Peck catalogue.

It was, she told us later, a pretty horrible experience. There seemed to be no way whatever to overcome the effect of her clothes. Certainly nothing she said made a dent in the unfriendly condescension with which she was treated. People she spoke to were uncomfortable and inattentive, while others eavesdropped with smirks of superiority on their faces. As she searched in her mind for ways to get out of the social straitjacket that her clothes were imposing on her, she noticed with amazement a woman in her fifties, also dressed conventionally, who appeared to be having a wonderful time. In a loud and enthusiastic voice, the woman was saying things like "Oh, my, I've never seen a loft before. How divine. Oh dear, I suppose I shall never live in a loft." Or, pointing at a work of art, she'd say, "That's very interesting. I can't say I understand it, but it certainly is interesting." In this example our friend saw that there was a way out of her predicament. That was to act like a total outsider, eager to be introduced to the strange and wonderful ways of a foreign realm. This, she observed (not without malice), pleased the natives greatly, for it made them feel like missionaries enlightening a primitive. But our friend had seen a hundred lofts. How could she possibly pretend never to have seen a loft before? These people were her contemporaries. How could she exclaim that they and their works were incomprehensible but "interesting"? It was not just her costume, it was her closeness to this social milieu, combined with her ultramontane getup, that had created the straitjacket. With this dejected thought, she turned to be introduced to a man in SoHo uniform: jeans, lumberjacket, work boots. She smiled and offered her hand, as she would have no matter how she was dressed. He looked at her hand as though he had never seen one before and then, screwing up his face into a mincing expression and doing a little dance, he shook her hand elaborately while singsonging something that sounded like "Howdy-doody-doody-doody-doo." Our friend left for the upper East Side.

She had little to report about the second event of the evening. Clearly, if she had been dressed for SoHo the occasion would have been an ordeal similar to the one she had just been through, but her clothes were right, and this, evidently, was all that really mattered. There was, for example, a man there whose style was not of this region of balkanized Manhattan. Worn tweed jacket, baggy trousers, and longish, messy hair pegged him as an upper West Side intellectual, and as a result he was having a difficult time of it. The glittery, coiffed women to whom he introduced himself moved on as quickly as possible. The smooth-haired, dark-suited lawyers and brokers listened to him with barely concealed restlessness. Our friend's earlier experience predisposed her to compassion, and she set out to rescue him.

"I don't go to many parties like this," he said. "I feel a little out of place."

She thought a literary topic of conversation might make him feel at home. "What ever happened to the novel of manners?" she asked, glancing meaningfully about the room. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if someone wrote a really good contemporary novel of manners?"

He looked at her with professorial kindness. "It couldn't be done," he said. "The novel of manners is based on rigid social conventions." He sighed. "Those are a thing of the past."

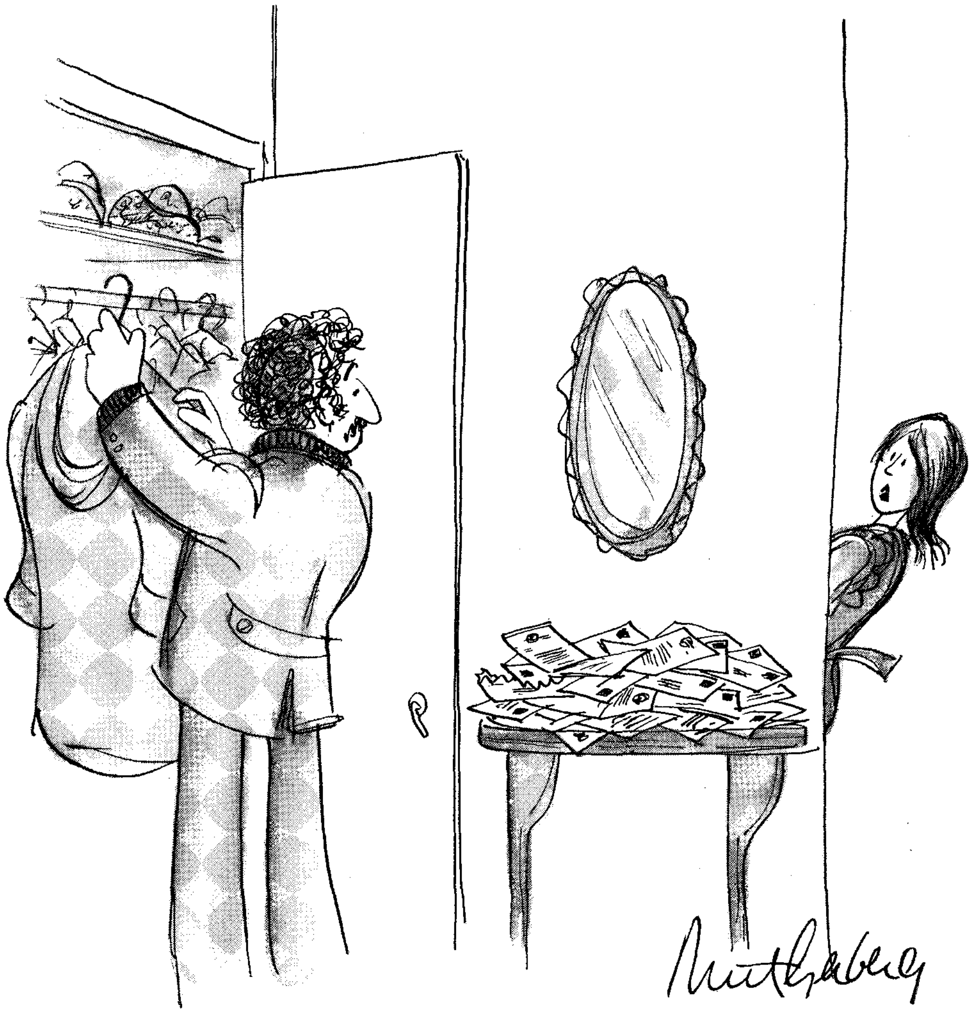
FOXCASTLE

HE could not imagine in what way he had offended them. Ever since he could remember, they had fascinated him. His nurse sang him to sleep with ballads about them; he pursued the hinds and shepherds on his father's estate for stories of how they danced round the Cranach Loch, of the pebbles aimed by invisible hands that skipped over its surface in games of duck-and-drake, of how, on a sudden, they would leave all together, whirring their wings and whistling; how they stole butter from Mungo's mother's churn, hated sluttishness, danced rings into the grass; how, wearing mourning scarves, they were seen following the crazy Minister's bier to the grave; how it was impossible for them to weep, how they must never be mentioned on a Good Friday, how wary one must be not to offend them by pulling as much as a dead bough for fuel from a thorn tree. When he was sent to the University of Aberdeen and could get at books, he read everything he could find on their subject: that they were the scattered remnants of Satan's host, were a superstition, were the old Picts; and reading the English poets—a fanciful lot—that they slept in cast snakeskins, drank from acorn-cup goblets, sat on mushrooms, drove teams of mice. Grounded on ballads and folklore, he discounted most of this, except as evidence substantiating their existence—since to be dismissed as a superstition proves a preliminary belief. Time went on, he took his degree as M.A., and was appointed to the Lectureship in Rhetoric. The learned life suited James Sutherland so well that he was careful not to jeopardize his hold on it by mentioning his private opinions. Yet sometimes they broke from him, as when in a Disputation with the Professor of History, a fanatic for the Picts, he found himself being an Apologist for the Kingdom of Elfin—and thereafter was spoken of behind his back as Fairy Sutherland.

During the summer vacation, when many of the scholars went home to help get in the harvest, the Professor of History travelled about in search of Pictish remains—the likeliest sites for them being the so-called Fairy Knowes, which proved conclusively that fairies were imperfectly remembered Picts. James Sutherland also travelled about on a diversely corresponding quest, and was not above examining Pictish remains, in case they afforded a small footprint or a strain of harp music. If, as sometimes happened, the two men met, they conversed on blameless subjects, such as the prevalence of horseflies or the clear atmosphere which presages rain; and parted. But in his forty-ninth summer James Sutherland had Foxcastle to himself. One might say it came to him as a reward of faith. A visiting Lecturer in Jurisprudence had remarked that, whether or no fairies existed, they influenced leaseholds: the legendary teind to hell which bound fairies to sacrifice one of their number every seven years making many tenants unwilling to begin a seven-year lease, or a lease of multiple sevens. On the off-chance of finding a fairy legally recorded, James Sutherland used to buy bundles of old law papers off the scrivener's stall in the market. Nothing came of it till the day he saw the name Foxcastle in a disputed ownership of a sheep walk in Peeblesshire. Foxcastle. Folks Castle. The meaning jumped to the eye. It was a long journey to make on foot, but if it had been as far as the Indies he would have made it.

JUST ME
Stan Hunt

FOXCASTLE was a hill among other hills, steep-sided, flattened at the top. If it had been a sheep walk, that must be long since, for the heather had taken over, covering the summit and lapping down the sides. It was heather of long-established growth, standing over knee-high on thickened stems. As he was forcing his way through it he thought that the Professor of History would be hard put to it to trace any Pictish remains. He was still relishing the thought when he fell into a pit. He had got into a formation of peat hags, which started up from the heather like foes from an ambush. The stagnant water streaking between them reflected the sky with a savage blue. He scrambled out, none the worse except for wet feet and a twisted ankle, and with a sharpened appreciation of the nature of moorland peat: dry as a bone above, wet as corruption below. Walking more cautiously, he skirted the peat hags, and sat down on the western slope to shake the water out of his shoes and rub his ankle. He had never felt so imperially alone. In all the wide expanse around him there was no sign of man. Nothing moved except a few sheep on the opposite hillside and the burn flickering and rattling down the valley between. He watched a hawk



"I'll say! There's something from Henry Jackson, Morris Udall, Lloyd Bentsen, George Wallace, Jimmy Carter, Terry Sanford, Fred Harris, Milton Shapp, Birch Bayh, Sargent Shriver, and the Democratic National Committee."

flying in wide surveying circles overhead, saw it gather its flight into a poise and strike down on its kill. It was as though this imposed an edict of silence; not a small bird uttered. After a while he saw it lift nonchalantly away.

It was its own hawk. But manned hawks must often rise over Foxcastle. Fairies were known to go hawking, using merlins, he supposed, to bring down larks: a merlin would be proportionate. Angus the shepherd, who had seen a fairy, said it was a head taller than the tallest thistle, portly, and holding itself very stately and erect. So much for sleeping in a snake's cast weed! But poets always spin nonsense out of reality, piling Pelion on Ossa for a giant, whitening a lady's hand to new-fallen snow. There was considerable variance about the elfin complexion, authentic reports ranging from pallor to gypsy swarthiness. The fairies who came out of a hill in Suffolk were green. Other authorities held that they are invisible to mortal eyes, or only to be seen at dusk, when colors would be muted. Angus had seen his thistle fairy at dusk.

James Sutherland rubbed the ache from his ankle. His shoes were dry. He put them on, but did not get up. There was still a good stretch of the long summer afternoon to run; the sheep on the opposite hillside had not begun to move upward to their sleeping place. With every moment the rich drowsy scent of the heather intensified. He would stay a while longer.

When he woke, it was night. Clouds had gathered, blotting out moon and stars. It was cold, the heather had lost its scent. He lay unmoving, to husband his warmth. Later, he woke again. It was still mirk night, and so silent that he could hear, as though it were close at hand, the burn in the valley. Lulled by its unresting voice, he fell profoundly asleep.

A fingernail pricked him awake. The heather was gone, the clouded sky was a shadowy stone vault; he lay on a stone floor, and was bound hand and foot in swathings of cobweb, so elastic that when he moved they yielded, so tough that they would not let go. The fingernail explored the convolutions of his ear, left it, traced the lines on his cheek. Other hands were fingering him, lightly, delicately, adroitly. His shoes were taken off, his toes parted, the soles of his feet prodded. His coat was unbuttoned, his shirt opened. Fingers tweaked the hair in his armpits. The watch was pulled from his fob pocket. He knew they would not stop at that. The cobweb bonds yielded as he writhed and struggled, and each time he thought he had snapped them they tightened again. The explorers waited till he lay exhausted, replaced the watch, and proceeded methodically to his genitals.

Not once had they inflicted the slightest pain, except to his feelings. He did not even know when they left him, only that they were gone. He lay in his cobweb bonds and wept. For these were fairies, these silent invisible tormenters. Throughout his life they had been his dearest preoccupation. He had believed in them, venerated them, championed them. How had he offended them? Why were they so ungrateful?

A bowl of milk and some ratafia biscuits appeared beside him.

"Wash your hands first."

The speaker was invisible. The voice was unmistakably that of a servant of position. He was propelled toward a jet of water which cascaded from a hole in the wall, brimmed a rocky basin, and vanished with a gurgle. He implored the speaker to appear, asked why he was made captive, thanked for the milk. He was speaking to the empty air. The jet of water splashed, gurgled, and went its way. While his back was turned a truss of dry fern had been spread out beside the milk. It smelled of sun and the outer world. The milk, too, was restorative, the ratafias so exquisitely light that they melted in his mouth. A sense of purpose returned to him: he must wind his watch. He pulled it out. It had stopped. Till that moment, he had been perplexed, or angry, or cut to the heart; but he had not felt intimidated: it had been too storylike for that. Now he fell into the blankness of despair. He was lost, lost! His watch, sole ally of his rational man, had stopped. He sat with its accustomed weight in his hand and looked at its dead face. An expedient of fear, disguised as common sense, sneaked into his mind. It would be possible to set it going again, its hands adjusted to a conjectural position. The conjecture need not be far out, and in any case he would be sure of a measure of time. With an odd scruple of honor, he buried the dead watch in his pocket.

Presently they came back again—or were back again. He was stripped of his clothes, his wig was pulled off, he was again propelled to the jet of water and washed. The water cascaded over his head and shoulders; soapsuds exploded in his ears and stung his eyes. There must have been half a dozen of them at work on him, hissing as though they were grooming a horse and tut-tutting at the dirt ingrained on his knees and elbows. When they had washed and dried him they cut his nails, cleaned his teeth, and handed him his clothes. The clothes smelled rancid; he was averse to putting them on, but did so because he was chilled. He was also very hungry. No food appeared. Instead, there came a new relay of fingerers, who stripped him once more and began to measure him; he felt the tape slipped round him, laid along him. The hope that he was being measured for new clothes was unfounded. He was being measured from motives of biological curiosity: the length of his nose, the span of his nostrils, the girth of each toe, the exact position in relation to spine and thighbone of the mole on his buttock, the dimensions of the callus on his pen finger. They also took his pulse and counted his teeth.

After this, he thought, they will cut me open and anatomize me. But when they had finished their measurements and repeated some in order to be sure of them, they were gone—silently as they had come, silent as they had been throughout their leisurely, meticulous investigation.

Then came a bowl of soup, bread, cheese, and bullace plums. After that—how long after he had no watch to tell him—came nightfall. In the darkness he was woken by the sound of a desperate voice: a shout of despair which had broken from him in a dream, reëchoing from the vault overhead. He recognized it, and heard it die away.

HE had renounced chronometry. It was not so easy to renounce habit. From habit, he continued to pull out his watch and consult its dead face. Each time, he said to himself, "I won't do that again," but he went on doing it; for how long he could not have said, but certainly for several months, for the fern they brought him for his bedding had lost any smell of the warm, summered earth. He judged by the hollowness of the wind and the lessening of the mysterious daylight, which came and went in the windowless gallery where he lay like the flow and ebb of a tide, that it must be well past Martinmas. By now his absence from the Faculty would have been remarked on, one or another of his pupils accounting for it by saying he had been stolen by the fairies; the hypothesis would have come to the ears of the Professor of History, who would have poured reason on it. Legend supplants reason: in days to come there would be a tradition that a Lecturer in Rhetoric at the University of Aberdeen had been stolen by the fairies—as, indeed, he had been. It was easier to speculate on what was going on in the outer world than on his own circumstances. He saw his food appear (there was never enough of it), he heard the wind blowing, he heard the water splash into the rocky basin with an unchanging voice; he felt himself washed, and saw every fragment of litter, every crumb and cobweb, removed by invisible hands and de facto becoming invisible: his attendants (he had come to think of them as such) had a Presbyterian zealotry for cleanliness. His beard was cultivated daily. He had never thought to have a beard, only beggars and peasants were bearded; he supposed it was let grow as a badge of captivity. It was combed and trimmed, and anointed with oils like Aaron's. In a moment of curiosity, he pulled out a hair. He was swarthy, but the hair was bright red. He grew attached to his beard; it replaced the mouse or the spiders which ameliorate the lot of ordinary prisoners. But it was reaped off, and after that they kept him clean-shaven.

At lengthening intervals he was measured, but now a little perfunctorily. Before long they would lose interest, and there would be no more visits. Whatever they had had in mind—entertainment, the pursuit of knowledge, the pleasure of being busied about something—they had intended him no harm, no good. It was impersonal, the traffic of water flowing over a stone. And one day, when they were finished with him, he felt a pat on his shoulder. It intended him no harm, no good—and it almost destroyed him. It was as if he were falling apart with happiness. For the first time, a fairy hand had

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JAMES BOTTLE'S YEAR

December finds him
outside, looking skyward.
The year gets a swearword.

His rage is never permanent.
By January he's out,
silent and plow-bent.

All white February,
he's in a fury
of wind-grief and ground-worry.

By March, he's back
scouring the ground for luck,
for rabbit-run and deer-track.

April is all sounds and smiles.
The hill is soft with animals.
His arms describe miles.

The local girls say
he's honeyed and bee-headed
at haytime in May.

In June,
he'll stay up late, he'll moon
and talk to children.

No one sees him in July.
At dawn, he'll ride away
with distance in his eye.

In August, you'd assume
yourself to be almost welcome.
He keeps open time.

But, on one September morning,
you'll see cloud-worries form.
His eyes flash storm warnings.

October is difficult.
He tries to puzzle out
if it's his or the season's fault.

In November, he keeps still
through hail and snowfall,
thinking through it all.

What's causing the odd weather?
Himself, or the capricious air?
Or the two together?

December, breathing hard,
he's back outside, hurling skyward
his same swearword.

—ALASTAIR REID

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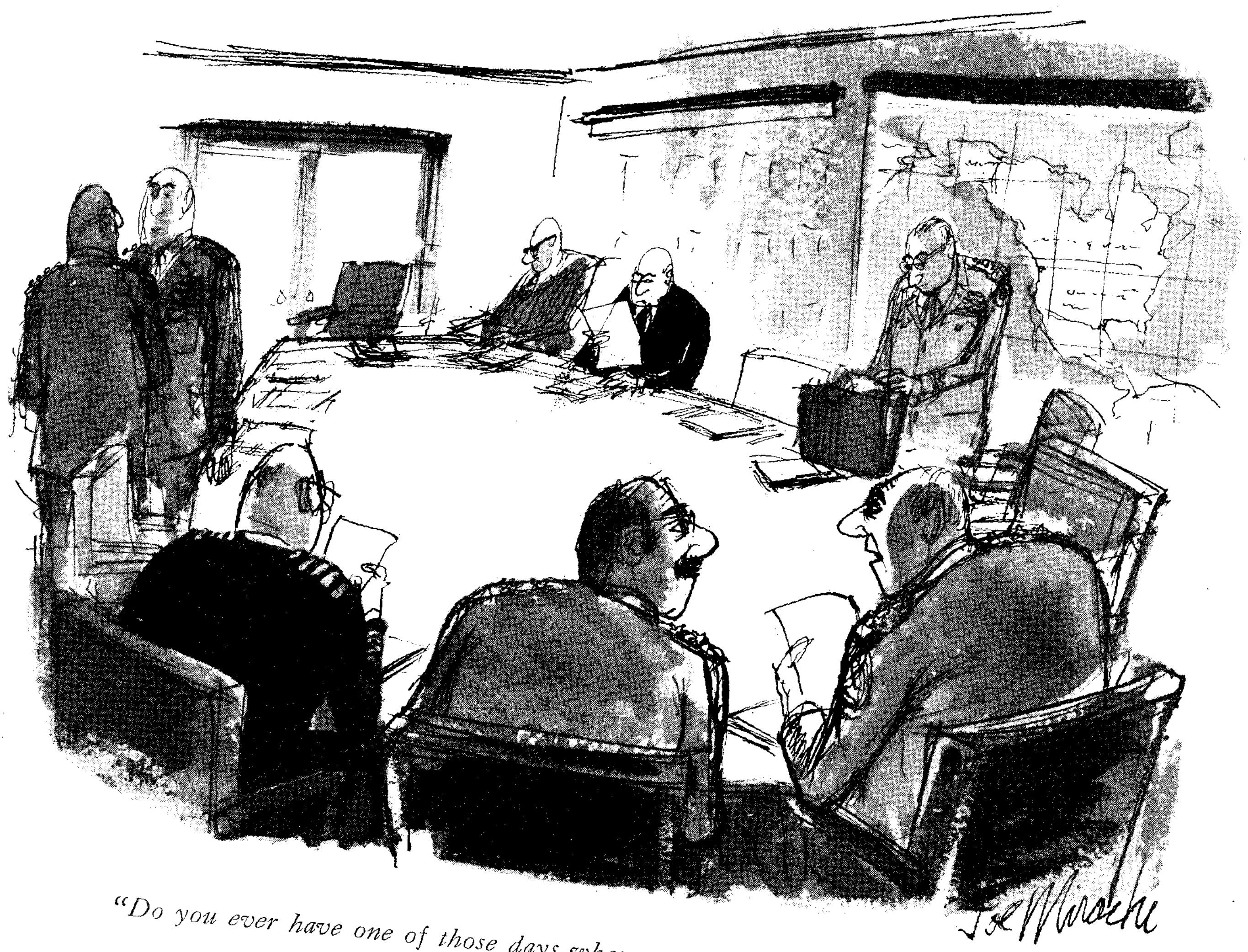


"Do you ever have one of those days when no deterrent seems adequate?"

rested on him with the wastefulness of a caress.

He froze, he burned; he was immortally awake, he was overwhelmingly sleepy; he experienced all the vicissitudes of love simultaneously. Even when he had dwindled down to his ordinary self, his mind had been jolted to a different tilt, and took a different retrospect. If he had offended them and so put himself in their power, they had shown a most moderate resentment, imposing nothing worse than solitude—which he had always preferred to company—and cobweb fetters. They had washed him, fed him, bedded him in a comfortable thickness of fern; their hands had always been gentle. Where was the farm animal who could say that of a mortal master? Why had he wasted all these months in being unappreciative?

He detached his fetters, coiled them up, laid them in a corner, and walked easily to the door. As he expected, it was locked. Remembering his mortal weight he put his shoulder to the door and forced it open. Behind rose a winding stairway, its steps very shallow. He mounted it, rising into gradual warmth and light, hearing the splash and gurgle of water sounding on in its solitude. The stair ended in an anteroom, where two fairies were playing beggar-my-neighbor, as intently as though crowns and kingdoms depended on it. He stood for a while, watching the fall of the cards; they were the same as any other cards, but smaller and more brightly painted. These were the first fairies he had ever seen. He saw them without surprise or particular elation. The fortune of the game wound and unwound, governed by the chance of a card. The fortune of his game had brought him a fairy—but he had always known fairies were in the pack. He walked into the adjoining room. It was a large room, lit and scented with bayberry candles, and an assembly of fairies moved about in it, moving with such small gliding steps that they seemed to melt rather than move. Angus was not far from the mark: taller than a tall thistle, he had said. Well-grown thistles on the family estate must have reached a good four foot; he could remember them overtopping him when he was a child, and how majestically they fell when his father slashed them. He stationed himself in a recess, to be out of the way, and undisturbed by being noticed.

One is always disconcerted by the ease with which foreigners talk their native tongue. The speech he heard resembled no civilized mortal language; slurred and full of hushed hisses, it was more like some dialect of Gaelic; but though he listened, hoping to catch a word which would put him on the track of what they were talking about, all he knew was that some proposal had been made and accepted. They gathered into a circle, sat down on the floor, and began to sing, softly clapping their hands to mark the measure. It was a wandering melody, a melody of no enterprise, but it must have had some charm for them, and the words, perhaps, some rustic association, for why else should these well-dressed persons sit in a ring on the floor, like peasants in a hayfield? Or were they rehearsing a masque? He had got the tune by heart and learned nothing of the words when there was a brisk tooting of trumpets. All rose to their feet. In came the trumpeters—two children, bright as parakeets in their gold-laced uniforms. The Queen followed. She was small—not taller than her trumpeters—cat-faced, and carried a knitting bag on her arm. She acknowledged her court by a ceremonious inattentive curtsy, and beckoned to a fairy who was obviously a person of importance. He hurried forward, bowing deeply, and knelt before her, holding out his hands. She looped a skein of wool over them, wound it into a ball, dropped another curtsy, more of a bob this time, and withdrew, followed by her trumpeters, whose gold-laced demeanor contrasted with her air of modest simplicity.

He was still smiling over the trumpeters when another music began—a sort of Turkish march, played by two fiddlers and a drummer. By degrees, everyone was dancing: here a minuet, there a reel, there a prancing hornpipe. It seemed they danced as the fancy took them, with little regard to the music, till with a rap on the drum it quickened and commanded them into a circle that gathered and dispersed, gathered and dispersed, faster and faster, whirling by like swallows. He watched till he could watch no more. In the anteroom the match of beggar-my-neighbor was still going on. Burrowing into his fern bed he told himself he must remember all this.

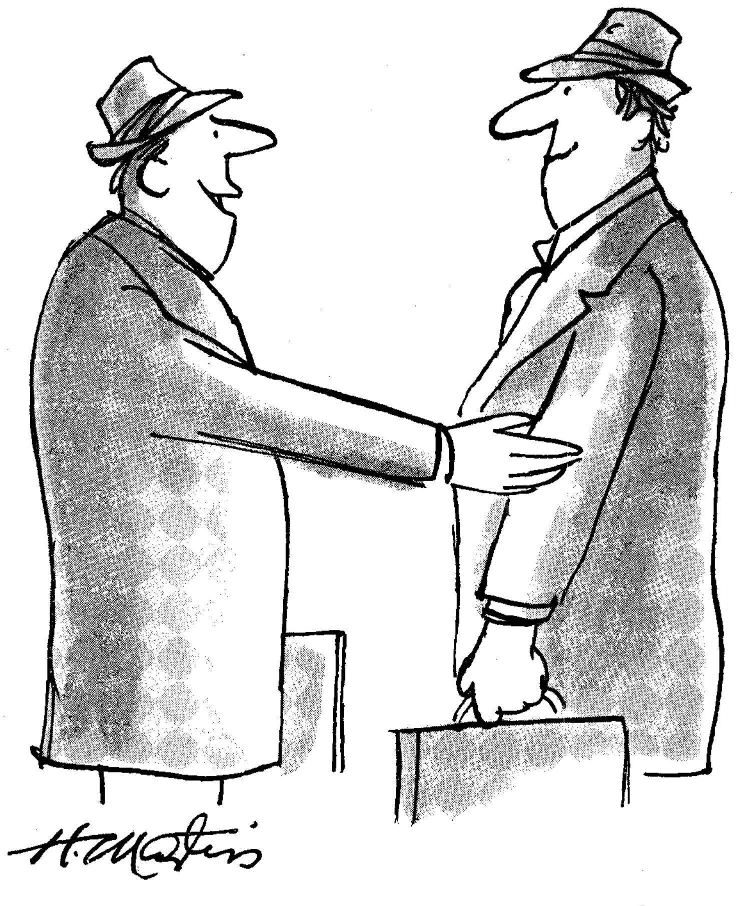
HE woke hearing an airy scuffle overhead. His attendants were flying up and down the gallery, contesting for a pair of stockings. It was gratifying to see them at last, though embarrassing to know he had been in the charge of these flippant young persons. He coughed. They descended, looking as grave as tombstone cherubim. When he glanced round for his clothes, they held out new ones. The measuring had certainly not been for these. Everything was too large; the shirt pouted, the sad-green suit would have fitted a Hercules; as for the stockings, they were so inordinately long that they had to be rolled half a dozen times before they could be gartered. He was not a vain man, or luxurious, but he esteemed his legs, and wore silk stockings. These were woollen, and the word that came to his mind was "Pictish." It struck him that just as the English poets underestimated the size of fairies, fairies overestimated the size of mortals. The reflection was philosophic, and soothed him; but not entirely. The theory of pockets had defeated the Foxcastle tailor, so he had to hang his watch on a ribbon round his neck and tuck it into the bosom of his shirt, like a loyal Jacobite locket.

From an outer-worldly point of view his attendants' good will was a trifle hail-fellow. But he was grateful for it. They were fairies, visible and well disposed, who might be useful as teachers of their native tongue; and they had the merit of being reliably available. When he went upstairs into good society it was disconcerting to find himself alone, as he often did.

Accustomed to a methodical social order where time is respected and persons occupy the portion of space where you expect to find them, he reconciled himself to the vagaries of Foxcastle by seeing it as an exemplification of the *Fay ce que vouldras* of Thélème. What would next be wished, and when, and for how long, and by how many, was unforeseeable. They were fickle in their loves and hates, fickle and passionate in their pursuits. Some devoted themselves to astronomy. Others practiced the French horn. Others educated squirrels. Some, he presumed, made measurements. Only one thing was certain: they never quarrelled. Even in their fickle hates, they hated without malice. Whisking from one pursuit to the next, they never collided. The best comparison he could draw from the outer world was the swarm of mayflies, indivisibly borne aloft, lowering, shifting, veering, like a shaken impermeable gauze veil over the face of a stream.

Somewhere beneath her court the Queen of Foxcastle sat in her private apartments and knitted. *Fay ce que vouldras.* She was devoted to knitting and never tired of it. When his attendants told him this, and that if she had no more wool at hand she unravelled her work and knitted it up again, he exclaimed "Penelope!" But of course they had never heard of Penelope.

Though by now he had learned enough Elfin to be able to converse in it, and was considering a treatise on Elfin Grammar, he found it difficult to acclimatize himself to a society which had not a vestige of mortal scholarship—except in mathematics: the stargazers astonished him by the dexterity of their calculations, looking at him blankly the while if he spoke of Orion or Cygnus. His previous researches into fairies had not prepared him for this divergence between their values and his. They had a practical knowledge of the world; they also knew it was round; but that was the extent of their knowledge; they knew nothing of its ancient history and celebrated characters and did not care to. They had no more than a loose hearsay acquaintance with their own history, and were satisfied to be without any written record of it, since they attached no importance to what might be learned from a book and



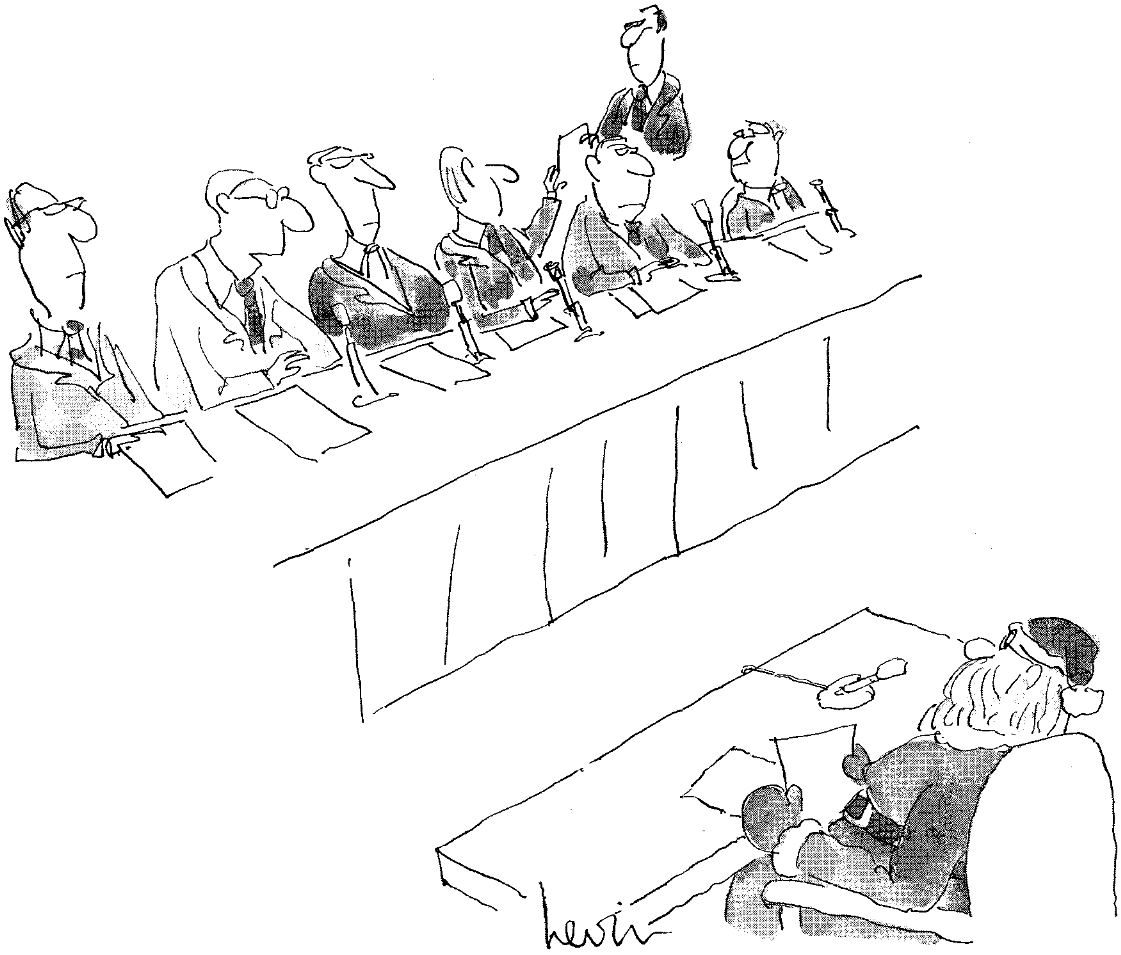
"Hey, it was good to see you, Spence, and remember me to your wife and families."

were amused by the mortal dependence on pen and paper. It was this that blighted his project of the Elfin Grammar. They were not unfriendly to it, and when he explained the laboriousness of inscribing it on tables of stone (another allusion lost on them) a party of working fairies was dispatched to steal a load of paper, while others compounded ink and collected goose quills. But the Grammar was never written, because the load of paper was stolen from a cooked-meats shop, and consisted of a manuscript cantata soaked in grease.

It was also disconcerting when a fairy he was talking to became invisible.

But the overruling disconcertingness was to find himself unconcerned. It was as if some mysterious oil had been introduced into the workings of his mind. If a thought irked him, he thought of something else. If a project miscarried, a flooding serenity swept him beyond it. He lived a tranquil truant, dissociated from himself as though by a slight agreeable fever—such a fever as one might catch by smelling a flower. This happy state had begun when he stood watching the game of beggar-my-neighbor, and became aware that the players didn't notice him, that his large obtrusive mortality made him in some way invisible to them—invisible in that they did not connect with him, felt no obligation to do so. In his former life, he lived in a balancing act between obligations. He had an obligation to do such-and-such, he had no obligation to do the other. He performed the obligation; and the best he was likely to get out of it was the thought that it was done with, for the time being. He omitted the non-obligation; and was lucky to get off without a kick from his conscience. He had never conceived of the total release of not being an obligation himself. Day after day, month after month went by and not once did he see a fairy's face clouded with a look of obligation. Whether they conversed with him, praised his pronunciation, said how much better he looked without his wig (it had eventually fallen to pieces); whether they vanished leaving him halfway through a sentence, their motives were pure as the heavens. They had done as they wished.

But why, feeling no obligation toward him, had they plucked him from the heather and added him to their establishment? And why, if he were to be added, did they hide from him, and keep him a prisoner—to make him desolate, then change his desolation to happiness? Such a motive, stern and sentimental, might obtain in Aberdeen, but not under Foxcastle. To be useful? But he was useless. To be informative? At the least breath of information they melted into air. To be a trophy? Of all his speculations, this was the only one he paused at. A despot of the Renaissance, his court swarming with poets and philosophers, experts on Plotinus, sumptuous harlots, bishops, boys, artists and artificers, inventors, assassins, dancers on the tightrope, had fixed his ambitions on owning a giraffe. He had forgotten which despot. The learning he had brought from the outer world was moldering from disuse; only legends and trivia like the giraffe remained. What happened to his wig might well be happening to the compartmented order inside his skull. In his blessed condition of being nobody's obligation he could spend his intellect as he pleased, sometimes thinking, sometimes observing, coming to conclusions and unripping them for the pleasure of knitting a new one from the same material, as the Queen did. It was as though he had always lived at Foxcastle, accepting his good fortune without surprise as the fairies accepted him, and endlessly fascinated by their unaccountableness. The more he studied them the more baffled he became. It was not that they were mysterious: they were as straightforward as the scent of a rose, as a wasp sting. It was impossible to love them: they were too inconsistent to be loved. It was unavoidable not to be drawn to them. And they defied conjecture by taking themselves for granted. Theologically identified as the scattered remnants of Satan's host, rationally dismissed as superstition, they were a race of pragmatists. Just as they were content to know next to nothing of their own history because they were living in the present, they took Fox-



"And just how do you find out who's been naughty and who's been nice?"

• •

castle for granted because it was their dwelling place. Yet how was it that living inside a solid, sizable hill he could hear the wind blowing and recognize from what quarter it blew? How could he know day from darkness, with all that bulk of earth between him and the sun? When he questioned his attendants they looked blankly at him, blankly at each other, and said the bayberry candles were regularly lit at sundown. When he asked the leading fiddler, who enjoyed conversation and had never made himself invisible, he was told "Rabbit holes." And by degrees he gave up the problem, and was grateful for the light that drifted in like a mist and need not be accounted for.

Whenever the fairies trooped off on a raiding excursion into the outer world, he wandered about the halls and corridors of Foxcastle, almost and never quite familiarizing himself with its layout. For instance, he never discovered how the fairies quitted it. Quit it they certainly did, since they came back with spoils. Perhaps they used some watery stair. The hill was veined with springs; some were tapped for the water supply, others only existed as a commerce of voices at a distance. When he was left alone, he could hear them quite plainly. But this was only possible when he was alone. The raiders came back, the silence was painted by their gay glittering voices, they were extremely hungry, they had tricked all the mortals they had met. Fingering his watch, that old harmless acquaintance, he sat listening to their brag, and admired the faithful traditionalism with which they recounted exploits well known to him before ever he met a fairy: Mungo's mother gaping into her churn, the elf bolt spanged off an invisible thumb that knocked the peddler senseless as he made off with his load of thorntree wood, the girl laid on her back in the greenwood. "Burd Janet" was one of the ballads he had fallen asleep to. But Janet's babe had been fathered by Tam Lin, who was a stolen mortal like himself, and so uneasy lest at the end of his seven years in fairyland he should be picked as the teind to hell that he invoked the girl to lie in wait and snatch him out of the Queen's retinue. He himself was safe from such a rescue, since no one in the outer world had loved him enough to snatch him back to it.

Falling into dreamless sleep in his bed of fern, waking to the splash and gurgle of the running water, opening his eyes to the brooding dusk of the stone roof, it was inconceivable that he had lain there unreconciled and heard his shout of despair reëchoing from the vault overhead. A fuss about nothing, a midge-bite madness, a fit of the tantrums. For by the simple act of discarding his fetters and walking up a winding stair he had attained the wish of his heart. Watching these happy beings for whom weeping was impossible, he had become incapable of grief; watching their inconsistencies he had become incapable of knowing right from wrong; disregarded by them he had become incapable of disappointment. Alone or in their company, listening to music or to silence, he lived in a perpetual present—like the Queen with her knitting, each stitch the stitch of the moment.

It was her custom to appear every evening and knit publicly, as she had done the first time he saw her. He had then supposed that the business of the skein of wool wound off the supporting hands of a kneeling courtier was a formality of etiquette, like his approaching bows and the tooting trumpeters. Afterward he learned that it was a signal mark of favor, and rarely bestowed. Like all etiquettes, it was thought slightly funny and viewed with great respect. On the evening when she beckoned to him he was so far from expecting it that he had to be nudged by a stander-by before he realized what was happening. Remembering to bow and feeling painfully aware of his disproportionate size, he made the long journey toward her and crouched at her feet, holding out his hands like a suppliant. Out of her knitting bag she drew a ball of wool and two needles. "Attend," she said. "This concerns you. I cast on seven stitches. Two plain, two purl, two plain, one purl. And reverse. One plain, two purl, two plain, two purl. And reverse. Two plain, two purl, two plain . . ."

She knitted slowly and firmly. Already he saw the rib emerging. "And one purl. And break off."

She bit through the thread. A squadron of flying fairies swooped down, seized hold of him, bore him up and away. He was shoved and squeezed through a twisting crevice into the outer world.

A couple of sheep took fright and galloped off, their hoofs drumming on the shallow turf. The hill had been fired, nothing remained of the heather except a few charred stumps. He would not have known where he was except for the peat hags and the hurrying burn in the valley. He watched the blood congeal on his leg, and his consciousness wandered over his body from one ache to another. The aches were specific; they corresponded with the bruises, the scratches, the punctures of being forced through an exit much too narrow for him. But there was a further ache, an underlying discomfort which corresponded with nothing and existed totally: an ache of weariness, of bodily mistrust.

"*Castrum* . . . a fortified enclosure."

It was a mortal voice, the voice of a person of culture! He sprang up—and almost fell over. His legs were tottering, he had lost his sense of balance. He had become an old man.

The speaker was quite close. He was dressed in black, he wore a voluminous white neckcloth, he carried a most peculiar hat in a gloved hand. He had spoken to a group of ladies, who were even more oddly dressed than he, wearing white shifts down to the ground. Their waists were under their arms, the shifts fluttered in the wind and showed the shape of their legs. A couple of young men made up the party; they, too, had waists under their arms, and a general resemblance to clothes pegs. But all these were mortals.

He staggered toward them, making noises. He had lived so long with fairies he had forgotten his native speech; he could only gibber and stammer. When they turned to look at him, he realized that he was in rags and half naked. The ladies started back. The young men stepped forward defensively.

"Do not be alarmed, do not be alarmed! He is merely one of our halfwits, too common in these days—poor unfortunate creatures, allowed to stray about for their living. But harmless. Our country people call them Innocents. *Lucus a non lucendo:* innocence is a quality of rational beings. Leave me to deal with him."

He turned to James Sutherland.

"Go away, my poor fellow! Here is a guinea, to buy yourself better clothing before the winter finds you out."

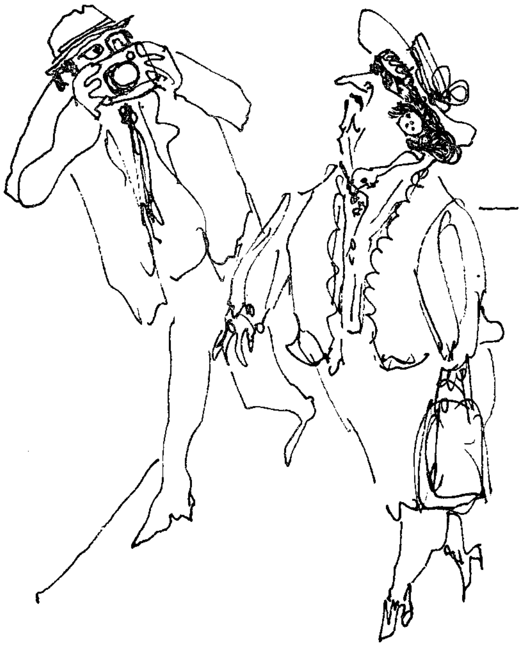
The ladies were making a little collection amongst themselves. Now one came forward with it, her eyes averted.

He stared at her. Words were coming back to him.

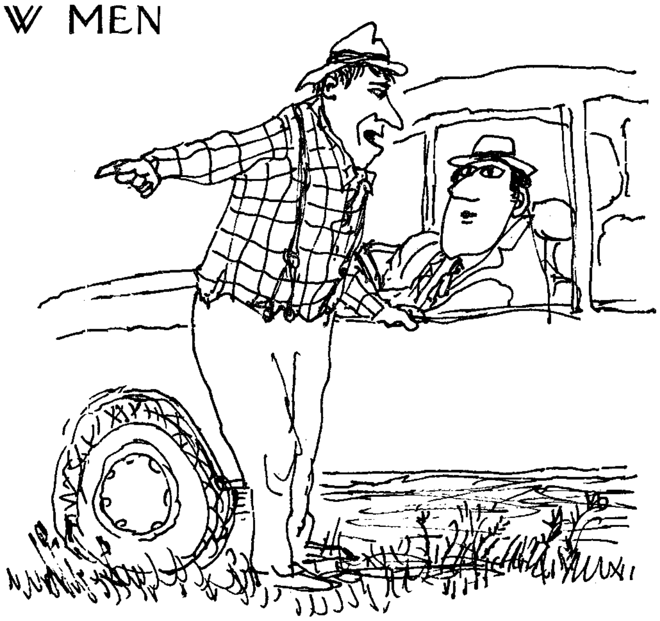
"Take it, take it," said the gentleman. "Go away, and be grateful."

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

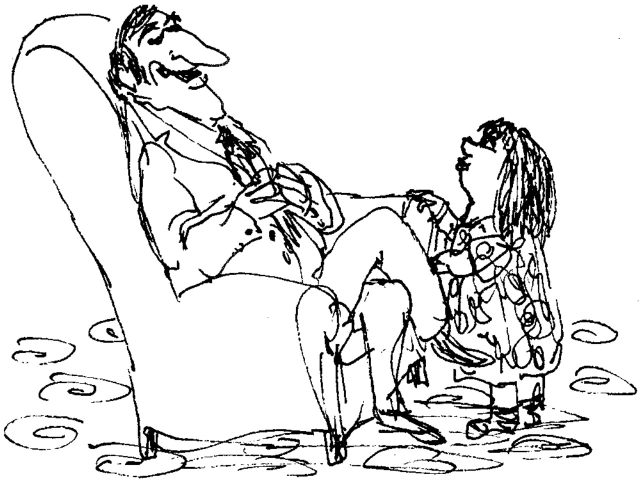
FELLOW MEN



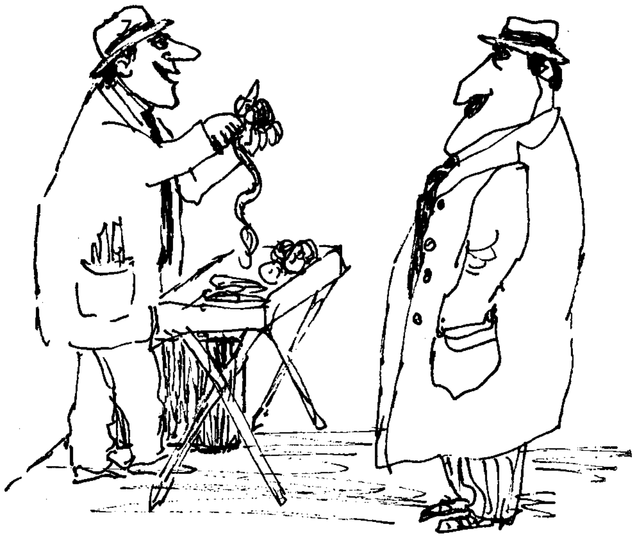
Camera Amateur and Quarry



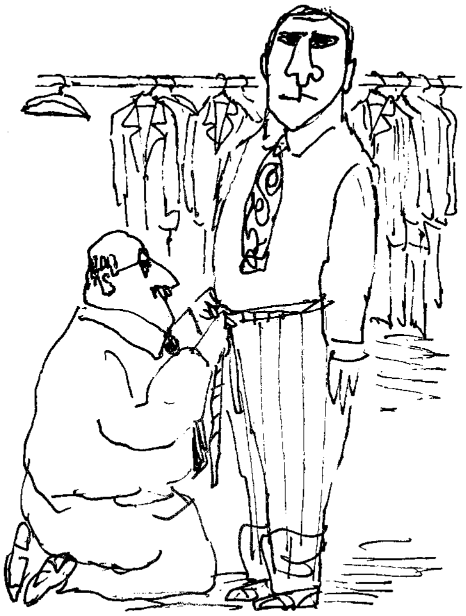
Motorist Acquiring Important Information



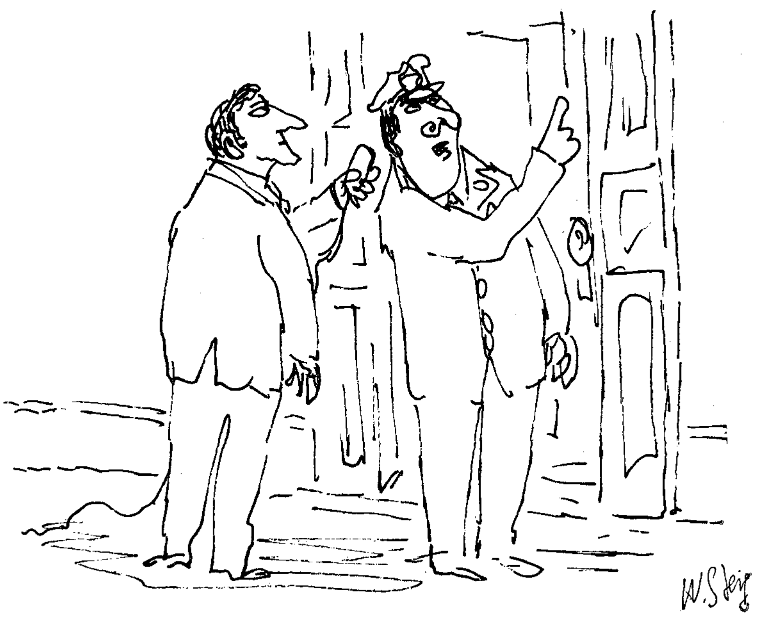
Patronizing Uncle



Lone Witness of a Remarkable Peeler



New-Suit Martyr

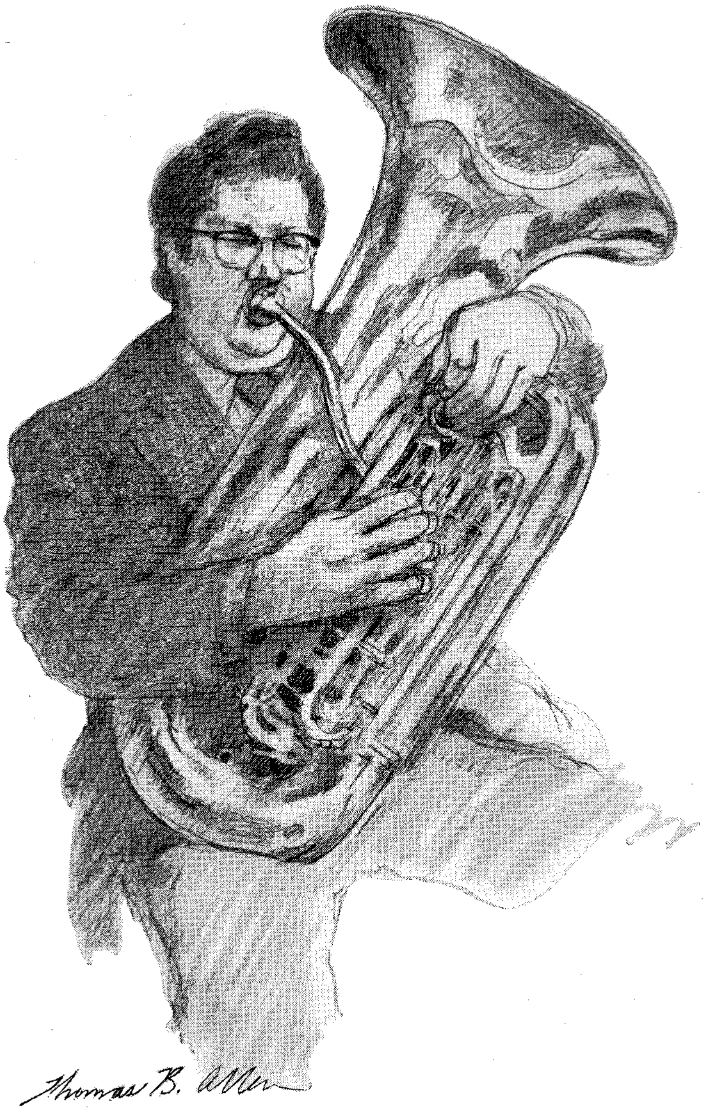


Officer Recounting Movements of Perpetrator

PROFILES

GOODBYE OOMPAH

IN the early eighteen-forties, Hector Berlioz, the masterly French composer and orchestrator, made an exploratory musical tour of Germany, and in one of the exhaustive letters he sent back to France he said, "The bass tuba . . . has completely dislodged the ophicleide in Prussia. . . . [It] is a large brass instrument . . . fitted with a mechanism of five rotary valves which gives it an enormous range in the lower register. The lowest notes of all are a little blurred, it is true; but when doubled an octave higher by another bass tuba, they take on amazing richness and resonance; and in the middle and upper registers the tone is impressively noble, not at all flat like the ophicleide's but full and vibrant and well matched with the timbre of trombones and trumpets, to which it serves as a true bass, blending perfectly with them." For all of Berlioz's perspicacity, about the only thing that happened to the tuba during the next hundred years was its absorption into the symphony orchestra and the marching band. Then, twenty years ago, Ralph Vaughan Williams wrote his pioneering Concerto for Bass Tuba and Orchestra, which was followed by Paul Hindemith's Sonata for Tuba and Piano. Before that, tubists had eased their urge to solo by playing transcriptions of Bach and Beethoven and by transposing solo pieces that had been written for other instruments. Vaughan Williams and Hindemith broke a vicious circle: no one had written pieces for solo tuba because there were none to point the way, none to suggest the marvellous tonal and lyrical possibilities of the instrument, and there were none to point the way because—and so forth. In the fifties and sixties, post-Vaughan Williams-Hindemith, a further trickle of tuba compositions appeared, many of them written by Alec Wilder, and in the seventies this freshet suddenly became a river. There are now almost four hundred solo compositions for tuba—for tuba and piano, for tuba and string quartet, for tuba and nine French horns, for tuba and horn and piano, for tuba and woodwind quintet, for tuba and four horns and percussion, for tuba and small orchestra—as well as tuba octets, quartets, trios, duos, and solos.



Harvey Phillips

The ongoing elevation of the tuba from the laughingstock of musical instruments to one of its kings is mainly the doing of Harvey Phillips, a tubist and a professor of music at Indiana University, who has spent over half his life in the service of his instrument, which he plays better than anyone else in the world. (Tubists are multiplying in direct ratio to their repertory; there are now nearly a thousand members of TUBA—the Tubists Universal Brotherhood Association, an organization Phillips helped get on its feet.) Many of his colleagues rank him the finest living brass player and, by extension, one of the certified virtuosos of his time. But Phillips is not interested in pecking orders, real or imagined. His passions are the betterment of the tuba, the betterment of those who play it, and the betterment of American music. "It's a time of marvels in wind playing," James T. Maher, the omnifarious writer and a close observer of Phillips, has said. "There have been and are an extraordinary number of good players, like Julius Baker on flute and Reginald Kell on clarinet and Bernard Garfield on bassoon and Leon Goossens on oboe. And horn players like the late Dennis Brain and the late John Barrows. Harvey Phillips certainly belongs in that company. He also belongs to the American school of wind playing. The English school—Brain, Kell, and the like—has its elegance, its sense of *ensemble*; the American school has more sinew, even a little roughness. The players in the American school take incredible chances, despite the terrific problems wind instruments inherently have. Harvey has uncanny phrasing—which is not the right word. It makes him sound too technical. What he does is point up the poetry in what he plays. And he is apt to play anything, since there is really no longer a sharp division between jazz wind players and classical wind players and the like. Wind players now move in a great gray area, in which the best are apt to play a different kind of music every day of the week. It doesn't matter if it's a TV commercial or a recital or a jazz date or movie music, but it does matter how well they execute. Harvey wants to be the best tubist there is, and he wants to shape a new world of sensibility in all music. He's willing to tackle every side of the problem. He keeps a pleasant demeanor, but he's tough and he's obsessive. Along with all the order he professes to exhibit in his comings and goings, he likes a bit of daily chaos. Then he has something on which to demonstrate his ability to impose order."

Phillips is over six feet and of considerable girth. His fingers are sausages and his feet gunboats. He has a long, full face and wavy black hair, and he wears glasses. His cherubic lips bear the pinkish aureole that is the unmistakable badge of the professional brass player. He has an old-fashioned, almost goody-goody look. But his deep-set eyes are savvy and laughing, and his generally placid expression conceals a mischievous intelligence. Phillips is celebrated for his outsize ways, for his studied chaos, but his excesses—harmless except when the exhaustion they lead to topples him and he goes down like a sequoia—are positive and even altruistic. Here are half a dozen instances of his Paul Bunyan ways:

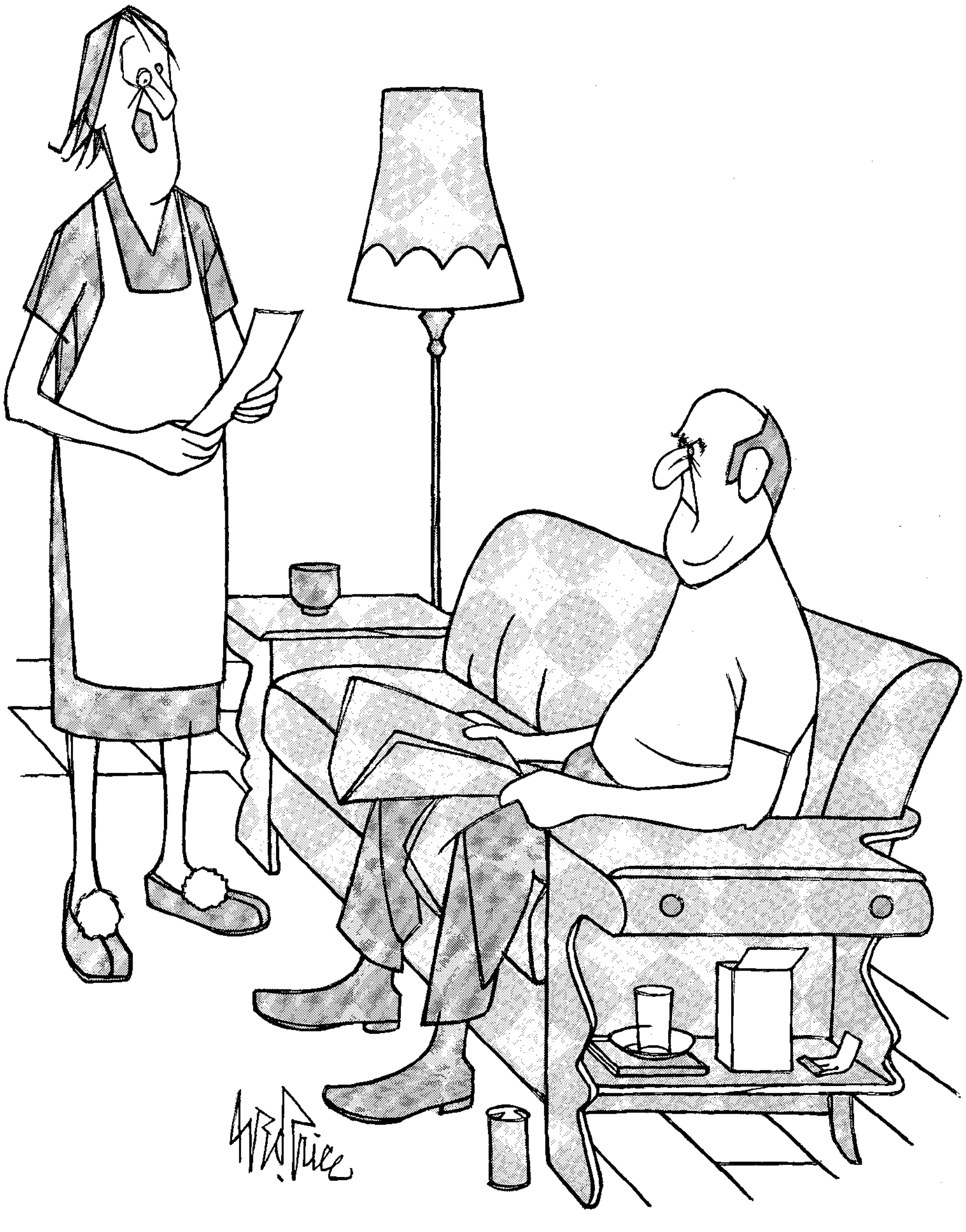
When he was on the road in Kansas, 1960, with the New York Brass Quintet, he suggested that the group spend a night with one of his sisters, who lived on a farm handy to their next concert. He drove the unwitting musicians twenty miles out of the way to an abandoned farm he knew of. There he went through an extended routine of calling his sister through the gaping front door of the farmhouse and then, scratching his head, hallooing into the swaying barn, all the while furtively studying the frozen expressions on his colleagues' city-slicker faces.

In 1962, he carted enough hickory wood from the Midwest to the Aspen Music Festival to smoke twenty-eight sides of pork, twenty hams, and twelve trout. He also transplanted enough mint to furnish several hundred mint juleps. And when the Festival officials refused to specially honor Gunther Schuller, who was coming to the Festival and is one of his heroes, he hired an Aspen restaurant and threw a party himself.

Phillips always needs money for tuba-uplift events. He has recently financed four—the First International Tuba Symposium-Workshop, held in the spring of 1973 at Indiana University and attended by four hundred interested composers, professional tubists, and students, and three Octubafests, the first of which was held at Indiana in the fall of 1973 and was attended by many of his students and former students. Whenever Phillips says "Octubafest," a "good pun!" light goes on in his eyes. And it goes on when he talks of his most recent tuba-uplift idea—a toothpaste called Tuba.

During the past twenty-five years, Phillips has played with or been a member of the New York Philharmonic, the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, the New York City Ballet Orchestra, the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus Band, the Sauter-Finegan orchestra, the NBC Opera orchestra, the United States Army Field Band, the "Bell Telephone Hour" orchestra, the New York Brass Quintet, the Symphony of the Air, the Goldman Band, the "Voice of Firestone" orchestra, and Orchestra U.S.A. The result is an inveterate traveller who cannot stand being late or missing engagements. He once started out from New York for a one-night stand in Springfield, Massachusetts, on a train to Scarsdale, where an oboist he had just met was to pick him up and drive him the rest of the way. But he fell asleep on the train and woke up at the end of the run, in White Plains. He couldn't remember the oboist's name or phone number, so he hailed a White Plains cab and took off for Springfield. The tab was seventy-five dollars, but he walked onstage just ahead of the conductor.

While he was assistant to the president of the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, he kept his chair in the New York City Ballet Orchestra. During the season, he'd finish a full day's work in Boston and take the six-thirty flight to New York, arriving at eight-fifteen at Lincoln Center; then he'd catch the last flight back. Once in a while, he'd fly to New York in the morning for a recording session, fly back for an afternoon meeting at the Conservatory, take an evening shuttle for his New York Ballet performance, and be home in bed in his Boston suburb by one-thirty. During this period, his practicing often fell into arrears. He



"And about those damn alligators you keep in the basement, let me quote from an Ann Landers column of Tuesday last."

STOVE

I wake up in the bed my grandmother died in.
November rain. The whole house is cold.
Long stairs, two rooms through to the kitchen:
walls that haven't been painted
in sixty years. They must have shone then:
pale sun, new pumpkin, old pine.

Nothing shines now but the nickel trim
on the grandmother stove, an iron invention
the whole room leans to surround; even
when it is dead the dogs sleep close behind it.
Now they bark out, but let rain return them;
they can smell how the stove is going to be lit.

Small chips of pine from the woodshed. Then
hardwood kindling. I build it all into the firebox,
on top of loose wads of last June's Bangor *News.*
Under the grate, my first match
catches. Flames congregate, the dogs watch,
the stove begins to attend old wisdom.

After the first noisy moments, I listen for Lora;
she cooked all the mornings my grandmother died,
she ruled the whole kitchen the year I was seven:
I can see Boyd Varnum, a post outside the side door;
he's waiting for Lora, up in the front of the house,
to get right change for his winter squash. Lora says

Boyd's got the best winter squash in the village.
When Boyd gets paid, she ties her apron back on
and lets in the eggman. He has a green wagon.
Lora tells him how last night her husband hit her;
she shows him the marks. All her bruised arms
adjust dampers and vents; under the plates where turnips

are coming to boil, she shifts both pies in the oven.
The dogs feel warmer now. I bank on thick coal.
The panes steam up as sure as November: rain,
school, a talkative stove to come home to at noon;
and Lora sets my red mittens to dry on the nickel shelves
next to the stovepipe. Lora knitted my mittens.

I can still smell the litter of spaniels
whelped between the stove and the wall; there's
venison cooking, there's milktoast being warmed on
the furthest backplate, milktoast to send upstairs
to my dead mother's mother. Because, Lora says,
she is sick. Lora says she is awful sick. When Lora goes up

to my grandmother's bed, I play with the puppies
under the stove; after they suckle and go back to sleep,
because I am in second grade and am seven, I practice
reading the black iron letters raised on the black oven door;
even though I don't know who Queen Clarion was,
I'm proud I can read what the oven door says: it says
Queen Clarion
Wood & Bishop
Bangor, Maine
1911

—PHILIP BOOTH

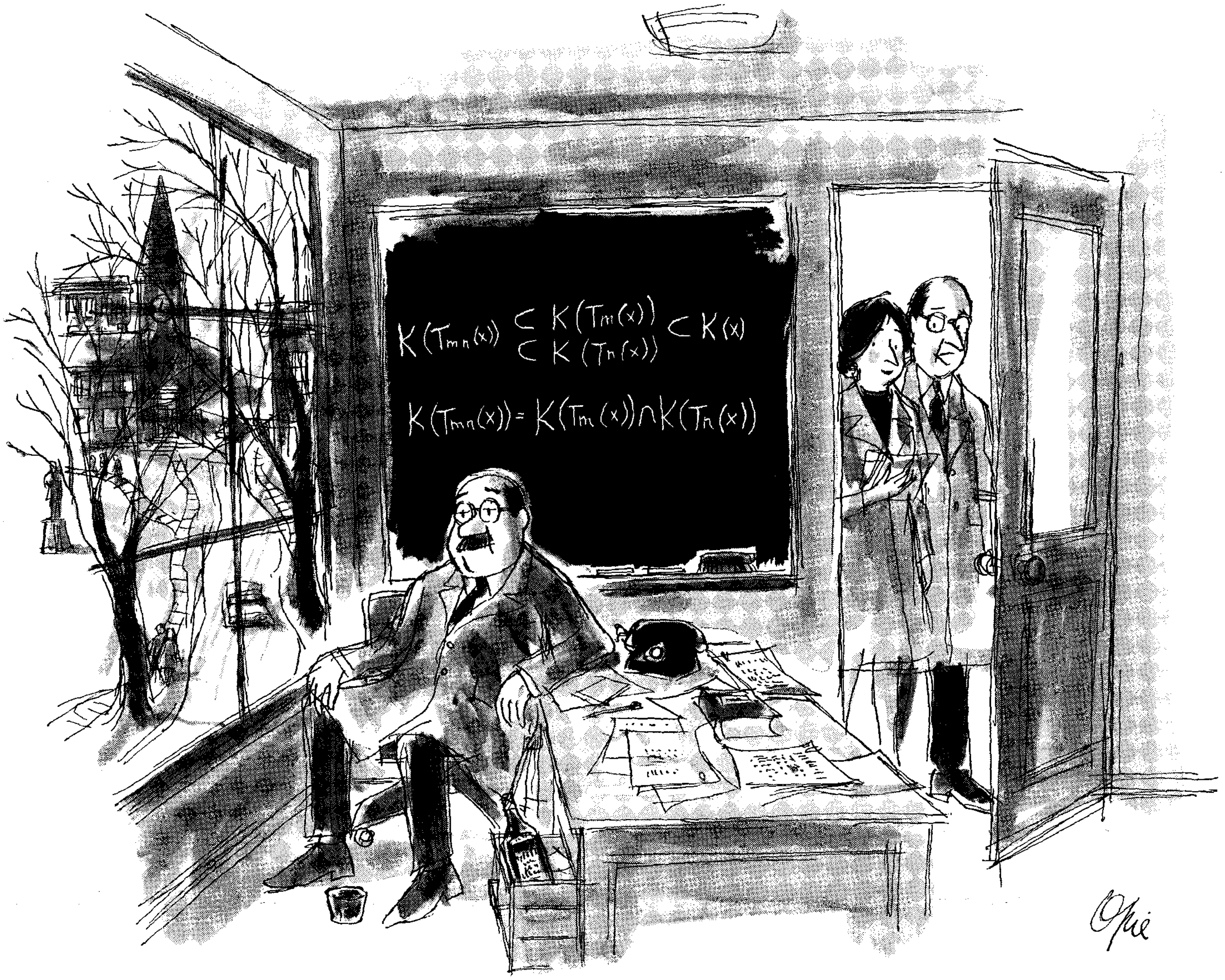
• •

recalls getting back to Boston early one morning and finding his wife, Carol, and their three children (Jesse, Harvey, and Thomas) asleep spoon-fashion in bed together. Phillips is as passionate about his family as he is about the tuba. Knowing that he had to practice but wishing to be with them, he turned on a light, sat down with his tuba, and played until dawn. It was a perfect session: nobody woke up, and he proved to himself again that when it is properly played the tuba is the softest instrument in the world.

Phillips refuses to be separated from his family for any length of time. He and Carol went everywhere together during the childless years of their marriage, and after he was injured in an automobile collision in New York she carried his tuba to every gig for six months. Nowadays, when an engagement keeps him away for more than five days Carol and the children join him, no matter the time of year. On the way home, Carol drives and he sits in the back and practices.

In 1974, Phillips decided that New York was ready for the tuba, and he organized two extraordinary events. The first was a concert of Christmas carols in Rockefeller Plaza, in front of the big tree, by two hundred and fifty tubists who had come, at Phillips' invitation, from all over the country at their own expense. A couple of dozen carols had been freshly scored by Alec Wilder in four- and six-part harmony, and the massed sounds were unique and stirring and noble—so much so that the concert, by four hundred tubists, will be repeated this year on December 21st. (The music at the 1974 rehearsal, held in a long, low, steaming corridor on the second floor of the RCA Building, was, by virtue of being compressed and yet augmented by the milieu, even more spectacular. Phillips, in his shirtsleeves, closed the rehearsal by shouting to his tubists, "*Now* let them talk about their oompahs!") His second New York event took place early in January of this year. He rented Carnegie Recital Hall for four evenings and an afternoon, and gave five marathon tuba recitals, during which he played thirty-nine pieces. He was abetted by a small jazz group, the New England Conservatory Chamber Orchestra (shipped south at his expense), a string quartet, a woodwind quintet, several pianists, a host of horn players, two percussionists, and three tubists. There were jazz numbers arranged by Dick Cary and Johnny Carisi; lyrical serenades and sonatas by Alec Wilder; the Hindemith and Vaughan Williams pieces; David Baker's jarring, complex exercise for tuba and string quartet; Bernhard Heiden's brand-new piece for tuba and nine horns; a short, pastel composition by Eddie Sauter; Richard Peaslee's spooky, melodramatic "The Devil's Herald," its ink barely dry, for tuba, four horns, and percussion; and Gunther Schuller's Capriccio for Tuba and Small Orchestra. During the eleven days the recitals involved, Phillips rehearsed sixty-six hours, and on two days he did his old New York-Boston-New York shuttle act. Not only did his lip survive seventy-six hours of

Anne Burgess


$K(T_{mn}(x)) \subset K(T_m(x)) \subset K(x)$
$\subset K(T_n(x))$
$K(T_{mn}(x)) = K(T_m(x)) \cap K(T_n(x))$
Opie

"Actually, that's when he's at his most creative—when he doesn't seem to be thinking of anything at all."

• •

playing, but immediately after the final concert he went to the Roosevelt Hotel, where he performed the Baker tuba-and-string-quartet piece again for a conference of brass men. The next day, he drove Carol and the children through a blizzard to Boston to record Schuller's Capriccio. And the day after, he recorded the Vaughan Williams Concerto.

PHILLIPS started rehearsing in New York a month or so before the recitals. The rehearsals were held in half a dozen of the plethora of studios scattered about the city. He went to two or three or four a day, and most lasted three hours. To relax, he talked a good deal during the cab rides between studios. He keeps his eyes closed when he talks at length, as if he were watching his words on a screen inside his head, and he speaks in a deliberate, quietly swinging way.

"The origins of the tuba are not at all clear. But I do know that it followed the ophicleide, which followed the serpent. I also know it became possible through the invention of valves. The serpent was made of wood and leather, and it had finger holes. It looked like an S with a big curlicue at either end, and I think it appeared around 1600. The ophicleide was invented in 1817 by one Jean Hilaire Asté, and it was a tall, thin tuba, a kind of spinster tuba. Not long after Berlioz made his German discovery, the ingenious Adolphe Sax was at work in Paris making tubas. Eventually they came in many shapes: some bells pointed up, some pointed backward, some were like teardrops. One model straddled both shoulders. But eventually Sax determined pretty much what we now know as their shape—valves and all. The tuba inherited the ophicleide orchestra parts, and since the tuba has about five times the resonance of an ophicleide, which had a wispy, anemic sound, you sometimes hear tubists in an orchestra overblowing. The worst thing a tuba player can do is dominate an ensemble, and the best thing he can do is blend and balance and affirm.

"The tuba is at the tonal bottom of the brass ladder. At the top is the trumpet, then comes the French horn, which is not French and should simply be called a horn. The trombone is next, and then the tuba. Each rung has its subdivisions. There are piccolo trumpets, F trumpets, cornets, B-flat trumpets, C trumpets, and bass trumpets. There are F tubas, E-flat tubas, CC tubas, and double-B-flat tubas. The breathing for singing is parallel to the breathing for brass instruments. One must have breath support, and breath support is being able to contain a full volume of air in your lungs without coughing or exhaling. Breath control—what you do with the air when you release it—is the key to artistic execution. But there can be no breath control without breath support. In one way, the tuba is the most comfortable of the brass instruments, because it has the largest mouthpiece. In another way, it is the most difficult, because one has to move so much air. It's extremely hard to play a C above middle C, and it's equally difficult at the low end of the instrument. You have to constantly clarify the tones down there. You can't just hope the right note will come out. A lot of tubists have no sense of control; they let their lips flop around inside the mouthpiece. The tuba has, after all, two main parts—one is flesh and the other metal. All the metal part can do is accommodate the flesh. If you play a beautiful phrase, the tuba will amplify it. If you play a bad one, the tuba will amplify it. One must learn to *practice*. The definition of practicing is when you go into a room by yourself with your instrument and make a lot of terrible sounds, because you're working out things as yet unrefined. You are not performing or even rehearsing. You are practicing."

•

"THERE are three reasons why the tuba still suffers a ridiculous image. One is the inept playing of many tubists. Another is the dreadful comic—in quotes—sounds tuba players are asked to make in the line of duty, and that includes the classical and jazz worlds. And still another is that the tuba solo repertory is so new. The horn had its own concerto in Mozart's time, but the tuba had to wait until Ralph Vaughan Williams produced his Concerto, in 1954. So when I first came to New York, in 1950, the only tuba solo with orchestra I knew was George Kleinsinger's 'Tubby the Tuba,' which was written in 1941. People have unthinkingly laughed at it, but there are many lovely things in that piece. We also had such treats as 'When Yuba Plays the Rhumba on the Tuba' and 'Asleep in the Deep' and 'Down in the Deep Cellar.' Since the late fifties, the tuba repertory has grown faster than any other instrument's. I want the tuba player to have an in-depth legacy to lean on. I want him to know he has roots. Any time I meet a composer I admire, I don't let up on him about writing a piece for the instrument until I get a positive answer—which may take as long as twelve years. The air that lets performers exist is created by composers, and you have to have plenty to survive. Hell, if Prokofieff and Stravinsky and Ravel and Schoenberg and Webern and Bartók and Berg and Tchaikovsky and Berlioz had each written a concerto for tuba, it would be a recognized solo instrument now and every orchestra would have a tuba section instead of one tuba, and we wouldn't have well over a hundred tubists applying for the tuba chair in the Baltimore Symphony, which happened not long ago."

•

"I WENT to Indiana in the fall of 1971. I replaced my friend and teacher William Bell, who had retired. I came over from the New England Conservatory, where I'd been helping Gunther Schuller. When he was made head of the Conservatory, in 1967, he asked me to be his assistant. He had never run a music school, or any school, and he needed some armor. The place was in dreadful shape, spiritually and financially, and I at least had had some administrative experience along the way in bookkeeping, personnel, and managing. I learned something about teaching at the Conservatory, and I'm still learning. I don't just teach the tuba to my students; I teach them life, if you will. I tell each student he only has one musician to compete with the rest of his days—himself. And I try to make him understand the ethical responsibilities of being a professional musician. Musicians have been laughed at and considered loony long enough. If a student of mine plays badly at our weekly meeting, I want to know why. Is he sick? Is one of his family sick? Is it drugs, love—what? I

"Buzz off, Jack. This corner is my power base."

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get to the problem while it's festering. So we indulge one another, and eventually we have a feeling of partnership. Which is what made the first Octubafest possible. I wanted my freshmen and my recent graduates to get acquainted musically and socially. And I wanted everyone to perform a solo. We had five recitals—one each night for five nights. Forty-six major works for the tuba were played. On Sunday, when the Octuba was over, we had the Fest—a party that went on out at my farm, which has eighty acres and a lot of animals, from twelve noon until the next morning. This year, we had fifty-three Octubafests on as many campuses. I want, eventually, to expand and coördinate these so that a composer can have a première in a hundred or more places at once. Why should a première be heard only by the occupants of a single hall?"

•

"I GRADUATED from high school in Marionville, Missouri, in 1947, and I got a summer job playing tuba with the King Brothers Circus. This came about through Homer Lee, who taught music at my school and had got me started on the sousaphone. He looked like Ichabod Crane and was a retired circus bandleader. When the word reached our Methodist preacher that I was joining a circus, he came out to the house and Mother received him in the parlor. 'That boy will be destroyed if he works in a circus,' he said to my mother. 'Circuses are full of the wicked and degenerate. He will be lost.' Tears came to my mother's eyes, and she said, 'You don't have much faith in Harvey, do you, Reverend? Well, I do,' and she showed him the door. Homer Lee found me a York BB-flat tuba, and Mother made me a modesty cover for it out of a blanket. The taxi man in town was going to visit a relative in Syracuse, and he said he'd drop me off in Binghamton. From there, I got a bus to Waterbury, Connecticut, where the circus was. I was met at the station by a trumpet player with one leg and a drummer who was afflicted in such a way that he couldn't close his mouth. The leader of the band, A. Lee Hinckley, kept a wad of tobacco in each cheek when he played. I'll admit the sight of those three made the Reverend's words pass through my mind. Also, I'd never been farther from home than a Boy Scout camp, so the food, which I couldn't eat, and the three-inch mattresses and no sheets took me by surprise. But eventually I got on top of things and began enjoying myself in all ways. They paid me five dollars extra a week to drive a truck and carry the blues, which is what the planks used for bleacher seats were called. There were no maps to get from location to location; you just followed arrows marked on phone poles and trees. One time, the brakes on my truck failed. I rocketed down a long hill, and what saved me was jamming the gears into compound low when it ran out of steam halfway up the next hill. After nine weeks, I left to go to the University of Missouri, where I had a scholarship.

"I was miserable there. I slept in a rickety bunk in a basement room with a local boy, and I carried my room and board by raking leaves and stoking the furnace and cleaning the house. I had eighteen hours of subjects and worked nights at the School of Music. Then a telegram came from Merle Evans, the leader of the band with Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus. He offered me a job on tuba at eighty-seven fifty a week, and I was to go to Sarasota right away if I was interested. Well, I called Homer Lee, and he said immediately, 'Harvey, get down there with Merle.' They knew each other, and, of course, to Homer, Ringling Brothers was it. So I closed up at the university and went.

"It was some different from the King Brothers. Ringling had a thousand or so on the payroll. The band travelled in its own railroad car, with a porter and a kitchen and clean sheets every week. Merle had his own stateroom. Johnny Evans, who was no relation to Merle, was the tuba player, and sitting beside him every day was a free lesson. I think the greatest compliment I ever received was after I'd been with the band six months and one of the trumpet players said, 'Harvey, I couldn't tell whether it was you or Johnny playing tonight.' The drummer was Red Floyd. He had a lined, pruny face, and looked like Old Man Time. I think he had played in New Orleans. He had a crippled left arm, but he was an extraordinary musician. He played all the mallet instruments, and he did a beautiful snare-drum roll with one hand by holding two sticks parallel in that hand like extra fingers and seesawing them so fast they became a blur. When we played New York, Sidney Catlett would spend all afternoon at the Garden watching Red, and then ask him to autograph a pair of his sticks. One of the trumpet players was Al Hiltensmith. He was red-faced and had a waxed mustache, and he'd been with John Philip Sousa. He chewed ginger root all day, and lived for the trip his first glass of beer gave him when it hit his ginger mouth. One of the band's jobs was to give the alarms. We played 'Stars and Stripes Forever' when a disaster impended, like the Midwestern storms that lifted the great center poles in the big top four feet off the ground. And we played the 'Twelfth Street Rag' when a high-wire act fell, which I saw happen one night. The tune was a signal for the clowns to come out and distract the audience. My first year, we hit every state in the Union. I stayed at the old Forrest Hotel, on West Forty-ninth Street, in New York, and between shows I didn't know what else to do, so I'd play duets with the sounds in the pipes in my room. During my second visit to New York, I met Bill Bell, who was the tubist with the Philharmonic. Johnny Evans didn't

PORTIONS OF THE COMING DAY MAY BE OFFENSIVE TO SOME. PARTICIPANT DISCRETION ADVISED.
CBarsotti

come on the trip, and Bill Bell replaced him at the Garden. I got to know him, and I fell in love with the man. He was a marvellous human being, who had a grace and distinction I've never run across in anyone else.

"I stayed with Ringling Brothers until 1950, and I'd be there still—I considered it my career—if I hadn't got a wire from Bill Bell when we were playing in Los Angeles. It said I had a full scholarship at Juilliard. This was the second time someone had grabbed my shoulders and turned me around and given me a push in the direction I was supposed to go in. I went to New York, and I was in Juilliard off and on for four years. I lived for a while in Bill Bell's studio, on a Hundred and Twenty-first Street, in a back room with a man named Eric Hauser. He was a fine horn player, or had been. But he'd become alcoholic, and Bill took care of him. He'd sit on his bed and criticize everything I played. I learned that way, and I learned from playing duets with Bill Bell and by going to rehearsals and record dates with him. In 1953, I joined the Sauter-Finegan band for about six months. It knocked me out with its fantastic arrangements and crazy instrumentation. Then I started with the New York City Opera and the New York City Ballet, and, except for a fine two-year stint in the U.S. Army Field Band, I stayed on the New York scene, working twenty-four hours a day, until I joined Gunther Schuller in Boston and had to commute to keep my hand in."

•

"MY first method book—and without question the best—was a hymnal. I'd play out of that for hours. Even now, I have my students use a hymnal, so they can learn the effects of lyrics on music."

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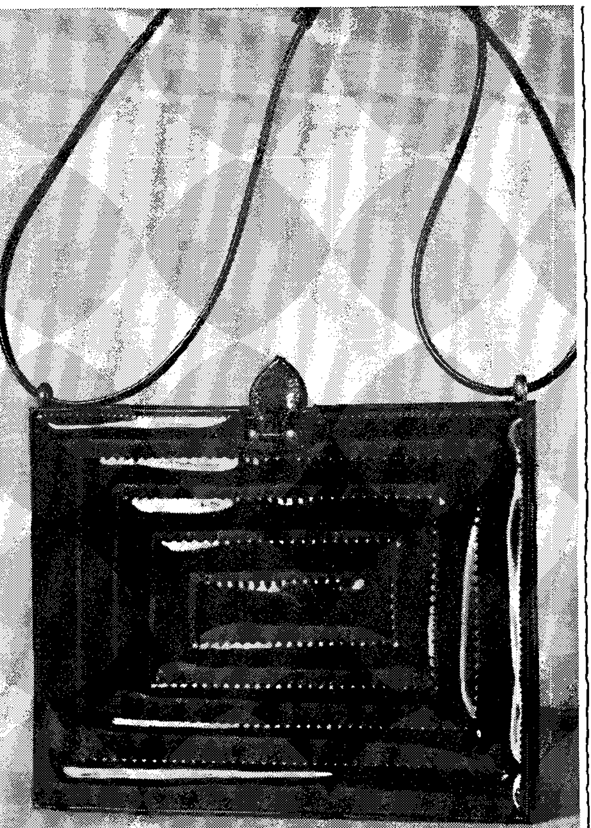
"THE tuba is not accepted in jazz the way I'd like it to be, so it will be a great day when the first Clark Terry of the instrument comes along. They used the tuba in the early days before the string bass was adopted, and it reappeared in the Claude Thornhill band in the late forties, when Gil Evans was the arranger. Miles Davis had a tuba in his Nonet recordings in 1949 and 1950. I think he used Bill Barber. The finest jazz tubist is Rich Matteson, who has played with the Dukes of Dixieland and is on the faculty at North Texas State. I wish I had more opportunity



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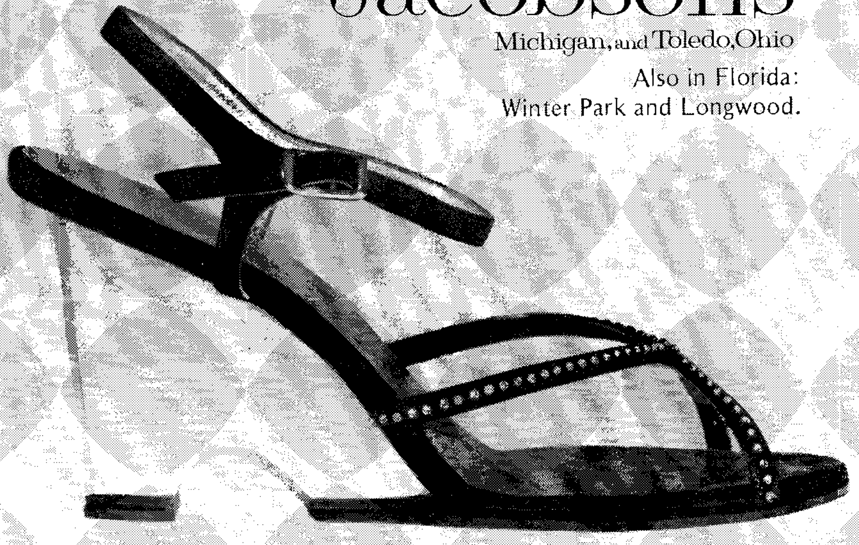

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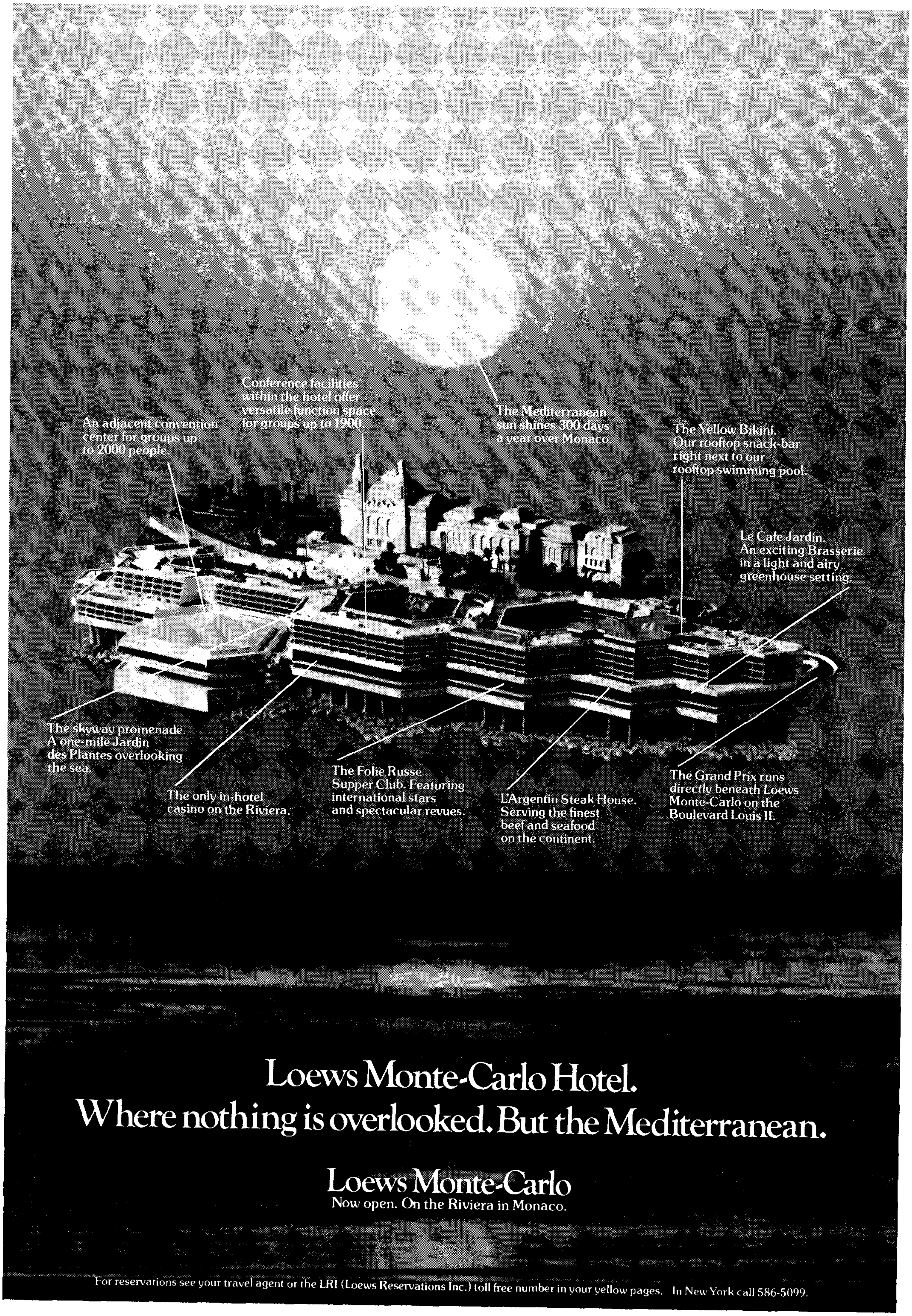

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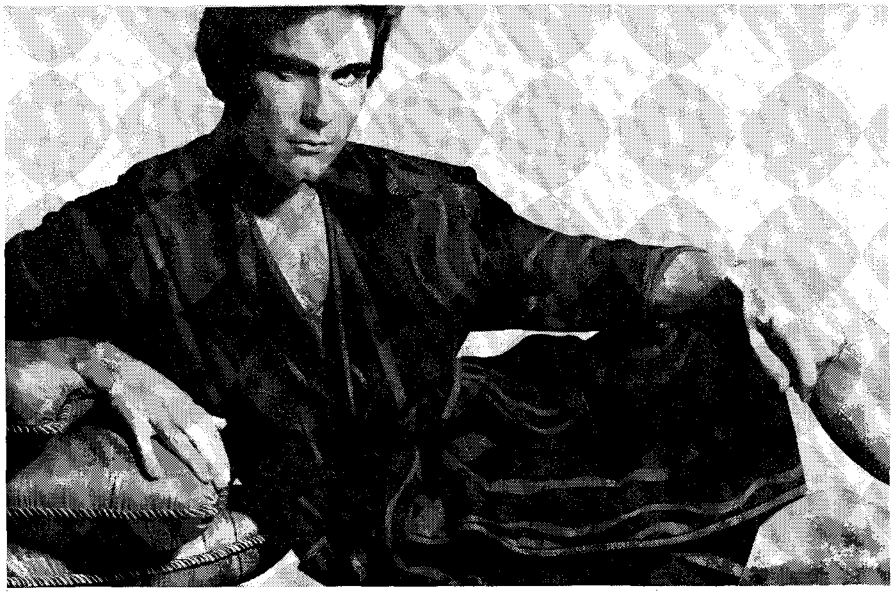

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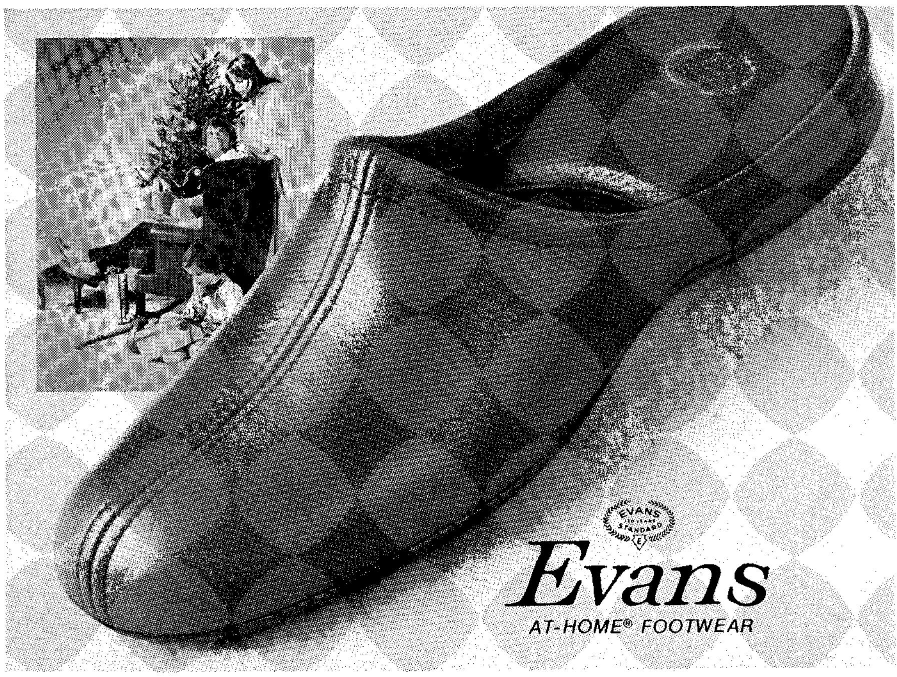

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to improvise. When I was with the Ballet in New York and doing the Conservatory gig, I'd sit in at Jimmy Ryan's sometimes before I took the plane back to Boston. But there doesn't seem to be time for things like that now, and improvisation comes a lot easier if you do it steadily. Jazz players grow and change like stones in a stream—from rubbing constantly against each other."

•

"I WAS born the tenth child of ten children on December 2, 1929, in Aurora, Missouri. I had six sisters and three brothers. My oldest brother was born in 1905 and didn't get married until 1949, and he was a second father to me. Another brother, Jesse, which was my father's name, died the year before I was born, and once in a while my parents would call me Jesse by mistake. My father came from a family of farmers. He was born in 1882, in Shelbyville, Tennessee, and his family moved to Missouri in 1887. He had four brothers and two sisters. Like many people during the Depression, my father did anything—plumbing, carpentry, electrical work, farming, barn-dance fiddling. He had a great sense of humor and a terrible temper. A couple of cows that belonged to a neighbor strayed into our yard once, and my father put them in the barn lot for safekeeping. The neighbor came by and saw the cows in the lot and accused my father of stealing them. My father went purple, and the neighbor jumped in his car and bowled out of the yard, but not before my father had thrown a hammer clean through his rear window. He used to tell us stories every night when we went to bed, and sometimes he was so tired he'd fall asleep in mid-sentence. On Saturdays, after we'd been to town, where they'd try to help people out of work by throwing free chickens from the upper windows of the courthouse, which used to bother me, he'd play the fiddle for us and we'd pop corn and eat apples from the cellar.

"*My mother was—is—very tiny,* very feminine, and very hardy. She was born in Marionville, Missouri, in 1888. Her father was a blacksmith. When she was four or five, he locked up his shop one day and nobody ever saw him again. My mother was married when she was seventeen, on New Year's Day, 1905. She handled the feeding and dressing of ten children without applause. She did her laundry with a scrub board, and she made her own soap. She didn't enjoy the benefits

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of plumbing and electricity until she was almost sixty. She baked bread every day, and in the spring she'd pick wild greens—lamb's-tongue and dandelion and poke and dock—and cook and can them. We all picked blackberries and hazelnuts and walnuts and gooseberries, which had to be stemmed on both ends. We'd have contests to see who could de-stem the most. I've never seen my mother raise her voice in anger. I've seen her show disappointment in her eyes and face, which is far more devastating than any words of anger. When we were little, she'd sit at table and wait until everyone had finished before she took anything—if, indeed, there was anything. Like many Southern country people, her favorite word is 'well,' but stretched out to several syllables. It's generally said in response to any kind of news. When I called her from New York to tell her that Carol and I were going to get married, she let loose a terrific 'Well,' paused, and said, 'There've been two deaths here.'

"All four of my father's brothers were farmers, and their land, together with my father's, was near their parents'. They had something like twelve hundred acres in all. But when the Depression came, my father had to give up his land. The primary reason was that although the farms were owned by his flesh and blood, each brother bought his own equipment instead of chipping in to buy common tractors and harvesters and the like. That pigheadedness wiped them out. After that, my father harvested wheat in Kansas and worked for the W.P.A., which, God knows, kept our part of the country going by allowing people their pride. From the time I was born until I was ten, we lived in nine different houses, which we called by their owners' names. The first was the Demond place, and the only thing I recall was nearly being flattened by a mad sow when I dropped my straw hat into her pen and went in after it. I started school at the Burney place, and I also plugged every last one of my father's acre of watermelons to see if they were ripe, and killed them all, which got my reputation for two whippings a day going. I was six when we moved to the Bacon place, and in time I had fourteen rabbit traps that I ran every morning, so we could have fried rabbit for breakfast and I could collect my eight cents a skin. I also went to a one-room schoolhouse and won all the ciphering matches, some of them against eighth-graders from other schools. At the Smith place, we raised beef and sheep, and I drove Aunt

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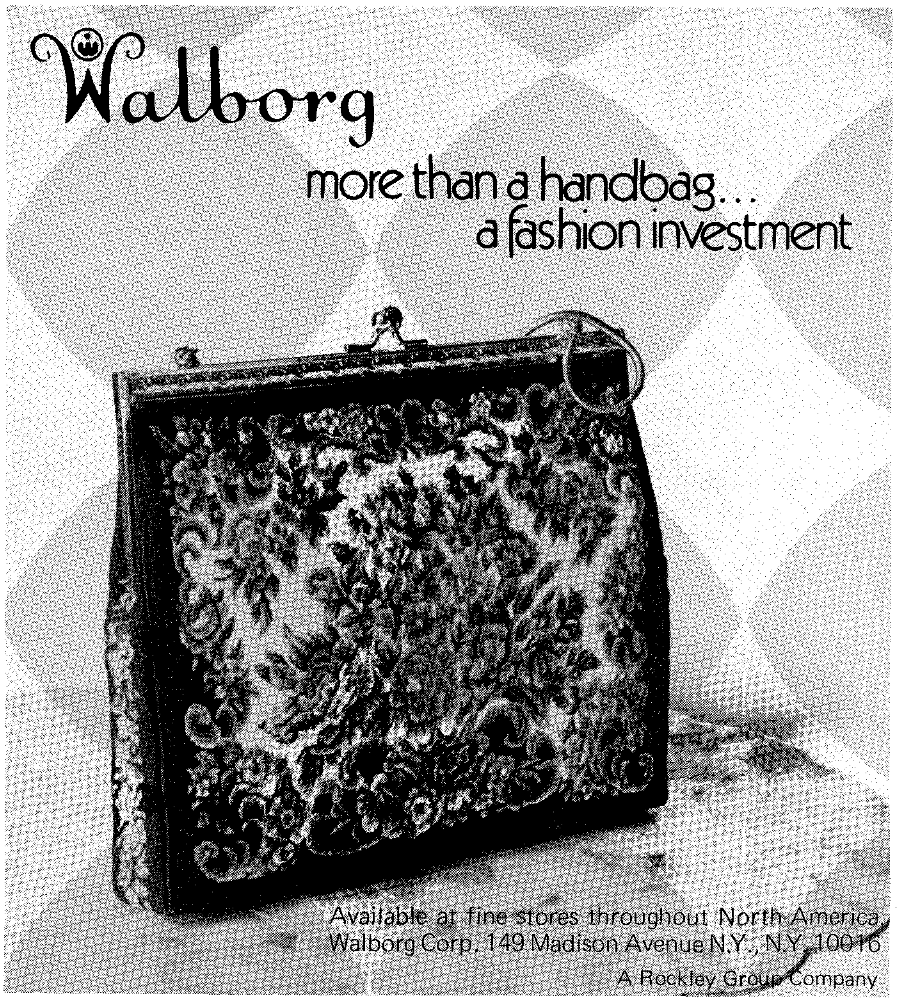
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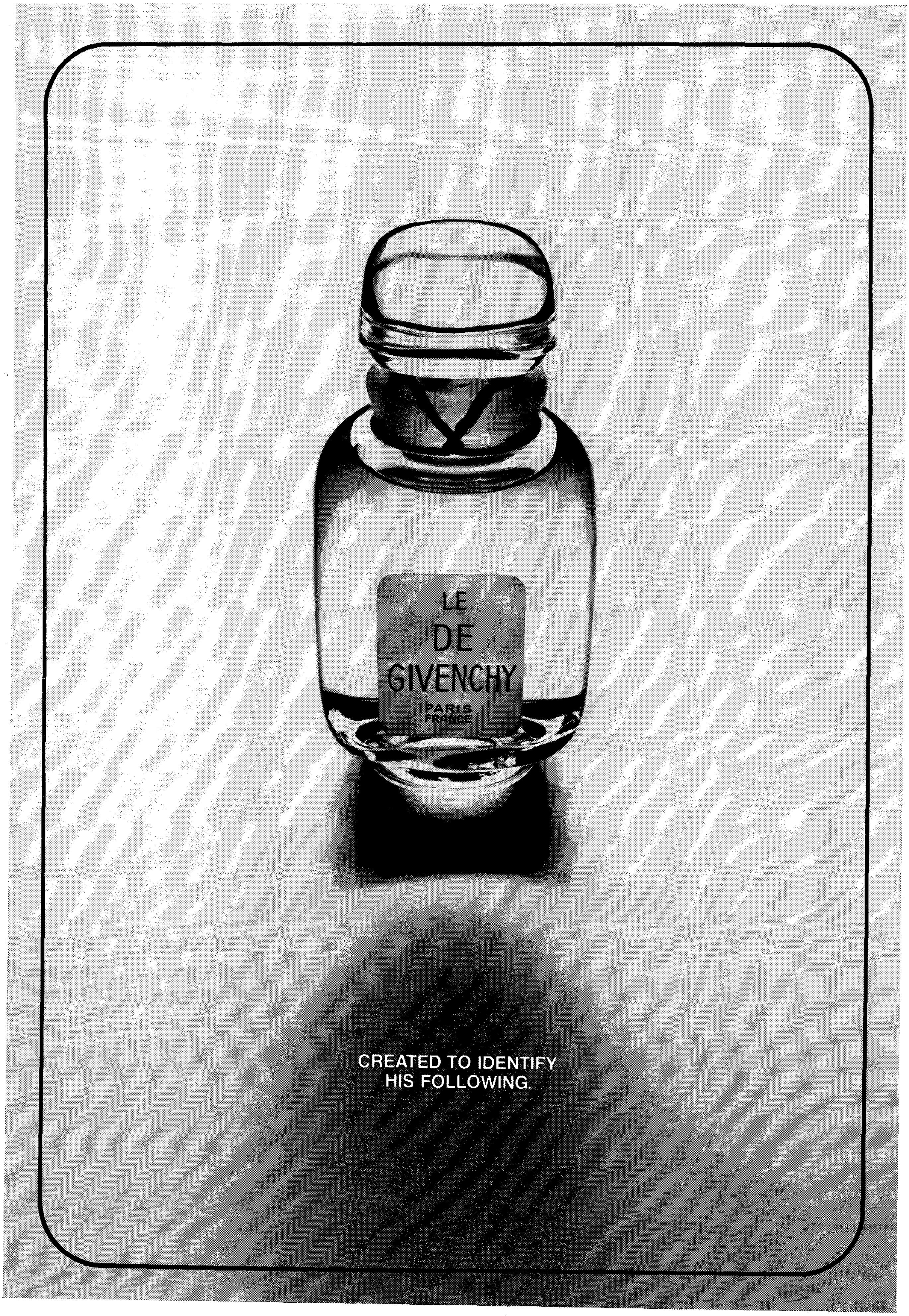
Sally from down the road to church in her horse and buggy. We finally settled in a three-room house near Marionville. We bought it for eight hundred dollars—a hundred down and five dollars a month. This was the house I finished growing up in, and it was the house my father made something livable out of. He picked it up off the ground four feet and put a foundation under it. He put in a furnace and plumbing. He wired the house. He added a wing with three rooms, and he built a shed and a garage. And he did it all with used wood—which added to the work, because you had to find it first. And he planted a lot of trees, which are huge now.

"I did what I could to help out financially. I picked strawberries and apples and peaches for a penny a box. I took care of a neighbor's mule for fifty cents a month, and I worked in a grocery store on Saturdays. I worked with the movie projectionist Saturday nights, and ran the projector myself when I was eleven. I worked at the funeral home, where I mowed the lawn and unpacked caskets and went with the town ambulance when a deceased had to be picked up. I was given a lot of responsibility early."

PHILLIPS' five recitals at Carnegie Hall could be considered a bust. They were, with the exception of the last one, poorly attended (there was no Phillips money for publicity), and they were given just two short notices in the *Times*, neither of which said anything about Phillips' extraordinary playing. On top of that, *Newsweek* ran a "funny" tuba piece and interview with Phillips in conjunction with the series, and that almost unhinged him. Nonetheless, there was a triumphant air about the concerts. Most tubas engulf their players, but Phillips holds his so that it looks no bigger than a flügelhorn or a French horn. He rests it easily on his right thigh, its bell up, and he secures it with his left hand, which he flops casually over the top tubing. He plays effortlessly, and the only indication that he is stoutly maintaining his breath support is the sharp, windy intakes of air at the end of his capacious phrases. He is a magisterial yet invariably accessible player. At slow tempos, his timbre is soft and smoky and somewhat like Tommy Dorsey's trombone, which is held in high esteem by brass men. At greater speeds, his playing hardens in a muscular, singing way, but he is never brittle. His tone is light and direct, whether he is hitting a C above middle C or whether he is rum-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maging in the huge lower register—an area where the finest tubist can grope, his candle blown out by his own bearish notes. Phillips' sound is unique. His tuba suggests a graceful trombone, or a horn minus its nasal quality, or a baritone saxophone of the most velvet persuasion. His technique is astonishing. His arpeggios are glassy and clean, the alarming intervals he sometimes has to play are deft and exact, and his staccato passages are cream. Most of the composers who write for him purposely include passages of such complexity that it is possible no other tubist could maneuver them.

The final recital was suitably climactic, and it came to its peak in Alec Wilder's 1959 Sonata for Tuba and Piano. The first and third movements are slow and unabashedly lyrical, and Phillips made poems of them. His tone was soft and daringly burred, and his vibrato barely moved. He slid from phrase to phrase with the warmth and spontaneity of improvisation. He made Wilder's melodies—so close to his beautiful popular ones—three-dimensional. Afterward, Wilder expressed his pleasure in Phillips' rendition indirectly by saying that although Phillips had told him the series had been a financial disaster, he felt the tuba had been furthered in New York. "Anyway, I'm not at all worried about him," Wilder went on. "I was in his hotel room before the concert, and I watched him wrap a package of sheet music to mail back to Indiana. You wouldn't believe the things he did with mere paper and twine, the tightness and neatness and finality of his wrapping, the *strongbox* look of the package when he was finished. The only way to open it when it gets there will be to blow it up."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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Even so, it can give a man quite a turn.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "Consider the Lilies," by Auberon Waugh*]

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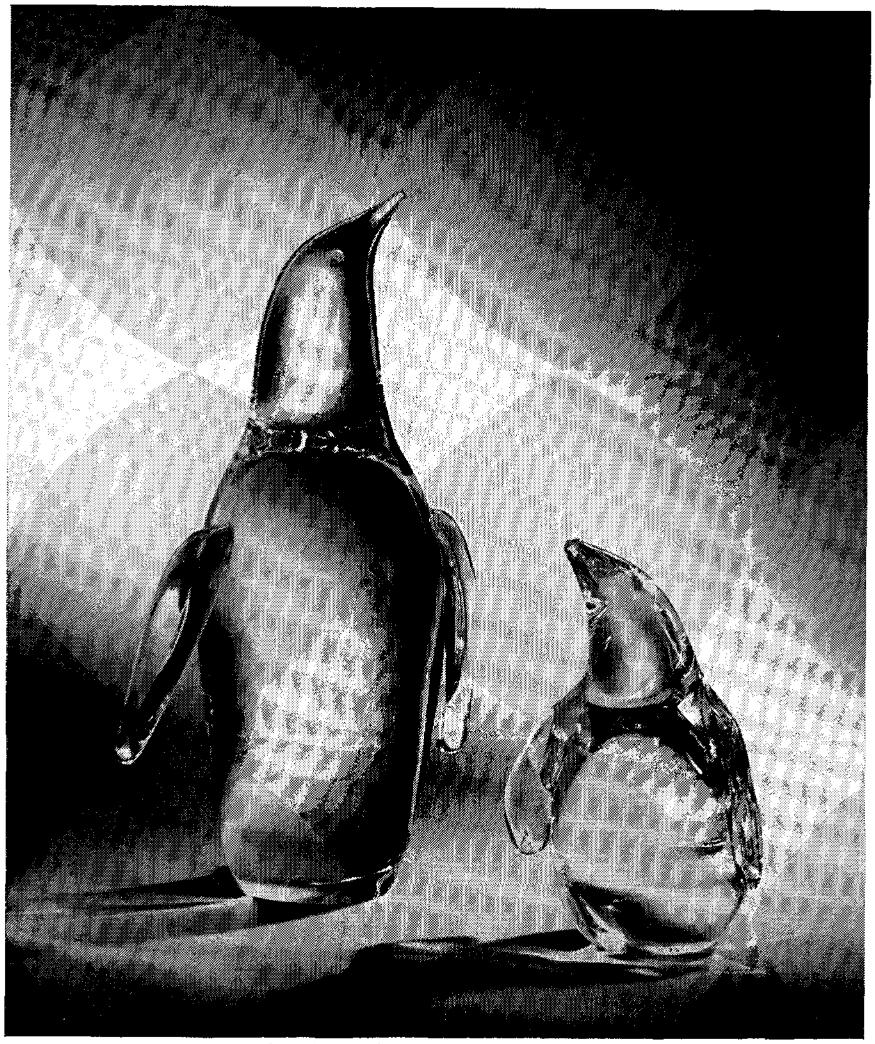

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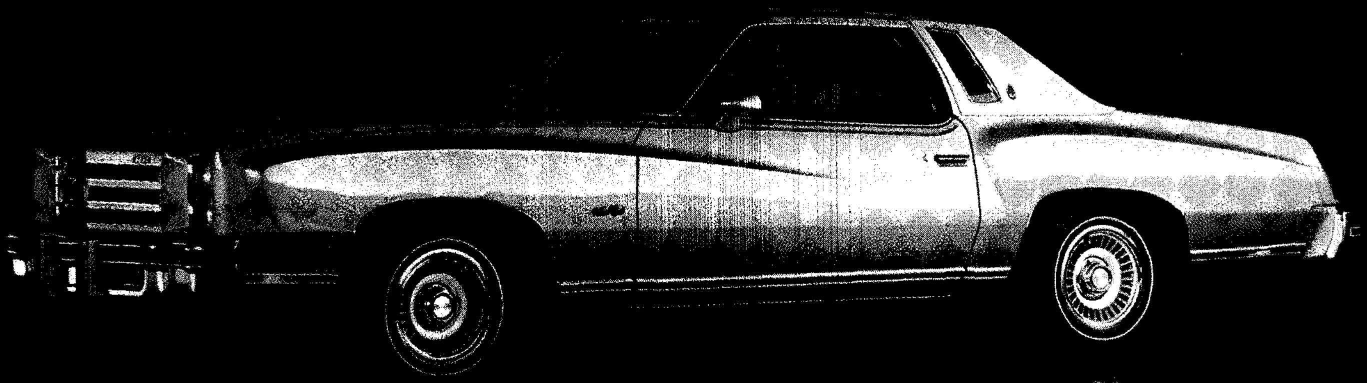

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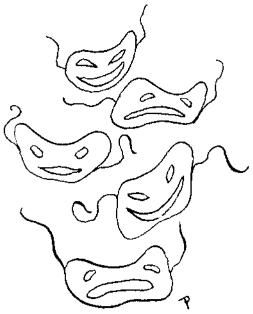
OFF BROADWAY

THIS city is celebrated with considerable charm, accuracy, and wit in "Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!," a little revue at the Top of the Gate, with a melodic score by Hank Beebe, nimble lyrics by Bill Heyer, and funny sketches by Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann. There are only eighteen songs and sketches, but there isn't a dud among them, and they are delightfully sung and acted by Len Gochman (bearded), Renny Temple (clean-shaven), and Patti Perkins, who are the entire cast. Under the inventive direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano, the show, in all its variety—musical and verbal—flows right along; its style never wavers. Often the sketches become lead-ins to the songs. One of the best of the sketches, about how we blew it in 1969 by not electing Norman Mailer mayor, leads into a song telling of the city's transformation into a state, and then into a nation under President Mailer. ("Israel is catering the Inaugural.") In another sketch, an out-of-towner bends a cabdriver's ear about this "cesspool;" the scene shifts to a night club where a trio, Sodom and the Gomorrahs, sings "Everything You Hate Is Right Here." Any celebration of New York these days is perforce a celebration in reverse—but not always. The first song, which gets us off to a good beginning, starts out, "No one ever gets raped in Kansas City," and continues in that vein, with each stanza ending in the refrain "Only right here in New York City could anything possibly happen to you." The scenery, by Charles E. Hoefler, is as ingenious as the words and music, and his photographic projections of every part of town at every hour of the day and night serve not only as handsome backdrops but as important elements in the numbers. This is especially true of a lovely one called "Central Park on a Sunday Afternoon," and another called "New York from the Air." The title number, which closes the evening, is the only love song in the show, and it is a true and ardent love song, if you can imagine such a thing with such a title. In other, happier times, a show like "Tuscaloosa"—young, tuneful, refreshing, humorous, and good-humored—might have run forever uptown. Well, I hope it runs forever on Bleecker.



THE Colonnades Theatre Lab, a new Off Off repertory company, in the basement of one of the beautiful colonnaded houses on Lafayette Street, across from the Public, officially and auspiciously opened its first season last week with a quite admirable production of "Second Wind," by David Morgan. The play tells the story of a Village painter, who used to paint prizefighters but stopped work many years ago after a bad review in the *Times*. He drags up to his studio a drunken bum—an ex-boxer, needless to say—who appears to be on his last legs and whom the painter wants to sketch either dying or dead. Surprisingly, the fighter recovers, and the next two acts take place at seven-year intervals. The play is actually the interplay (with outside interruptions) of the two men—painter and model—each indirectly rehabilitating the other. (The fighter, called Irish, is of Swedish origin but switched nationalities because he was looked down upon during his youth in St. Paul, which is a startling piece of news—if any ethnic group seemed in the clear, it was the Swedes.) The lives of the pair are jolted by the intrusion of a young girl, a radical who comes to the studio on some matter concerning the landlady, and soon they are all involved in protest marches and peace demonstrations. This part of the action takes place offstage; we learn of it through a series of drawings on scrims before each act—a very clever means of avoiding tiresome exposition.

"Second Wind" (a weak title), which has been in workshop for some time, is an impressive piece of work for a relatively inexperienced dramatist, but it is hardly flawless. The ending is heavily foreshadowed and much too stagy, and the script seems to ramble at times. The actors do very well, however, under the direction of Michael Lessac, who is also the artistic director of the company. Louis Giambalvo is the thin-skinned painter, embittered and angry but often as kind and as funny as he is crotchety. Charlie Stavola is the far less complex fighter—wily, accustomed to improvising his way out of impossible situations, and funny, too. Jacqueline Cassel is the spirited girl, and Sherrill Wainer is the landlady, whose only contribution to the plot, as far as I could tell, was to sidetrack it. Robert U. Taylor's setting of the studio, with a corner of a boxing ring at one end, and his scrim sketches are commendable.

THE Brooklyn Academy of Music has opened its newly renovated and handsome smaller theatre on the main floor (formerly its music hall) with a revival of Tennessee Williams' melodrama "Sweet Bird of Youth," which will run only through December 14th—not much time to see the extraordinary performance of Irene Worth as the desperate, aging movie star, all but out of her mind with terror and booze and dope, who finds herself in a hotel in a small Southern city after what she believes is a disastrous effort at a comeback. Miss Worth's dynamic, horrified silence in a scene where she watches and listens to the brutality around her is unforgettable, and her hysteria is marvellous, too, when the young stud who has taken her in charge insists on calling a Hollywood columnist and putting her on the phone; she is best of all when, suddenly in possession of herself, she confronts the assistant manager of the hotel and his assorted thugs, who are trying to put her out. The performance of the rest of the cast, under Edwin Sherin's direction, is laudable. Pat Corley does well as the redneck corrupt political boss (originally a poor hillbilly, of course), and so do Matthew Cowles as his no-good weakling son, Cathryn Damon as his whorish mistress, David Gale as a heckler of the boss, and Eugenia Rawls as the boss's gentle (and wellborn, of course) sister-in-law, sympathetic to the stud. The stud, whose age is twenty-nine, and who is even more fearful of the passing of time than the star, is played by Christopher Walken, whom I have often admired before, notably as the lead in "Kid Champion." Here again he acts with intelligence and presence, but, I'm sorry to report, he is not believable as this character. Nothing seems to matter, though, except Miss Worth.

—EDITH OLIVER

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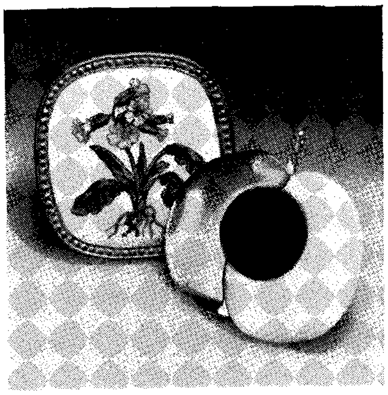

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THE RACE TRACK

A Tip from a Trainer

Dick Dutrow, a red-headed, thirty-seven-year-old Maryland-bred horseman, tops these random notes this week for saddling more winners than any other trainer in a single season—at least as far back as records of such things are kept. At Laurel the other morning, he said, "I'll do it this afternoon—with Sir Finn in the second and Tor's Baby in the eighth." And, sure enough, Sir Finn won by a nose, and Dutrow had equalled the world's record, set last year by Jack Van Berg, a Midwesterner. Then Tor's Baby rolled home by six to give Dutrow the record, with his three-hundred-and-thirtieth winner this year.

Dutrow was born a couple of blocks from a race track, that picturesque little half-miler in Hagerstown (it lost out to the march of progress several years ago), and he went to work there at the age of ten, mucking out stalls and doing odd jobs to help with the family budget. He's been on one track or another ever since. When he was seventeen, he bought his first horse, for two hundred dollars, and he got his license to train when he was twenty-two. It was rough going at the half-milers, sleeping in empty stalls or in the tack rooms, where the saddlery is kept, breaking the ice in a water bucket mornings to wash his face, and, if he lost his horses for one reason or another, trying to get a job rubbing them for other trainers until a break came his way. "What it all comes down to is that you can only get good if you get lucky," he says.

At present, he has about eighty horses in training, for thirty-one owners, all of whom have made money this season. Last year, he won two hundred and sixteen races and $1,227,020. Most of his horses run in claiming races, with price tags of from $3,000 up, and they fill the cards at the Maryland tracks, at Charles Town and Shenandoah Downs in West Virginia, and at Keystone, near Philadelphia. Frequently, he has run seven or eight horses the same afternoon. He has seldom, if ever, sent one to the New York tracks. His stable isn't the largest in the country (I fancy that Dan Lasater has that), but it is still a whopping operation for one man, even though he has a staff of more

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than seventy and three teen-age sons who work with him, one of them full time. Back in the thirties, when the late Hirsch Jacobs was winning more than a hundred races a year (a hundred and seventy-seven in 1936), interested people asked, "How does he do it? What does he use?" They never found out, for all it was was that Jacobs gave each horse personal attention, and he could see what some other horsemen missed. "I have no gimmicks," Dutrow says. "I use one of the first things I learned about in this business, and that was that nothing beats hard work."

THOUGH Gallant Bob, the winner of the new Sword Dancer Handicap at Aqueduct last week, is not likely to be tapped for an Eclipse Award, he is having quite a season. It was his thirteenth victory—and his seventh in a row—in seventeen starts. Few of our topnotchers win ten times in a year. To be sure, Citation lost only one in twenty when he was a three-year-old (Saggy beat him in the mud at Havre de Grace), but a Citation comes along once in a lifetime, or perhaps not that often. Gallant Bob, a dark bay by Gallant Romeo out of Wisp O' Will, is the perfect example of the well-managed racer. After his first few gallops last spring, Joe Marquette, who trains him for Robert Horton, knew he had a nice, but hardly a Triple Crown, horse, so he ran him in the sprint handicaps at Keystone, Monmouth, Delaware Park, and Pimlico. I'd say that last week's Sword Dancer was Gallant Bob's best effort; giving from eight to thirteen pounds, he was well out from the rails all the way, wearing down Our Hero to win by a head, and doing the six furlongs in 0:22⅖, 0:45⅖, 1:09⅗. The purse brought his earnings this season to $256,843. That's not bad, for a $2,000 weanling.

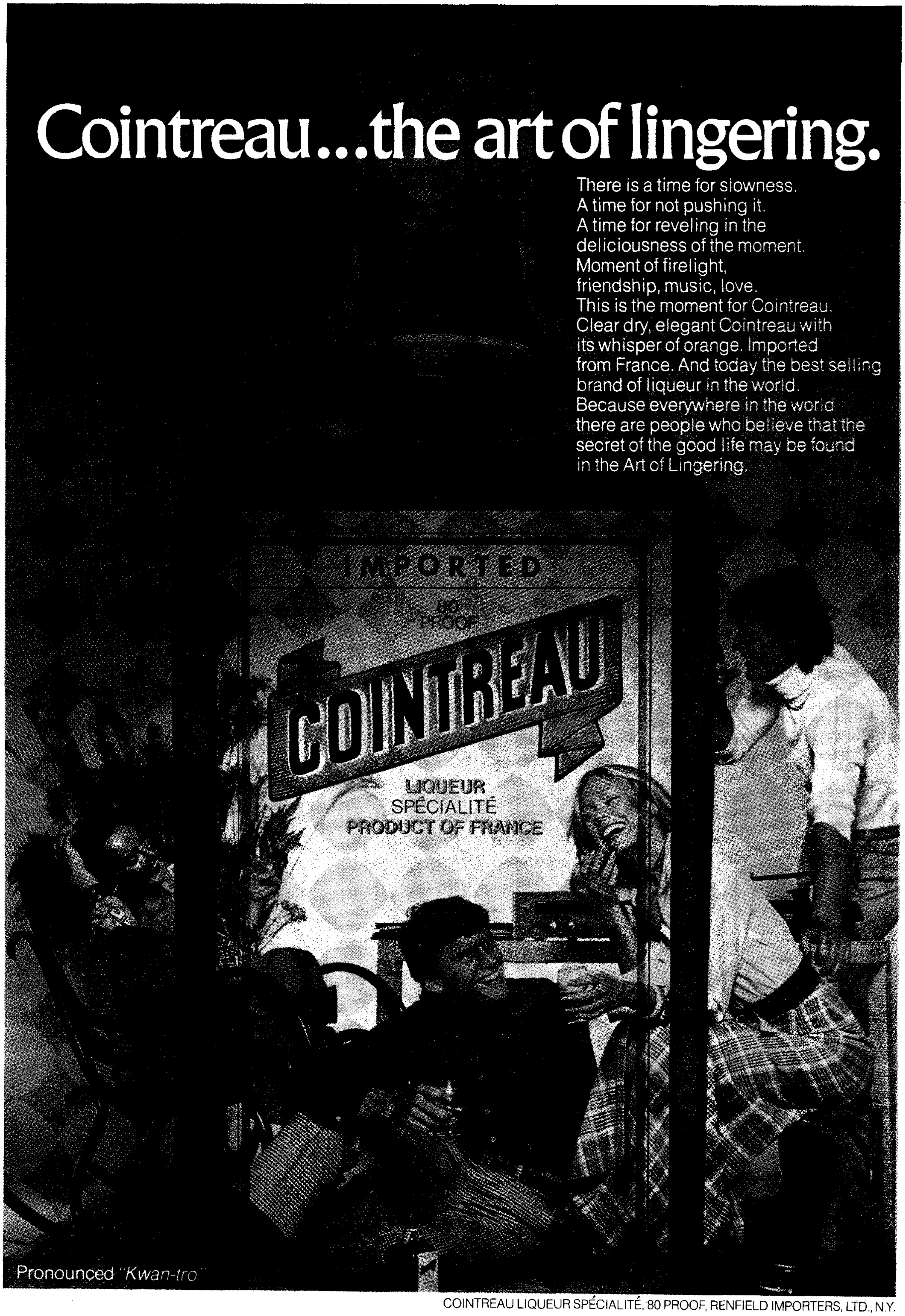
RUSHING MAN and Dr. Emil put on a lively show in the Discovery Handicap for three-year-olds before a crowd of twenty-seven thousand at the Big A last Saturday. Rushing Man led for most of the nine furlongs, but the Doctor collared him in the stretch and went on to win by three-quarters of a length. . . . Colonel Martingale wonders why the announcement of the 1976 racing dates is so late.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

SALES person for pet store. Must know fish.—*Adv. in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

But no showing off in the tank!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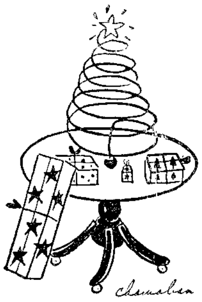
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

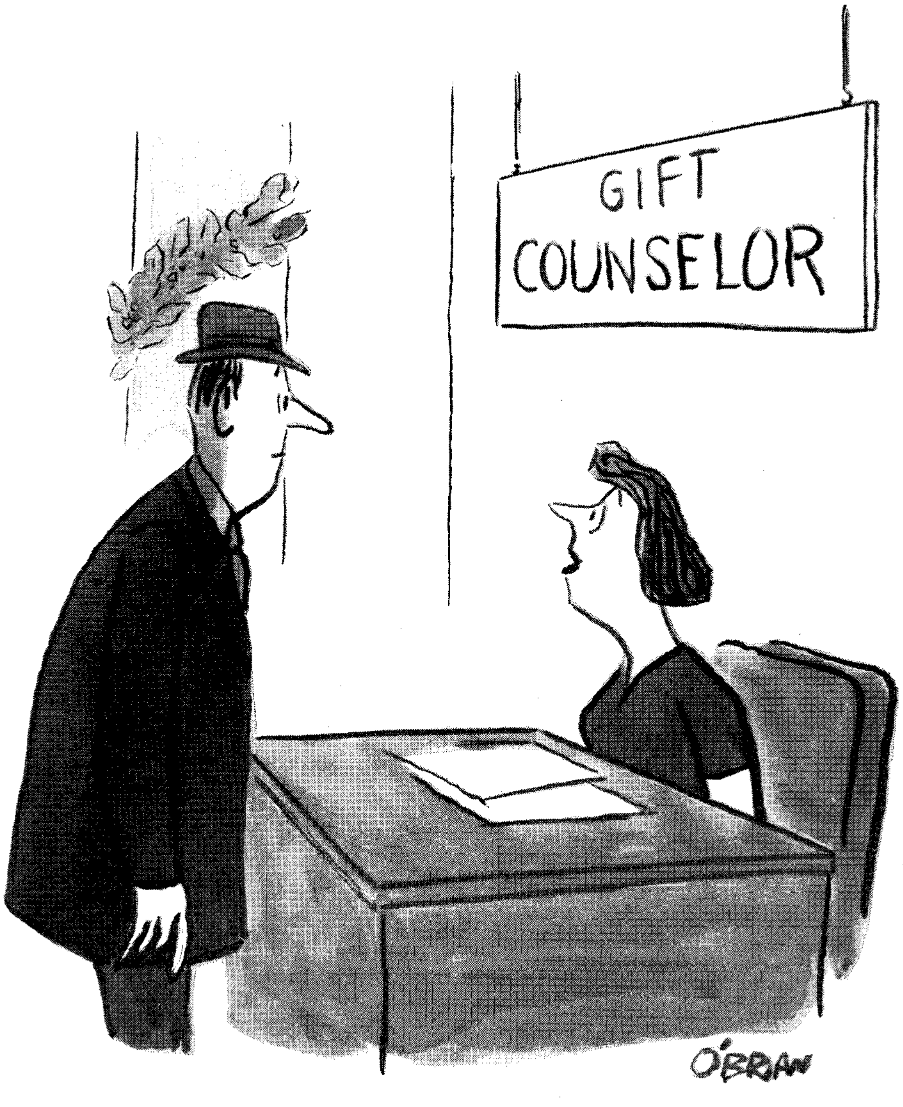


PUSHING past the cobwebs that festoon our Christmas lists past, we kept coming upon the shade of an impeccably tailored, perfectly mannered gentleman of somewhat military, rather pompous mien. Usually, we'd see him in his gray sack suit, with monogrammed white linen, and he'd tip his hat as he passed us, gloves in hand, and carrying his special full-bark malacca cane. Sometimes we'd spot him coming from the Horse Show, his thoughts awhirl with hunting stocks and Saumur training saddles, and running excitedly on to beagling horns and ptarmigan shooting in Quebec. Sometimes we'd catch him with his kit bag full of flasks of hooch, dashing off for a weekend's golf in well-cut plus fours. And when our luck was really in, of an evening, we would be treated to the spectacle of our fellow in full fig—opera hat, an Inverness over his clawhammer coat, his piqué waistcoat buttoned or unbuttoned exactly according to convention, and a matching set of studs and buttons in platinum and pearl gleaming discreetly from their nesting place on his snowy, stiff-bosomed shirt. This character was called Bowler, and it was his duty to instruct our male readers in sartorial niceties, and guide their womenfolk with Christmas gifts, half a century ago.

Bowler, whose standards were so finely honed that he could get quite tetchy about Adolphe Menjou's abominable taste in walking sticks, would have been cast down to see how thoroughly the creed of correctness and moderation he stood by has been eroded in recent years. The notion of correctness—rules of what to wear when and where—tottered and then succumbed irrevocably. Moderation fell into disrepute, being left in the hands of men who were merely timid and had no flair for color, texture, or fit. (Rebels against moderation were certainly endowed with no magical gift of flair, though, either.) But none of this would have proved as perplexing to poor old Bowler as the way that—after most of the world has lost track of his standards—there has been among the followers of fashion a revival of looking like well-tailored gentlemen and a sudden, seemingly capricious, renaissance of restraint.

Correct Attire with a Modicum of Dash

OF the men's stores in midtown, Paul Stuart, Madison Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, seems to be doing a particularly good job of balancing on the wire between the baggy uniformity of the American style of tailoring and the pointy-shouldered, corset-waisted look of the extremes of "European fit." In addition, there seems to be a more thoughtful approach to color here than elsewhere. This establishment's dress shirts, for example, would never cause a chap to blush in a meeting of the board, but they are of fine cottons, often with a nicely silklike feel—patterned in private stripes, whispering windowpanes, and unobtrusive Tattersalls that combine in surprisingly significant and delicate colors. Prices range from $16.50 to $27.50, and styles include both straight cut and "tapered," but we won't involve ourselves in *that* particular debate. Thoughtful-looking colors are also mingled in brushed-cotton casual shirts—of normal, dress-shirt cut—in plaids that never look fit only for rugged lumberjacks. These are from $25 to $37.50. Among Stuart sweaters are cashmeres, in turtle-, V-, or crew-neck styles and in a wide choice of often delightful colors, for $55, and cable-stitched, crew-neck Shetlands, which come in really funny colors, such as pink or apricot, as well as in pearl gray or a toasty beige, for $25. At the risk of sounding as dogmatic as Bowler, who was given to Jovelike dictums along the line of "For sweaters, avoid anything costing less than $22.50"—quite a sum in 1925—we state firmly that no woman should



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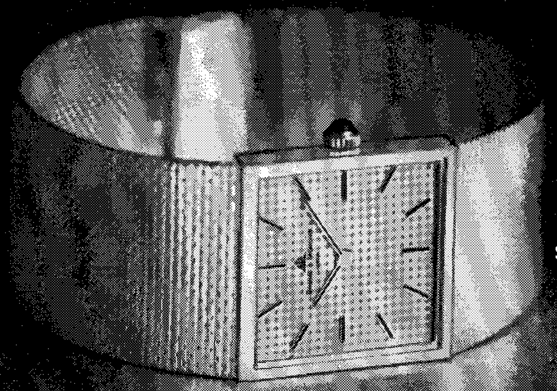

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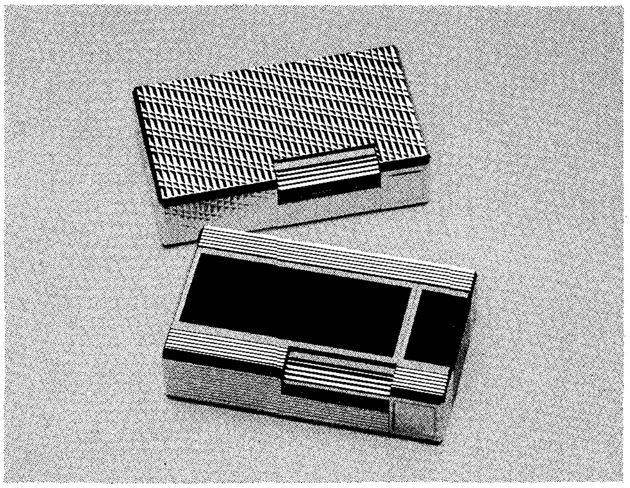

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buy a shawl-collared cardigan for a man. (If he wants one, let him buy it for himself.) Stuart also has handkerchiefs of softly colored and finely textured French cotton voile, for from $4.50 to $12.50, and a small but extremely well-chosen array of socks, including over-the-calf wool with speckled, bird's-eye-tweed effects of, say, black and gray, red and rust, or light and dark brown; $5. Ankle socks in beige, yellow, bottle-green, or navy cashmere, with a hand-tied cable down the side, are $5.50.

Stuart's necktie counter proved a disappointment, being largely given over to the unutterably tedious stripes and the navy twills spotted with wretchedly humorous microscopic figures which all the other men's stores in town (in a real return to the conservative days before the necktie revolution of the late sixties) are also promoting, along with the fantasy of belonging to imaginary clubs, private schools, and regiments, and which men are apparently going in for in droves. The only tie at Stuart that had good colors also had a noisy pattern of flying game birds—a piece of affectation which, at least for normal weekday wear in town, we feel obliged to draw another line. (We were saddened to see, in the window of a second midtown men's store, an effort to make a display of comfortably familiar styles look newly fashionable with a pretentious sign that read "For That Country Gentleman Look.") We fared better among the more limited choice of ties—all Italian, pure silk, and $20—at the northerly branch of Sr. David, which is at 821 Madison Avenue (68th), and is dedicated to the more weekday and businesslike aspects of men's dress; a second branch, a block down at No. 779, is for weekend and casual wear. At No. 821, there are the Italian versions of "clubs" and "regimentals" but also more interesting prints and textures, including Jacquards, crêpes de Chine, and grenadines. Our eye was caught by a burgundy-and-white pattern of uncoiling scrolls that looked something like the flourishes under the signatures on the Declaration of Independence, but a mere handful of examples of each pattern exist, so that one's choice may be shared only by what Bowler would have called "a couple of other fellas." Width for four-in-hands is the medium one—midway between the skinny ties of Ramsey Clark and the bulbous ones of the coiffed young anchormen on late news shows—that most men have settled down with; width for bow ties, of which there is a good selection

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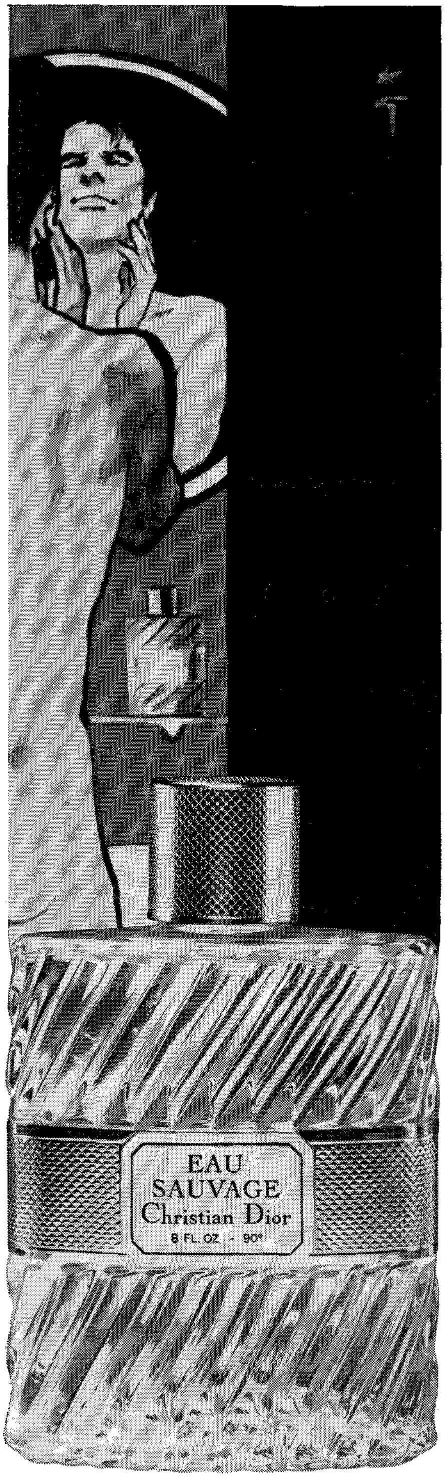

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at $11, is the three-inch one—generally worn, Sr. David's salesman assured us, by "all but waiters and some of those old Kennedy people." An exquisitely simple belt, with only a discreet brass edge visible where one would expect a buckle, and made of black snakeskin by the craftsmen at the Italian firm of Testoni, has the exquisitely simple price of $60. Down at No. 779, Sr. David's ideas for informal hours make no sacrifice of opulence of texture. A traditionally cut and colored peajacket would allow the wearer to pass very cursory male inspection as being in conventional Navy-surplus garb. But a female hand that might slide in to rest on the wearer's arm would immediately discover the jacket's fabric to be cashmere; $250. A zip-fronted aviator jacket with pin-tuck detailing on back and sleeves comes in an appetizing shearling of buttery softness and pale-cinnamon hue; $245.

Few men would sneeze at a jacket-length of hand-loomed Shetland wool from Dunhill Tailors, 65 East 57th Street. (Perhaps Bowler might have had some slight struggle with his conscience. Was he not, after all, a bod whose tailor resolutely refused his client's commission of a brown suit, and begged Bowler to explain why Americans persisted in wearing tweeds in town?) Donors could send either the actual material or a card with a swatch pinned to it. A wide choice includes Gun Club checks, windowpanes, Glen plaids, and herringbones, all in mellow, autumnal color combinations. The firm's price for a made-to-measure jacket is $280; some patterns are in stock, in some sizes, for $225. Donors in a particularly expansive mood might throw in one of Dunhill's shirts, in a dulcet, superfine English cotton broadcloth, with French cuffs, and in a choice of either red or blue small Tattersall checks; $40.

San Francisco Clothing, 975 Lexington Avenue (71st), goes in for sartorial stuffiness of the exuberant, unmistakably youthful sort, with a built-in element of self-parody. Shirts in fine English cottons with judicious, Wall Street hairline stripes turn out to have either white collar bands—which look as though they awaited the addition of a detachable collar—or stubby, rounded Peter Pans. In either case, white trims the cuffs and the pocket top, and the price is $25. A hooded, leather-buttoned sweater-jacket in heavy navy-blue wool, trimmed at edges and patch pockets in wine, is $85 and has a distinctly rah-rah tone, as though it might be worn with a facetious bow tie by someone boating on the Charles to the strains of "My Baby Knows How." (Our earliest music critic, in reviewing sheet music, considered "Just the thing to break in a new uke" a high accolade.) And a beautiful English hand-knitted waistcoat, in ripe-wheat beige, has lines of intricate, multicolored Fair Isle patterns—zigzag effects, snowflakes, and cave-painting reindeer—across the front. The waistcoat (just right for wear with plus fours and an oversized cap) closes, and is trimmed at its ticket-pocket flaps, with soccer-ball buttons of chestnut-colored leather; $95. A turtleneck-sweater version of the same Fair Isle theme is $135.

Waistcoats, whether matching or contrasting with the other pieces of a man's outfit, are very much in style again. A donor might jazz up a commonplace plain flannel or Tattersall waistcoat (these are in all men's outfitters, and go by suit sizes) with a set of buttons from Tender Buttons, 143 East 62nd Street. Here are waistcoat buttons of little crystal domes encasing hand-painted sporting images—a genre that Bowler found absorbing one Christmas in the nineteen-twenties, which is the decade when these buttons were made. Subjects are innocently unreformed, jovially sex-stereotyped masculine, revolving around horses, hounds, golf clubs, sailboats, and angling. Each button is five-eighths of an inch in diameter, and costs $2.50. Anywhere between 1900 and 1930 is the date of English horn buttons, in the soft color gradations that this substance entails, embossed with carved horse heads, hounds, or foxes. New life for ancient tweed jackets, these, for $1.75 to $2 apiece in jacket-front size, and $1.50 for sleeve-button size.

Gentlemen's Accessories, with Purses and Shark's-Tooth Pendants Quite Consciously Omitted

WHILE we are down at waistcoat-button level, we might point out that some of the antique-jewelry stores in town have Victorian and Edwardian watch chains, for draping, Forsyte-family style, across the bulging corporation of the man of property. (Not that the men of our acquaintance bulge, of *course;* they are all madly lean and fit from playing squash and paddle tennis.) Massab Brothers, an

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

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Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

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often chaotically busy and always cluttered shop at 782 Lexington Avenue (61st), will yield up many antique-jewelry treasures to shoppers who can keep their head. A silver-and-enamel Victorian watch chain is $85 here; a pair of turn-of-the-century cufflinks in carnelian and silver is $30; and a collection of old gold penknives ranges in price from $50 to $100. The Antique Annex of Massab, diagonally across the street at No. 783, has sets of old dress studs made of mother-of-pearl; cufflinks; pocket watches; and watch chains, including a Victorian one with a quarter-size fob that is carnelian on one side and a compass on the other. This is $75, and a handy thing for men who tend to lose their bearings in the vicinity of Bloomingdale's, especially at Christmastime.

Some of the watch chains at Jan Skala, 1 West 47th Street, are Georgian, and the shop's assortment of antique pocket watches is equally grand, for the most part, although prices for an open-faced, gold-filled watch start at $50. A perfectly simple open-faced watch of the early nineteenth century, with a plain fourteen-karat-gold case, is $120. A nineteenth-century gold watch by Patek Philippe of Geneva is as slim as an after-dinner mint, and costs $1,200. And Skala has a rare chiming timepiece in lapis enamel, with a misty portrait of a Madonna and Child on the case, and a chain dripping with a moonstone, a golden urn, and various other fobs. This was made by Duchêne of Paris in the year that Marie Antoinette was wed, and is $4,000.

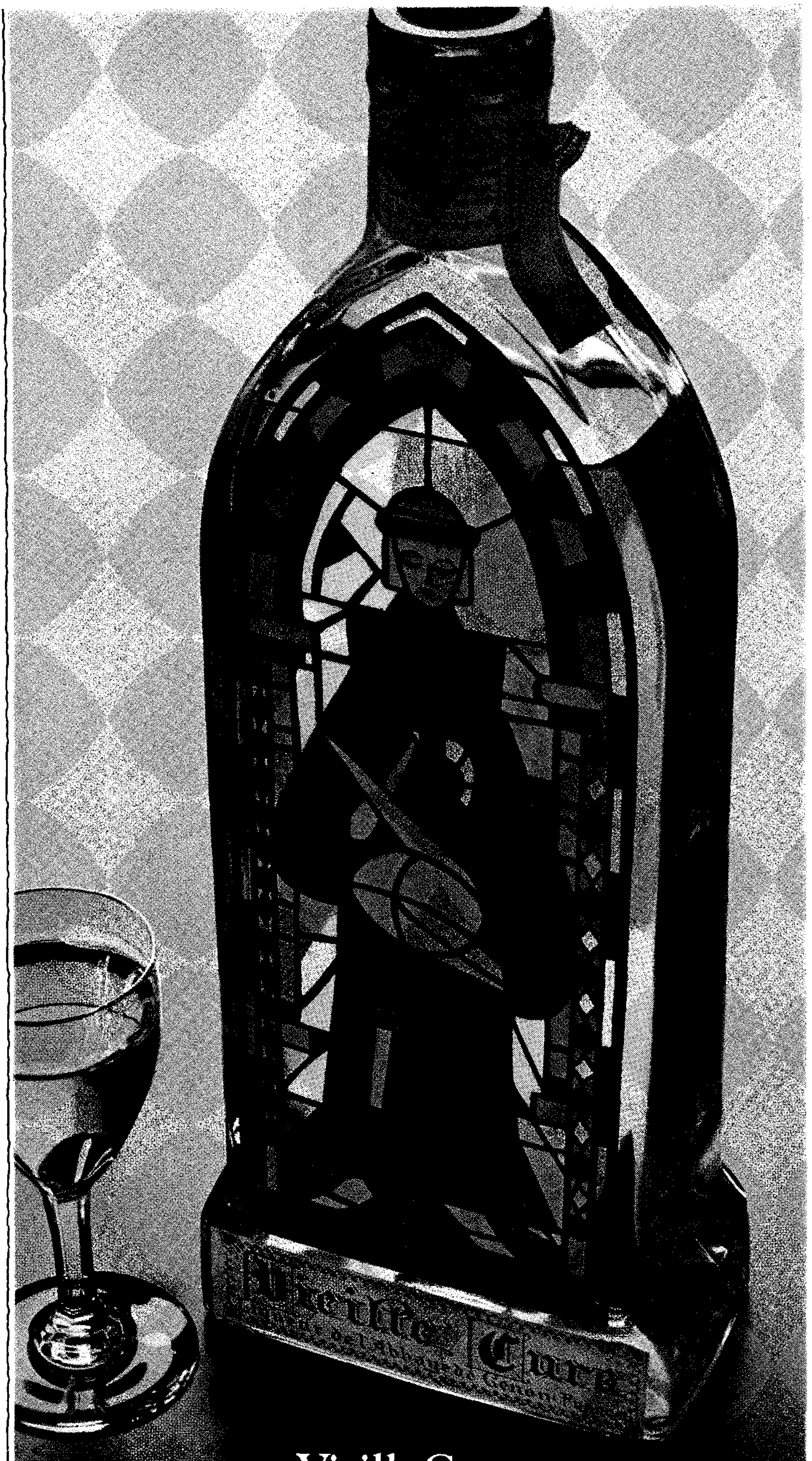
Bowler once suggested, when jet-setting was represented by the five-day passage on the Mauretania, giving an address book with headings for London, Paris, and New York. We stop short at that, but we still like the idea of a billfold deep enough for European money. Mädler, 450 Park Avenue (57th), is one place to seek out this cosmopolitan convenience. The billfold here comes in a choice of black, brown, or a rich chestnut calf, and has six card slots a side; the dimensions are four and a half inches by five and a half, and the price is $40. We also admired an envelope briefcase of calf in the same choice of colors, and particularly handsome in chestnut. The case is lined in suède, and the corners of its envelope flap are tipped with gold metal, but circumspectly; $100. T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue (66th), has a good selection of billfolds for between $19.50 and $200, depending on the rarity of the skin and on the amount of gold edging the donor thinks a man might go for. Also here is a handsome and durable-looking carry-on bag, of black capeskin, for $120.

Bowler, who wrote column after column on canes for town and country, and who struggled manfully to overcome a "schoolboy prejudice" against the sight of a man carrying even a black umbrella, would be bewildered not only by our caneless world but by the way it blooms with rainbow-colored golf umbrellas on wet city days. But walking sticks are still handy—even for the young and fit—for bashing down undergrowth and pointing out the flight of birds on country walks. Stuart has some roughly whittled and then lacquered wooden sticks with knobbed ends that look like the nut-colored heads of small forest creatures; these are $19.50. Letter openers and shoehorns in the same style are $8.50 and $10. A substantial-looking antique bamboo-and-brass shooting stick—to travel in the trunk of the Hispano-Suiza for a day at the races—is $125, and is part of a collection of portable, often quite masculine antiques at Bob Pryor, 1023 Lexington Avenue (73rd). Philip W. Pfeifer, 900 Madison Avenue (72nd), has other possibilities, including English umbrella stands to house a man's collection of canes and those dubiously respectable umbrellas. A Victorian brass stand is $375; a turn-of-the-century bentwood one is $275.

Jackie Rogers, either because of or in spite of being a woman, has succeeded in assembling in her shop, at 787 Madison Avenue (67th), some fine suggestions for men's wardrobes. Possibilities include an elegant fedora of slightly downy wool felt in a choice of chocolate, taupe, or deep camel. A small cockade of sporty-looking feathers sticks up out of the grosgrain band, and the two-and-a-half-inch brim turns down; $28.

Drinking

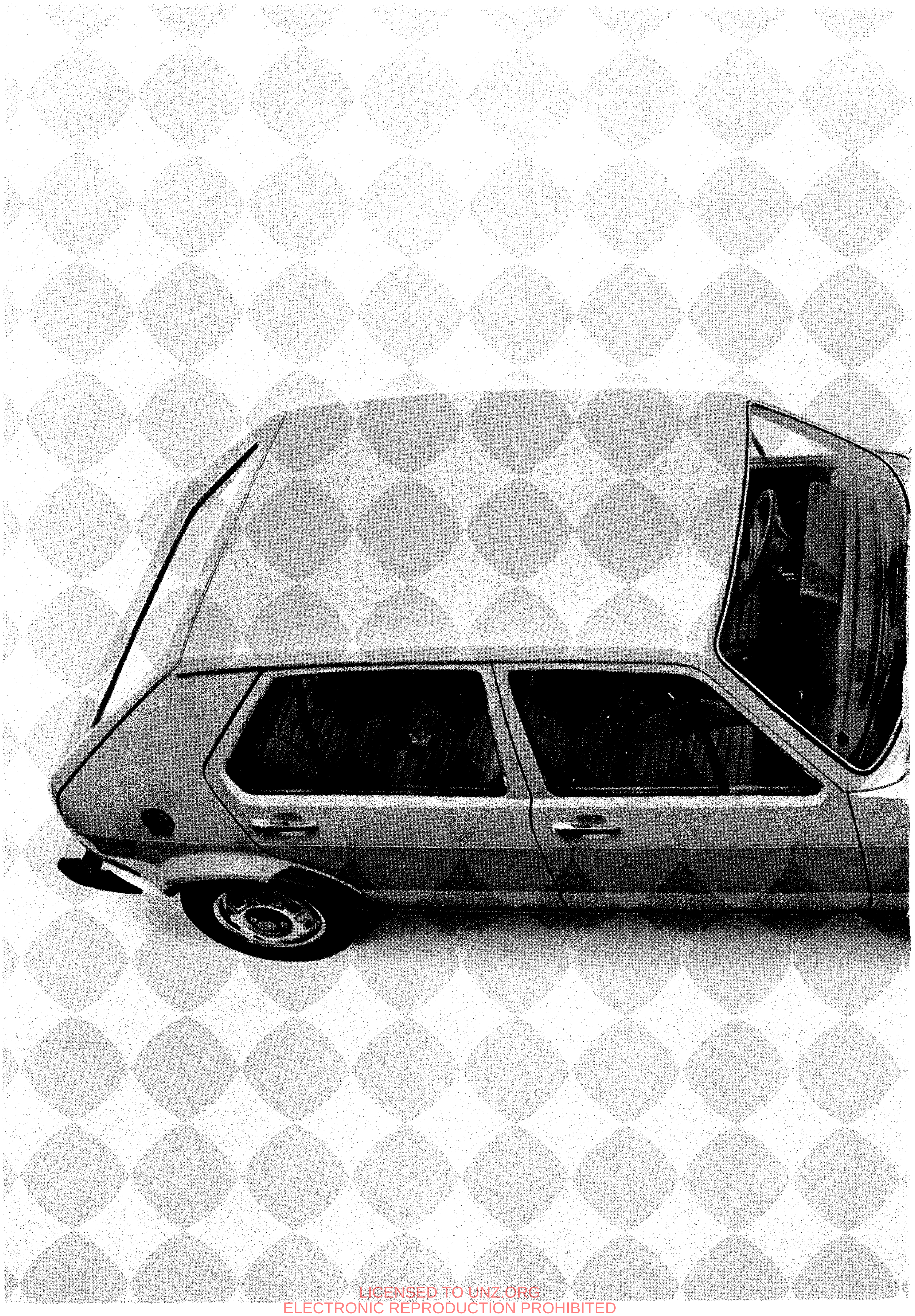
PROHIBITED hooch obsessed our earliest Christmas-list compilers. At one point, they sank low enough to recommend "for lawbreakers who can still be patriotic . . . a new cocktail shaker in the form of Lindbergh's plane." Tastes in drink have changed completely, and we no longer drink the Manhattans and Daiquiris of the fifties, let alone the shaken mysteries set out in the "Savoy Cocktail Book" or the lethal concoction described in these pages in the twenties and called the Barbados Infuriator. Still, we like the idea of

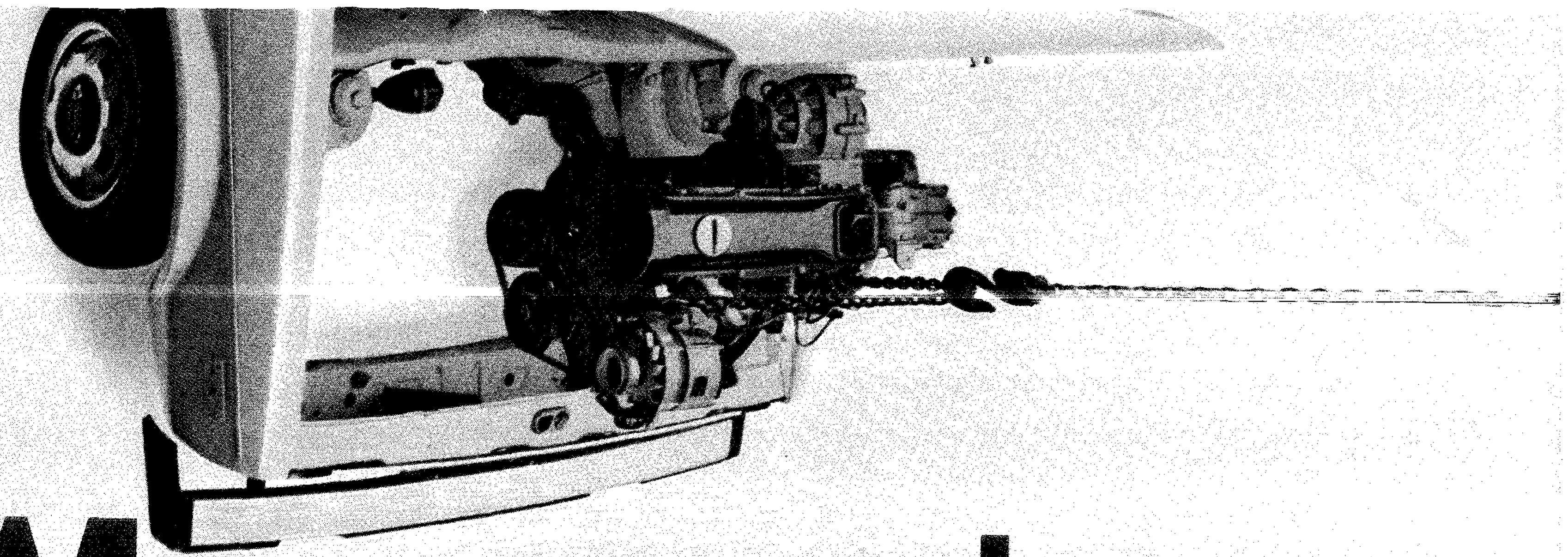


Vieille Cure.
It's like a stained glass Christmas card.

The incomparable Vieille Cure liqueur (pronounced Vee-ā Kūre). Still prepared according to the original recipe handed down from the ancient Abbey of Cenon in France. The flavor is softly sweet with a unique, lingering quality—ideal for sipping after meals or during conversation. Such a tasteful way to remember someone for the holidays.

IN LIMITED SUPPLY, IMPORTED FROM FRANCE EXCLUSIVELY BY AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY. 100 PROOF & 86 PROOF.





Why we put the engine in sideways.

Will we ever get it right?

Twenty-seven years ago we put it in the rear. Now this.

Why can't Volkswagen just put engines in like everybody else?

Simple. Because we don't build cars like everybody else.

In the case of the Rabbit, by putting the engine in sideways we kept the front of the car that much shorter.

And we were able to take all that space we saved and add it to the passenger compartment. Which is how we managed to give the Rabbit as much headroom, legroom and luggage room as some mid-sized cars.

The engine itself, by the way, not only allows the standard shift Rabbit to get an EPA-estimated 39 miles per gallon on the highway (and 25 in the city), but it gets the car from 0 to 50 in an incredible 8.2 seconds. (Actual mileage may vary depending on type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and optional equipment.)

Add things like front-wheel drive and rack-and-pinion steering, and you have a car that handles like no other car in its category.

Understandably, the jokes about our engine are starting already: "Hey, Mister, does your car go sideways?" But once again, the last laugh's ours.

The Amazing Rabbit

Look at it this way:
Your son's first skiing lesson cost $1,000.00.
Including the doctor's bill.
And you're still
drinking ordinary scotch?

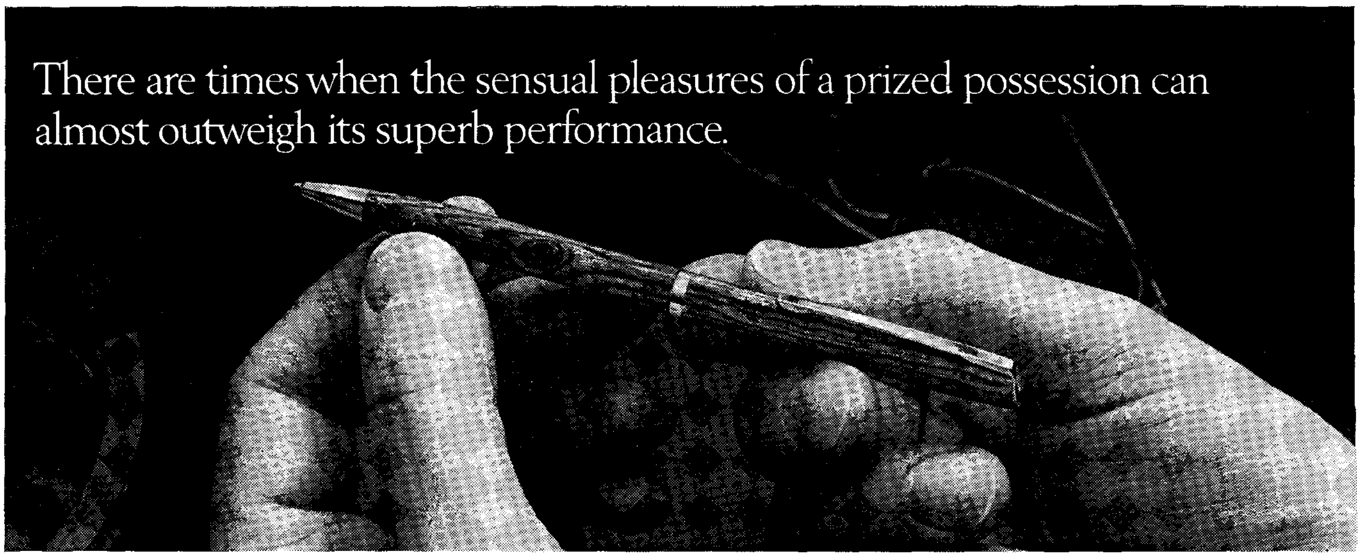
Pinch
Haig & Haig
Blended
Scotch Whisky
Quart
Product of Scotland
Twelve Years Old
Pinch 12 year old Scotch

86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

dusting off the cocktail shaker and *jiggling up a little* ceremonial something, even if it's just dry sherry over ice. We unearthed a collection of Bowler-era cocktail shakers at Joia, a two-shop outfit at 1142 and 1151 Second Avenue (60th and 61st). We took note at No. 1142 of a chromium shaker with a side spout and a red Bakelite knob and handle, for $20; a rainbow-striped glass shaker, for $10; and a Mediterranean-blue glass number complete with frosty sailboats and attendant seagulls, and accompanied by a matching ice bucket, for $45.

Decanters, whether for holding Madeira or whiskey, for passing port properly, or for giving grace to a *vin ordinaire*, are always acceptable to the drinking man. We found some Victorian English decanters, of crystal or pressed glass, at Maya Schaper, 1022 Lexington Avenue (73rd). A pressed-glass pair, with scallop effects around base and stoppers, is $115. A single decanter of ruby glass with a silver stopper is $95. There are many superb pairs of nineteenth-century English crystal decanters at S. Wyler, the silversmith at 713 Madison Avenue (63rd). An exception to the general price range of two to three hundred dollars for a pair is the $1,200 price of a rare brace of magnum-size decanters of prismatic, diamond-glinting Waterford cut and with mushroom-shaped stoppers that fix their date within a year or two of 1830. The Wyler establishment also has examples of the silver-topped crystal jugs that are traditionally used in England, instead of decanters, for claret. A lovely teardrop-shaped jug with a hinged knob of Victorian plate is dated 1860 and costs $195. Here, too, are wine funnels, for decanting sediment-filled vintages, either in Georgian silver, for around $500, or in a plated English reproduction, for $50. A plated Victorian pint tankard is $65, and antique sterling-silver labels on chains, to hang round the neck of a decanter, bear useful, everyday terms like "Hock" and "Shrub." These are from $35 to $500.

Bob Pryor has a collection of antique corkscrews, representing the ingenious, and often patented, thoughts that men have had since Georgian times on how to get corks out of bottles. Many of them have little brushes attached, for wiping away the wax that once was used to seal bottles. Pryor has a single example of The King's Screw, a bone-handled mechanism that was invented in 1802; it involves a brass tube handsomely decorated with the royal coat of arms, and is $185. La Cuisinière, 867


There are times when the sensual pleasures of a prized possession can almost outweigh its superb performance.

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Executive Timber is wood, carefully and expertly crafted into superb writing instruments.

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Executive Timber. A distinguished gift. An intensely personal possession. So carefully created Hallmark gives you a lifetime guarantee against even the slightest mechanical defect.

Executive Timber is for the person who likes the feel of wood—the warmth of wood—and the naturalness of wood.

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There's wenge from the African Congo—perhaps the most distinctively grained wood in the world.

There's cordia, hard and finely-textured, from the East Indies.

And rosewood. And tulipwood. Both imported from the rain forests of South America.

Each of these woods has its own personality. Its own grain pattern. Its own color. Its own texture. And for the discerning craftsman, each of these exotic woods has its own distinctive musk.

The pen writes as comfortably as it feels. Glide it over a sheet of fine paper and notice how the tungsten carbide point leaves a smooth, single-width marking.

A sealed cartridge resists the possibility of leakage—even if you are 30,000 feet up and traveling at 650 miles an hour.

For those reasons and more, every Hallmark Executive Timber product carries a lifetime guarantee against even the slightest mechanical defect. This guarantee is backed by every store that sells Executive Timber. The promise is simple and clear: any mechanical defect will be promptly corrected at no cost to you.

Executive Timber. A distinguished gift. A prized possession. Perhaps the most prudent purchase you will make this year.

Pen and pencil set $30. Pen $15. Pencil $15. At fine stores where quality writing instruments are sold. Hallmark Cards, Inc., Kansas City, Mo.

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WINE TALK

by Austin, Nichols

At Château Bouscaut, they do not believe in putting young wine in old casks.

Château Bouscaut is one of the few châteaux in its classification that matures each vintage exclusively in new casks of Limousin oak. The Limousin is rare and costly, but it helps impart to the wine an unmistakable flavor and a better balance. Also, Bordeaux lore has it that the wine "falls bright" sooner and "lives" longer when aged in new oak.

At Austin, Nichols, long years of wine-tasting have taught us to respect these, the finer points of wine-making. For we have learned that attention to detail makes the difference between just "good" wine and an unusually supple, soft red Graves such as Château Bouscaut.

Aging in new oak is part of what makes Château Bouscaut red a truly superior product. And careful selections like Bouscaut are what makes Austin, Nichols the world's foremost importer of fine Bordeaux wines.

Mis en Bouteille au Château
1967
Château Bouscaut
GRAND CRU CLASSÉ
APPELLATION GRAVES CONTRÔLÉE
PROPRIÉTAIRE
Austin, Nichols & Co. Inc.

Madison Avenue (72nd), has an instrument that is known, for some inscrutable reason, as the Ah-So corkscrew, for $3.95. This is not a screw at all, in fact, but two outward-winging blades of uneven length, attached to a handle, that somehow twist out the cork. The same shop also has a tonglike champagne-bottle opener of chromium, for help with recalcitrant corks—particularly those that have been allowed to get too cold; $12. And any man with aspirations to the title of connoisseur of wine would be pleased to test for himself whether the best of the California vintage wines really compare as favorably with the great French names as wine experts have been claiming of late. Morrell & Company, 307 East 53rd Street, has, among many possibilities, a 1972 Cabernet Sauvignon from Clos du Val, for $7.49 a bottle, and a 1973 Spring Mountain Vineyards Pinot Chardonnay, which compares favorably with the great names of French white Burgundies, for $9.75.

For fun, an intimate of a beer drinker might assemble a mixed case of international beers, which are, on average, about ninety cents a bottle. We rounded up, at Madison Gourmet, 16 East 58th Street, the following assortment of imported beers: Ringnes (Norway); Beck's and Löwenbräu (Germany); Molson and Labatt (Canada); Bass and Whitbread (England); Okocim (Poland); Athenian (Greece); Guinness and Harp (Ireland); Carlsberg, both light and dark (Denmark); Kirin (Japan); San Miguel (the Philippines); Maccabee (Israel); Heineken and Grolsch (Holland); and Urquell (Czechoslovakia). A similar broad choice is available at Balducci's, 424 Sixth Avenue (9th). The Copper Mine, 1242 Madison Avenue (89th), has fifty-year-old beer or cider mugs of tin-lined copper, either plain or ringed with brass hoops and trimmed with a brass appliqué; $10 either way.

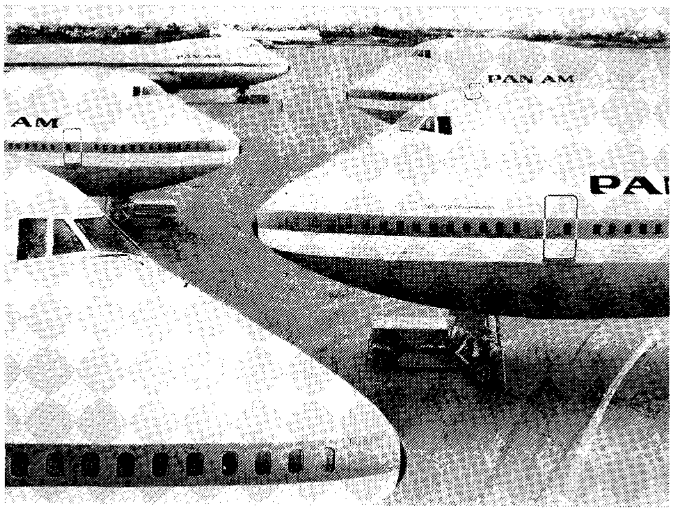
No drinking man ever has a surfeit of handsome glasses. The New York Exchange for Women's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (55th), offers, in its fourth-floor antique department, a collection of largely nineteenth-century pressed glass and crystal, including glasses for sherry, liqueurs, wine, water, and Old-Fashioneds. Prices begin at around $6 apiece, and water goblets, often of a size suitable for highballs and wine as well, generally start around $12.50. A pair of glass decanters with thumbprint indentations is $45. A Martini or Bloody Mary pitcher with an etched fern pattern is $25. Luck comes into the business of buying glasses in this shop; some are inexpensive, but anyone foolish (and outmoded) enough to think only in terms of complete sets for twelve is doomed to disappointment. If glass buyers need greater uniformity, let them go to any department store.

TOILETRIES

ONE of our early Christmas-list compilers, treading *very* cautiously, as was *never* her wont on any other subject, ventured to list some colognes worn by "perfectly nice men of our acquaintance." Fifty years on, a cloud of nervousness and a murk of advertising semantics still enshroud the subject of Perfume and the American Man. Manufacturers schemed up the term "after-shave lotion" for what is really only cologne, after all. A lot of mass-produced rubbish has been foisted on men just because it comes in a "masculine" bottle, is promoted by a sweaty-looking man, and—as often as not—smells of lemon or musk. We urge men and those who buy for them to experiment with flavors, in a quest for something unobtrusive but unique.

Among the few survivors of that hesitant nineteen-twenties listing is the house cologne of Fraser's Pharmacy, which was founded in 1881, was on Forty-seventh Street in the twenties, and is now at Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth, on the ground floor of Delmonico's Hotel. The cologne still smells young and crisp enough to us; $5 for four ounces, and $21.50 for a quart-size glass-stoppered apothecary bottle. Guerlain—which once concocted a made-to-order cologne for Honoré de Balzac—offers two acceptably decisive colognes that have had loyal followings since 1860 and 1889, respectively; these are Impériale and Jicky. Jicky comes in a pear-shaped eight-ounce bottle for $10. Impériale, either in the original formula with an ornate black Second Empire label or in a more recent, green-labelled, "extra dry" version, costs from $9 to $35 in charming crystallike bottles studded with Napoleonic bees. The Impériale cologne is particularly refreshing and splashable; the firm's literature describes the base of its imperial odor as "hesperides and verveine," which sounds much more fun

You don't have to fly around the world to benefit from the airline that does.



Let's say your trip is only taking you to London. On our flight to London you'll be flying with a captain who's not only flown into London in the fog. But Tokyo in the smog. And 98 other airports around the world, in all kinds of conditions.

You'll fly with a crew drawn from people of 65 countries on 6 continents. And every one of them speaks English.

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Today our fleet consists of more 747s than any other airline. So, if you like to fly 747s, your chances of getting one are much better with us.

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Besides getting the type of plane you want, we also have frequent and convenient scheduling to 98 cities on 6 continents. And we'll give you instant confirmation on the most sophisticated reservations system in the world.

Now should you get to London and have a change of plans, maybe decide to spend a few days in Frankfurt before coming home, it's no problem. Our computer can make the change.

Of course, now you'll need a hotel in Frankfurt. We'll take care of it. If you want, we can even put you up in our own Inter·Continental hotel. (We have them in 66 cities.)

Maybe you'd like a car while you're there. Pan Am's World Rent-A-Car will take care of that. We can rent you everything from a VW Fastback to a Mercedes convertible. And we'll fill the glove compartment with maps.

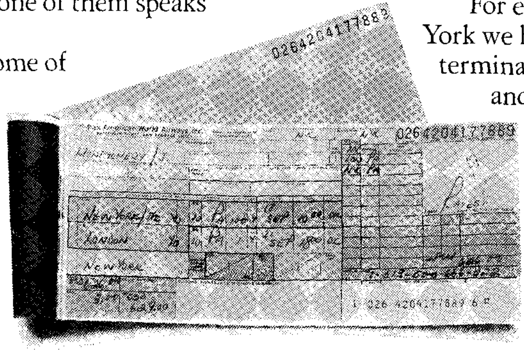
Where do you go when you get hungry?

Stop in at a Pan Am office. Most are staffed by people who've grown up in the area, so they'll have inside information on good places to eat.

We have over 150 Pan Am offices all over the world, so chances are, wherever you are, we're nearby.

When it's time to return we'll even end your trip on a happy note.

For example, if you're returning to New York we have our own Pan Am Worldport™ terminal at JFK. With its own customs and its own immigration. It speeds things up.



Our baggage handlers try to do the same. They've been known to empty a loaded 747 in 15 minutes.

We think it's important that the last thing that happens on your trip not be an unpleasant memory. After all, it's likely to be the first thing you remember when you're ready to go abroad again.

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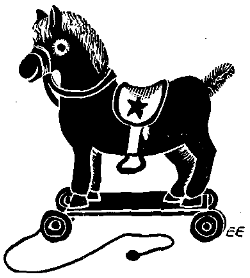
than boring old lemons. Fraser's has both the Guerlain colognes as well as its own. Caswell-Massey, 518 Lexington Avenue (48th), stocks another of our favorite colognes for men—Acqua di Colonia Fresca, by the long-established firm of Victor di Milano. This house produces three other varieties of Acqua di Colonia as well; each comes in a pine-colored bottle holding an ounce and two-thirds, and costs $6.50. We also like Monsieur de Givenchy—although its packaging is a shade self-conscious, even ostentatious, in its masculinity. This citrus-verbena cologne and matching scented whatnots have been around since 1959. A cake of Monsieur de G. soap is $4.50 and a bottle of after-shave balm $8 in good department stores.



If men are really put off because a cologne they otherwise like is sold in a feminine-looking bottle, they can always decant the liquid, as if it were a vintage claret. Cherchez, on the second floor of 141 East 76th Street, has some French Belle Époque lotion, potion, or barber bottles in colored cut glass with clear, ball-shaped, faceted stoppers, for $20. Maya Schaper has some quite fancy sets of Victorian silver-backed hairbrushes and clothesbrushes, whose prices range from $105 to $225; a single, hot-dog-size clothesbrush in sterling silver with a *repoussé* pattern of flowers and leaves, for $22; and antique shoehorns, sometimes in silver, occasionally in ivory or horn, for from $18 to $40. Such grooming aids may sound well suited to the likes of Hercule Poirot but prove unhelpful to shoppers out scouring the town for something for a chap who has more in common with Dr. Watson. Well, San Francisco has marshalled some no-nonsense toilet kits of mahogany-colored leather which look just right for confirmed and mustachioed bachelors to take along to grouse-shooting house parties. One of the available styles resembles a small attaché case and is fitted with a comb and a wooden-backed hairbrush with hand-drawn bristles secured by brass rivets; $30. A larger toilet kit, which is empty, is the shape of a handleless Gladstone, closes with a zipper, and costs $17.50. A bone-handled English toothbrush has either hard or medium bristles, also hand-drawn, and is $3.

Bergdorf Goodman's men's department has a good assortment of terry-cloth bathrobes, including a calf-length model in beige terry velours, which is trimmed at collar, cuffs, and pockets with pale cream; $65.

One friend of ours concluded some years ago that shaving was so boring and yet so unavoidable that the most intelligent approach was to make a ceremony out of a chore and distract himself with the rituals of shaving soap and brush. Christmas shopping for *him* is no problem: Cambridge Chemist, 702 Madison Avenue (63rd), has all the accoutrements of the old-fashioned bowl-and-brush approach. A wooden shaving bowl filled with soap in a choice of three scents from Floris of London—No. 89, which is vaguely pine-smelling; Rose Geranium, which we suspect would be a bit much for our friend; or Verbena, which is our favorite—is $6.50. The refill is $4; colognes in the same flavors are $12.50 for four ounces; and three bath soaps in a box are $8.50. A good-quality silver-tipped badger shaving brush, by Simpson of London, with a mock-ivory handle, costs anywhere from $12.50 to $60.

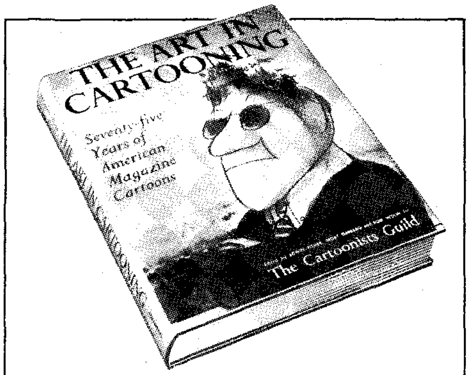
And for use or for collecting, America Hurrah, 316 East 70th Street, which deals in American antiques (of the quilts-and-folk-art style, that is, not Duncan Phyfe) has nineteenth-century shaving mugs. Some have people's names on them, and cost from $40 to $50; rarer pieces have illustrations of bootmakers and carpenters and such going about their various occupations, and are in the region of $150.

For Patres Familiarum—A Miscellany

The aforementioned America Hurrah has a small collection of early-American weathervanes. A cow and horse, made of sheet metal and both as flat as shadows, are around $450 apiece. A magnificent three-dimensional copper rooster with a slight tinge of verdigris patiently awaits the feel of the breeze playing once more over his ancient coxcomb and the bushy feathers of his venerable tail; $650.

La Cuisinière has help for men whose responsibility it is to carve up hams or turkeys for their clamoring Christmas broods. A professional-style ham holder, from Italy, has a marble base below an adjustable spiked rack, to secure the meat and so hedge against the carver's nightmare of seeing the object of his efforts go shooting onto the floor. The price of the ham rack is $130, but then insurance against dis-

Merry Christmas to all...



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"A truly extraordinary book, one of the finest and most deeply moving performances in an art much practiced in our time but almost never with the seriousness, the intensity, or the grace of Eiseley's performance."
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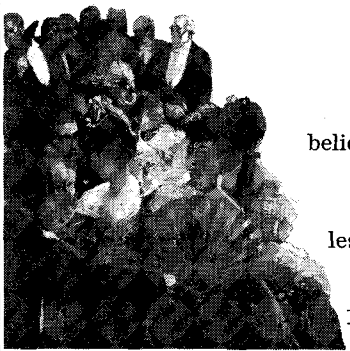
"A superb memoir . . . an autobiography unlike any other in manner and matter, one that you will not soon forget."—*John Barkham Reviews*

Illustrated by Emanuel Haller. $9.95

Frank Ross



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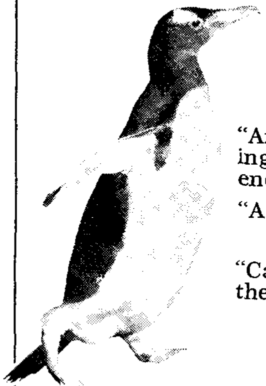

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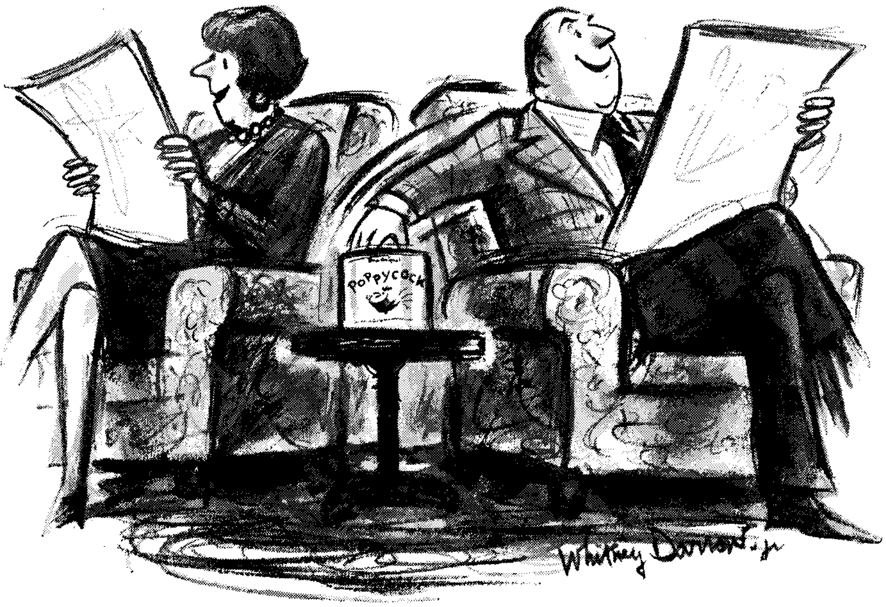
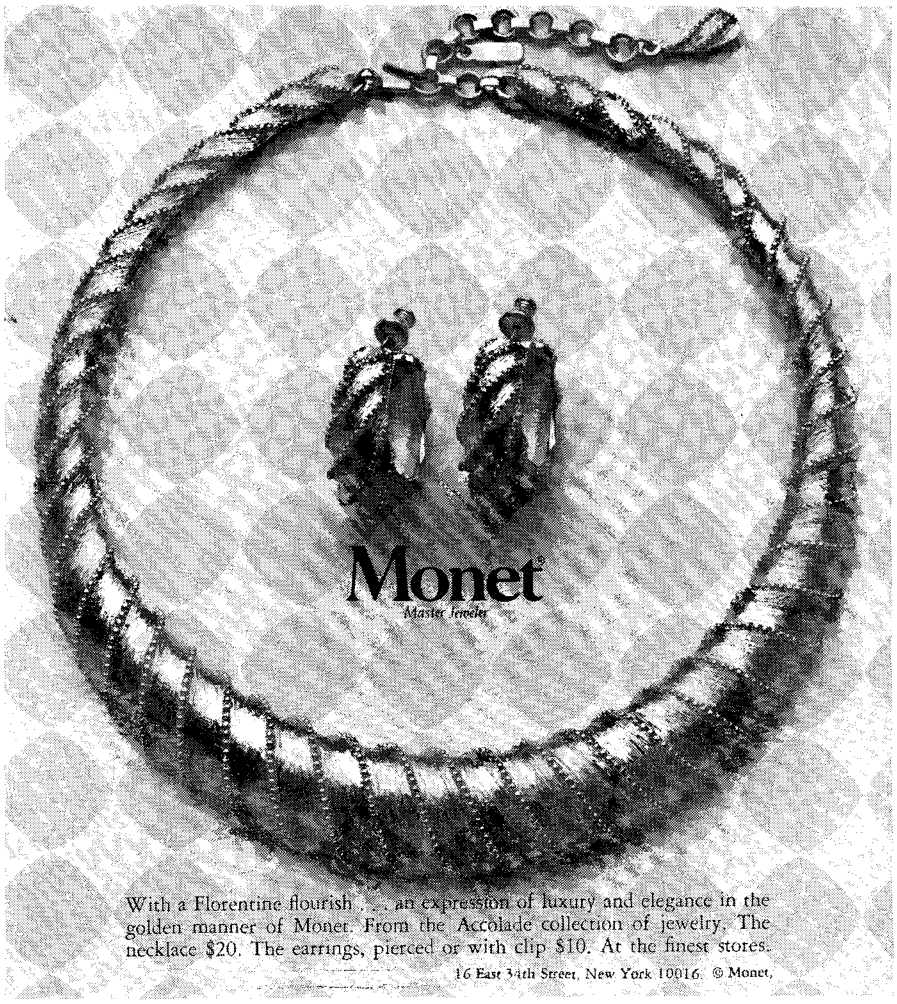
"Poppycock!"



*Now Maple Walnut and Original flavor Poppycock,
made of popcorn, nuts, and butter crunch, reduced by one dollar.
At fine food stores everywhere.*



With a Florentine flourish . . . an expression of luxury and elegance in the golden manner of Monet. From the Accolade collection of jewelry. The necklace $20. The earrings, pierced or with clip $10. At the finest stores.

16 East 34th Street, New York 10016. © Monet,

aster never did run cheap. A knife-sharpening steel, from Germany, has a solid and manly teakwood handle, bound in brass and with a curtain-ring-size brass loop for hanging up the steel; $24.95. This shop can also provide a complete array of Sabatier knives, including carving knives, and there are carving forks, too. Julie: Artisans' Gallery, 687 Madison Avenue (62nd), has some strange and beautiful handmade knives, including carving knives and chefs' knives in both the French and Oriental styles. Handles are fashioned from exotic-sounding woods like cocobolo and manzanita burl, and are attached with brass rivets to blades created, by a perfectionist process, from recycled saw-blade steel and decorated with delicate freehand etchings of flowers, leaves, and birds; $42 buys a small kitchen knife and $80 a size suitable for carving.

Cherchez has an assortment of antique folding rulers of boxwood and brass, with a maximum extension of anywhere from twelve to thirty-six inches, that sell for between $10 and $35. Handsome in itself or for a desk top, such a ruler might also accompany a subscription to a course in Basic Carpentry at the Knowhow Workshop, 17 East 16th Street. This costs $120 for twelve sessions in a class limited to fifteen people; the next course begins February 2nd. There are also courses that instruct in the fixing of houses, cars, and bicycles, and the refinishing of furniture.

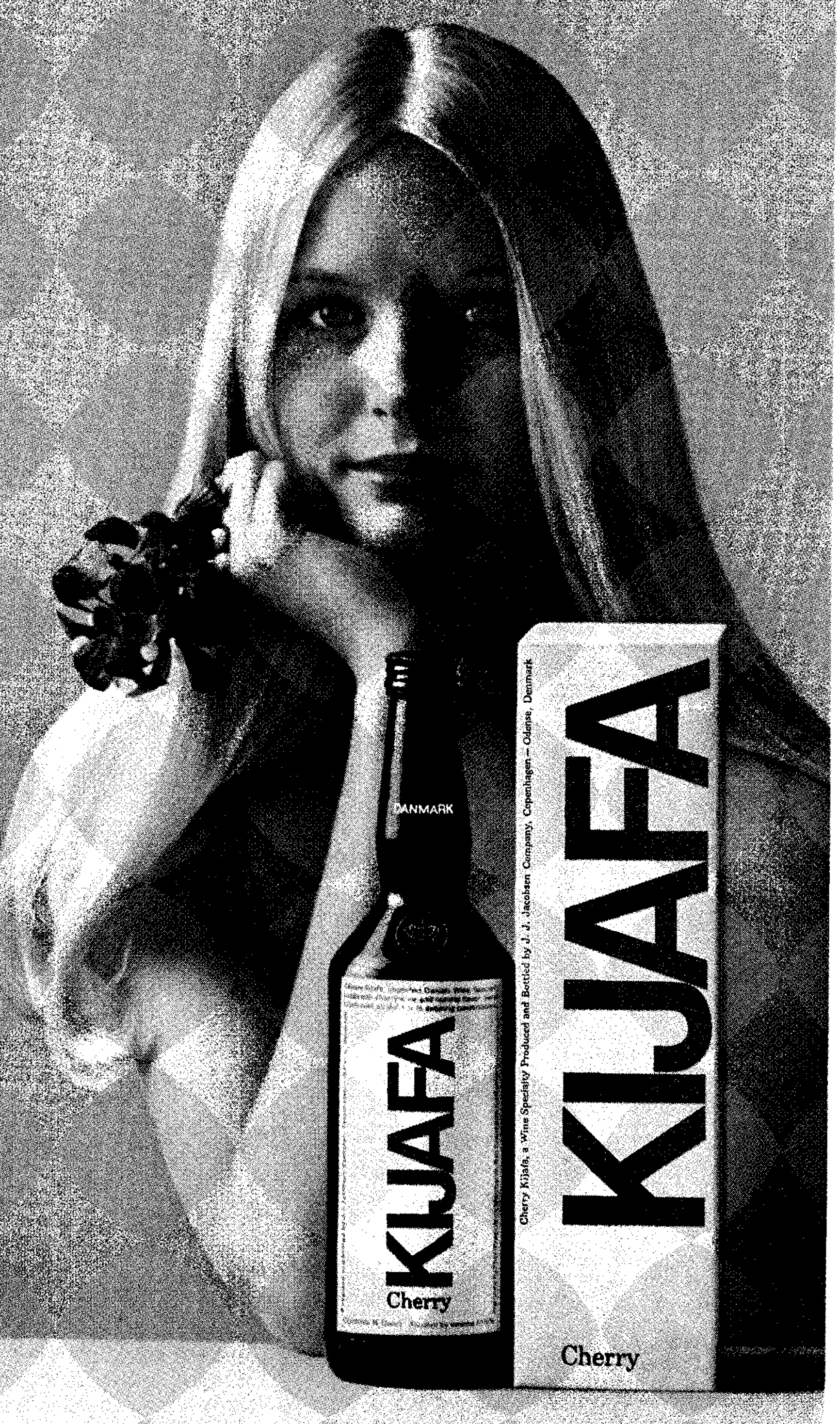
THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN AT HOME

THE age of the wood-panelled private library is ably recaptured in the Edith Wharton-vintage town house occupied by Landrigan & Stair, 17 East 71st Street—a firm specializing in the best sort of English antiques. (When we were feasting our eyes there recently on tall, chandelier-hung rooms that open onto other rooms and further views of polished beauty, the peal of bells from nearby St. James' Church came floating in an open window. We could have sworn we were not in New York at all but in the cathedral close of Trollope's Barchester.) We found here several capacious Chippendale wing chairs, any one of which would add dignity and comfort to the library of even a tall and heavy man; around $4,000 apiece. Here, too, is a banjo-shaped barometer of Georgian date and made of mahogany, for $650; the same vintage and wood describe a brass-and-pewter-faced long-case clock, which is $2,650. Sets of first-edition hunting prints, with red-coated frolics in rolling Leicestershire landscapes, and with subtitles ("Symptoms of a Skurry in a Pewy Country" springs to mind) in the arcane terminology of Jorrocks, are $450 and $650. A pair of watercolor coaching scenes by the noted early-nineteenth-century artist Henry Alken is full of luminous clarity of detail and dappled horses of chubby zest; $3,600.

Also perfect for a man's study wall (if he has a space slightly larger than three feet by four) is a new reproduction of one of the earliest and most artistic plans of "The City of New York in North America"—a map produced in 1770 by a British lieutenant named Ratzer but since known, because of an engraver's slip, as the Ratzen Plan. The waters around Manhattan are a dusty lichen color; the sparse houses at the tip of the island are colored a misty cyclamen; and above that, apart from Bloomingdale Farm and the rustic reaches of the Bouwerie Lane, there is little else but pale-green fields and darker-green puffs of toy-town trees. The plan has a quite baroque cartouche. For a broad band along the bottom of the plan the surveyor—like Whistler in his cartographical days—gives the artist within him free rein and depicts an exquisite view of the harbor and the early New York skyline from the direction of Governors Island. We hesitate to mention it just as this country is grinding into the celebration of its rupture with England, but that is where the plan was published and printed. However, it *is* sold here—at the Rand McNally Map Store, 10 East 53rd Street, where it is $65, with a further charge of $2 if ordered by mail. Scale models of the sort of clippers, packets, and other sailboats that are popping about New York Harbor on the Ratzen Plan may be found in a wide collection of antique and newer ship models at Nelson's Folly, on the second floor of 1129 Lexington Avenue (78th), which has other nautical antiquities and curiosities as well.

For correct attire when the glow of firelight softens the outlines in wood-panelled rooms, we consult again with friend Bowler, whose era was that of the well-tailored silk dressing gown. Bowler found a certain level of dash, even verging on gaudiness, permissible in such robes which he would never have condoned elsewhere. (He once gave his imprimatur to the use of a popular map-of-Paris silkscreen on a dressing gown while firmly withholding approval from neckties of the

Have a very merry cherry.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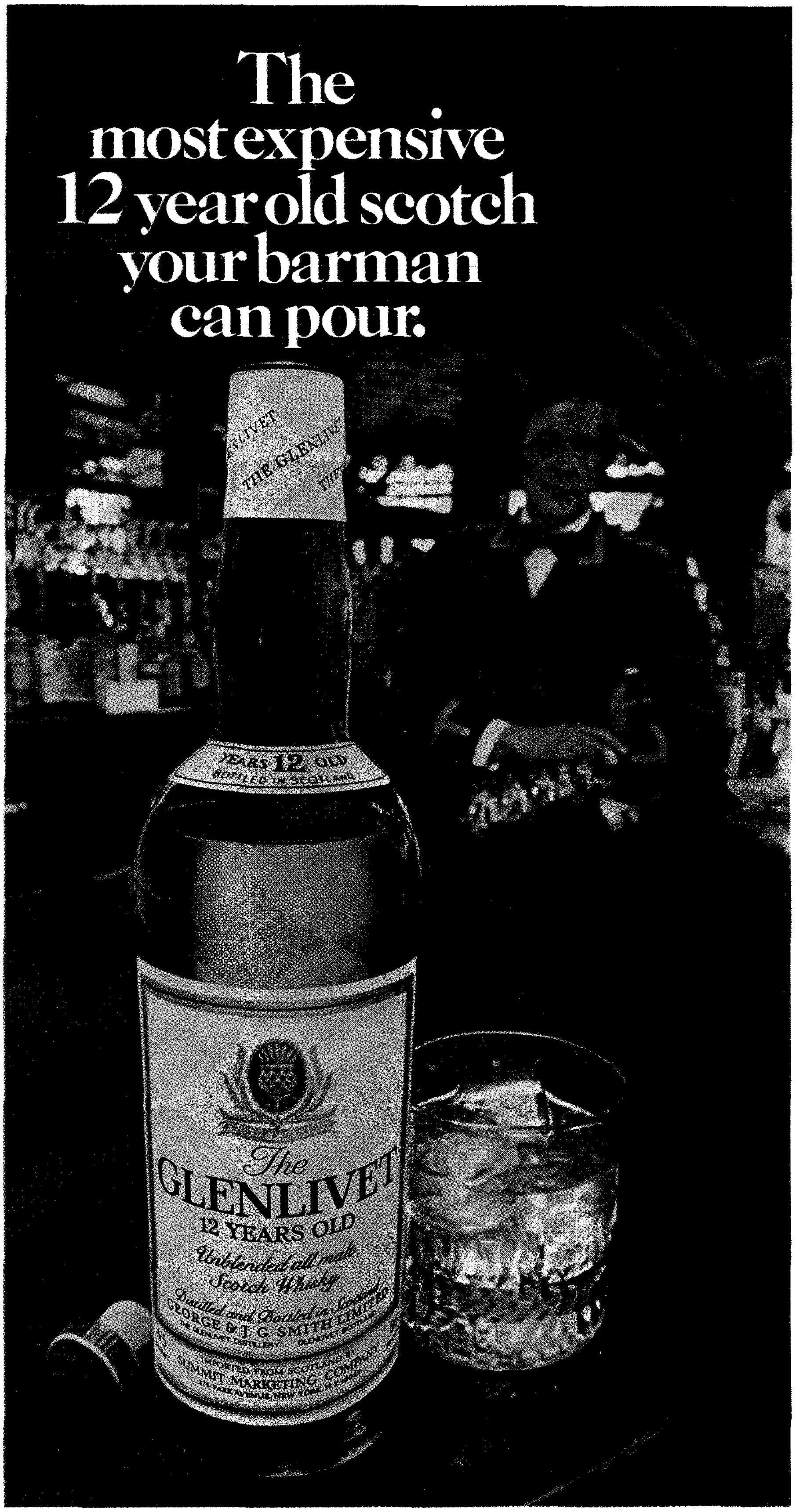
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stuff.) Among the names that spring to our mind here—as it often sprang to that of Bowler in the twenties—is Sulka, 405 Park Avenue (54th). Sulka's silk dressing gowns are as formal and splendid as ever, and twice as expensive, going all the way up to $850. Ascots to go with them are $12.50 in solid colors and either $15 or $20 in stripes, foulards, and Paisleys. Silk pajamas, in white piped with navy, yellow with black, or pale blue with white, are $75. Bowler thought smoking jackets, because of their association with the mauve nineties, were quite beyond the pale, but we have a different view of old-fashioned fashions and gazed with more than tolerance on the well-cut velvet beauties we saw at Sulka. The colors are black, dark blue, or vintage port; $200.

Christmas firelight might bounce nicely off the smooth polished brass of a cannister-shaped cigar humidor (which is $180, from Bob Pryor) and play cheerily about the red berries of a small, tub-grown holly tree brought in for decoration before it is moved out to the garden or the terrace. There, being self-fertile, it will go on producing berries for years to come. This is $35 at the City Gardener, who will arrange to deliver it on a couple of days' notice; the phone number is 777-8810, and the delivery charge is $5 anywhere in Manhattan.

With this, we'll sneak away while Bowler settles deep into his wing chair with a monogrammed velvet slipper dangling before the hearth. And there we'll leave him safely dozing for another fifty years.

•

THE MAN ON THE TRAMPOLINE

The man on the trampoline
lets himself down gently
but firmly, he knows
there is a bottom to every season
he stretches his toes to touch it
disappearing to the waist

the web yields
tightening, tightening

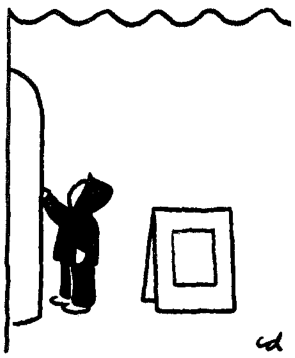
till he finds the nadir
then, toes together
dancing on a needle
arms lifted as in flight
his white robes billowing
in the sweaty, desolate gymnasium

he rises from his tomb
toward the star-streaked skylight

—DONALD FINKEL

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Political Acts



WHEN Costa-Gavras made his first film, "The Sleeping Car Murder," practically all he needed to think about was how to give it verve and a high-strung pace. A few years later, when he made his political detective-story thriller "Z," he had such fierce conviction about the urgency of its message, and he was still so young, that he tore right through it, using every trick he knew to get the ideas across. He heated up the material explosively, and the film's muckraking energy was almost impossible to resist. In those years, it was as if he were on a sensory binge, doing what his instincts told him. When he came down, he wasn't free anymore. He was too intelligent not to see the danger in using films for rabble-rousing, and he became more scrupulous in his methods of affecting the audience. "Z" had the simple point of view appropriate to melodrama. Costa-Gavras has never been so simpleminded or so sensationally successful since. Obviously, he could have used his percussive, bruising narrative techniques to make smash crime thrillers. ("The French Connection," borrowing liberally, proved how profitable a cops-and-robbers jam session could be.) But Costa-Gavras has sought to make films that are political acts—films about power and justice. Like "Z," his two subsequent pictures, "The Confession" and "State of Siege," and his new one, "Special Section," all deal with different faces of the same horror: a legal government in the role of a crime ring plotting against its own citizen-victims.

A cross between an investigative journalist and a melodramatist, Costa-Gavras lays out a dossier, and as the data accumulate, the audience begins to perceive the implications. "Special Section" is set in the Second World War, in Occupied France. In 1941, after the Wehrmacht invaded the Soviet Union, French Communists organized acts of resistance against the Nazis in their midst, and a young German naval cadet was killed in the Paris Métro. As the film tells it, the French Secretary of the Interior (Michel Lonsdale) was a toady who decided that German reprisals would be forestalled if the French took reprisals themselves and sent six men to the guillotine for the one dead cadet. The six were to be selected from prisoners who had been convicted of minor political offenses. In order to provide a veneer of legality for this maneuver, the French government had to pass a new anti-terrorism law, to be applied retroactively and to be administered by a newly created court called the Special Section; the court was to hold quick trials and convict the prisoners, who had actually been condemned in advance. The question that the film raises is why highly placed officials (Cabinet ministers, judges, and prosecutors), who were in no immediate danger themselves, co-operated in this scheme, which flagrantly violated the system of justice they had been trained to uphold. It's an Augean subject—the same one that Americans were confronted with as the Watergate scandal unfolded—but the film hardly gets near it.

Costa-Gavras has dropped most of his techniques for hyping an audience but hasn't got rid of the melodramatic thinking that lay underneath. The prisoners brought to trial are touching and heroic figures—they shine with humanity—while the judges who condemn them are vain, ambitious, militaristic weaklings, easily soft-soaped. The collaborators are smaller than life, and we feel contemptuous of them from the first glance. The casting and the writing are so prejudicial that the film's purpose is undercut. In "State of Siege," the cartooning of the representatives of the different forces was like a pamphleteer's shortcut; the demonstration that the repressive, U.S.-supported government of Uruguay drove the Tupamaros to terrorism wasn't dependent on our understanding of the individuals involved. But in "Special Section" the whole point is an investigation of the character of collaborators, and if you cartoon them there's no point left. After we've seen "The Sorrow and the Pity," with actual collaborators discussing what they did and why, and seen the fears, moral confusions, and stresses they succumbed to, how can we have any respect for this simplistic vulgarization of history?

Actually, Costa-Gavras and his co-scenarist, Jorge Semprun, blew the movie in the early stages, when they decided to shape the story to make it appear that the French were merely fantasizing the danger of large-scale reprisals. There's no possibility of examining the psychology of collaboration and resistance if the French officials are obviously fools, cowards, and climbers. With the situation that Costa-Gavras and Semprun set up, they'd have done better to make a satiric farce about the craven eagerness to collaborate, and among the officials the standout performance—that of stooped-over, old Louis Seigner as the doddering Minister of Justice, who imagines that the Nazis are going to make hostages of the most highly placed Frenchmen—is a farcical Chicken Little skit. But for a great many people in Europe at that time the sky did fall. Some historians say that the Germans did in fact want to take a hundred lives for the one, and gave orders for fifty hostages to be executed immediately, and that the French bargained the number down to six. Costa-Gavras claims a solid basis for his interpretation, but it's ruinous to the movie. In condescendingly shucking off the officials' moral dilemma, he and Semprun are left with no core for their seriousness, and the film's emotional weight shifts to the wrong places. We become unnecessarily involved in the trials and fates of the small-fry political offenders—Trzebrucki (Jacques Rispal) and Bastard (Yves Robert) particularly—and the flashbacks to their lives, which are the only sequences with any sense of personality, are detours. We don't need to have our sympathies aroused—we already understand that the prisoners are innocently caught in a net. The movie wastes its time and our emotions on what should be the given of the situation. (There are no lyrical flashbacks to the early lives of the judges.)

Costa-Gavras's specialty has been visceral journalistic immediacy—quasi-documentary techniques that were like newsprint leaping off the page. We wouldn't expect (or want) a Second World War film to jump at us that way, but we do expect a visual style that brings the collaborators close enough for us to get the scent of what breed of men they are; we need to feel them so vividly near that we can understand why others in positions of authority will do what they did, whenever there's an opportunity. That must be why he's made the film: to show us the terrifying possibilities in law-abiding people. Yet he's at his most prosaic and least involving when he's dealing with the judges, and he keeps sidetracking us: we follow a lawyer

(Jacques Perrin), a pale offshoot of Trintignant in "Z," as he dashes off to Vichy in the hope of getting Pétain to stop the parody of justice, and we listen to one of the prisoners—the fearless editor of *L'Humanité* (Bruno Cremer)—as he denounces the court and shakes up the judges. When this editor proclaims ringingly that there will be no more convictions, he seems to be speaking out of Costa-Gavras's knowledge, and he convinces us. But the drama and the politics don't climax together: after this stirring speech, the closing titles tell us that the prisoners not yet convicted at the film's end died in concentration camps or were executed, and that other Special Sections were formed.

It's likely that Costa-Gavras doesn't have the imaginative insight to bring great themes alive. He thinks about them, but—except in "The Confession"—he doesn't know what to do with material that's too complex to organize in an arrow-shot suspense narrative. After the earlier Costa-Gavras films, we remembered the forward drive rather than specific images. He sped us through, showing us just what was necessary to get the political situation into our heads; there was no waste. (He had to freeze a frame to catch his breath.) In "Special Section," he packs in the information at the beginning, staccato, as if he were in a great hurry, and then he pauses and loiters, without framing the compositions well enough for us to know why. When he gives us time to look, there's nothing to see and nothing to reflect on. Without the graphic excitement of his streaking frames, Costa-Gavras has no temperament. This film is lifelessly worthy, like those André Cayatte pictures showing the injustices perpetrated in French courts. Pamphleteering about an ongoing crime, "State of Siege" had shocking vitality; it wasn't a great movie, but it had valuable repercussions—it *was* a political act. "Special Section" is ineffective politically, congratulating you on your virtuous indignation over the hypocrisy of officialdom, with its legalized cruelty to the warm, harmless Communist-Jewish-Anarchist victims. This movie doesn't put even one scummy person among them to test your sympathies. As in old Hollywood, victims of injustice are lovable little men or heroic big ones. Trying to avoid squeezing audiences' guts, Costa-Gavras winds up squeezing their hearts. He's going to turn into the European Stanley Kramer if he doesn't pull himself together.

—PAULINE KAEL

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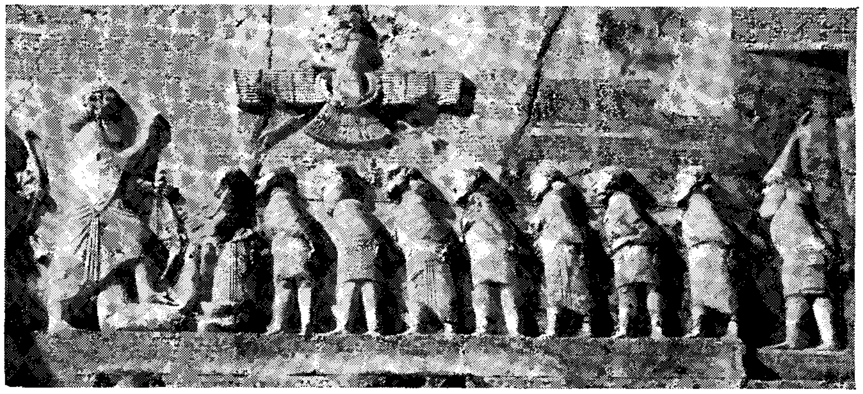

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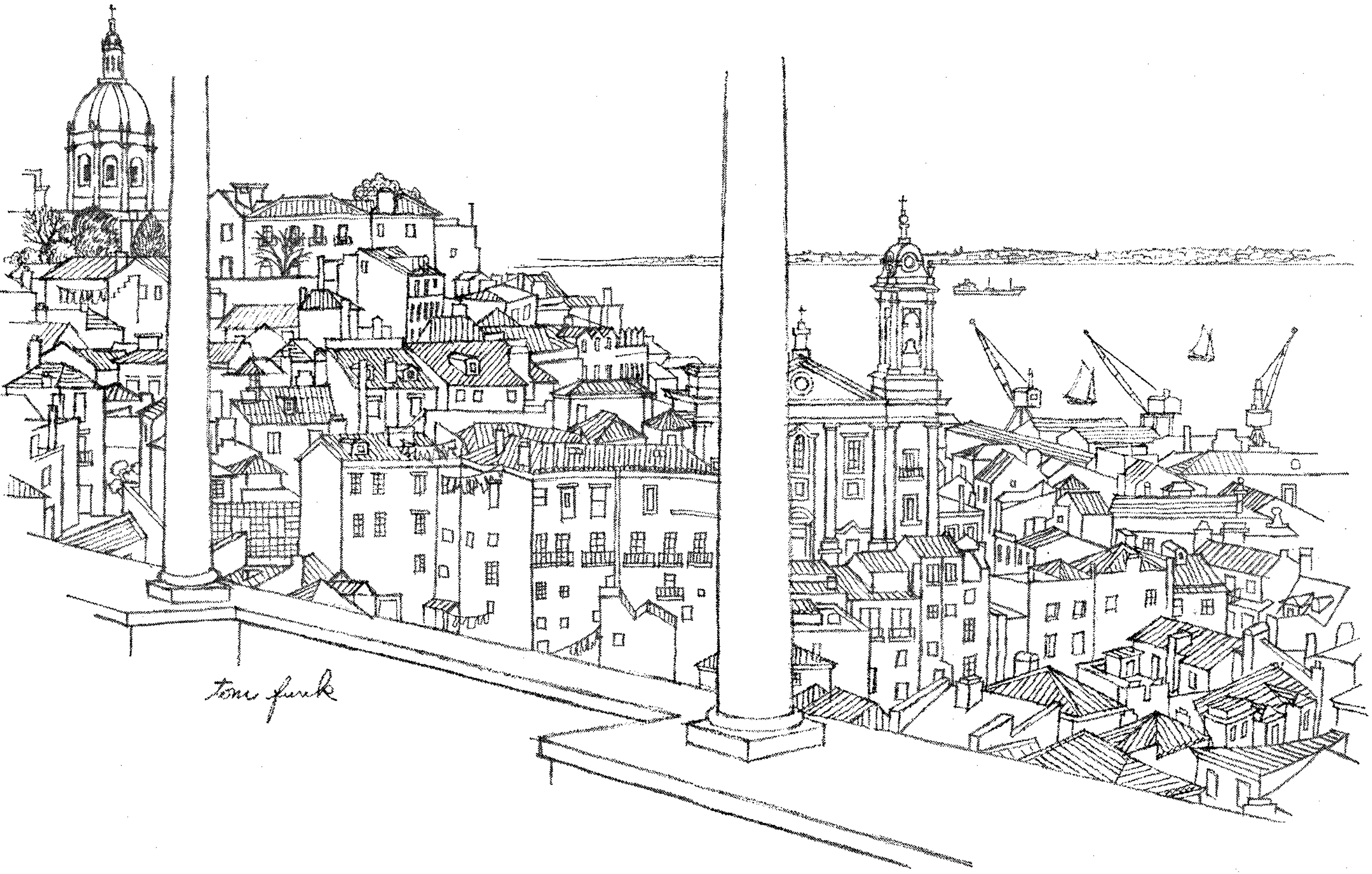
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION



LISBON

O POVO—the people of Portugal. The simple hearts and radiantly insufficient minds of Fascist postcard folklore. The sacred trust of the few Portuguese who knew what was best for them all. *O povo* were a myth written into the ideology of the Salazar state, enforced by the Army, blessed by the Church, taught to schoolchildren, and cherished here for nearly half a century as reassurance that the grotesque inequities of life in Portugal were small, even illusory, particulars that only a stranger to *o povo* would identify. *O povo* have turned out to be António de Oliveira Salazar's most treacherous legacy to the revolution that once promised to expose "the people" as a synonym for poverty, ignorance, and a desolate stoicism in the service of the powerful. In Lisbon, nineteen months, two military uprisings, six provisional governments, hundreds of official plans, decrees, and documents, and thousands of strikes, marches, rallies, sieges and occupations after a captains' coup on April 25, 1974, peacefully overthrew the regime of a group of senile Fascists, there is still so much talk about the people, *a* people, that the people themselves, with their contradictory demands and their real problems of making a living, getting enough to eat—staying alive, even—have begun to seem like intrusions into the pure and empty space of the revolution's rhetoric. Portugal, with eight and a half million people, has half a million unemployed. Its government has stopped functioning. Its foreign-exchange reserves are exhausted. Its industries have been abandoned by clients and suppliers. Most of its factories are operating at half their capacity, and some, like the country's five hundred textile plants, at less than fifteen per cent of capacity. Its agriculture is collapsing. Its income from exports covers less than half the cost of its essential imports. Its inflation rate is thirty per cent and going up. Its slums are swollen with Angolan refugees who arrived—over twenty thousand of them a week this fall, before Angolan independence—with only the clothes they wore and a worthless colonial currency in their pockets. Its civilians are armed, embittered, and growing violent, and its soldiers have been in what amounts to a constant state of insurrection. Yet the business of running Portugal has been postponed for the duration of a discussion about the proper interpretation of the best interests of *o povo*. And the discussion goes on and on—in the fields of Alentejo and the factories of Setúbal, in the barracks of Santarém and Tancos and the cafés of Lisbon and Oporto, from every northern pulpit and in the *praça* of every southern village—and may not end until a civil war stops it.

Strangers come and go here—the journalists and the academics, the revolution freaks and the revolution professionals who will have vanished when the time comes to pick up the pieces left by a bloody conflict—sensing that Portugal today is a kind of laboratory for Western Europe, and asking the proper European questions about credit systems and the proletarian base and about whether it is possible to carry out a social revolution in the context of traditional democratic institutions. But the Portuguese have no real experience of either social revolution or democratic institutions. They are the inheritors of an ancient and malign paternalism, and the truth is that they are now unable to tolerate the disruptions of an authentic revolutionary process or the compromises of a democratic one. They are, in fact, unable to tolerate their own variety as a population. Portugal is such a small country—its people living on a narrow coastal strip of the Iberian peninsula and isolated by tradition and geography from the radical changes of the past two centuries in the rest of Europe—that it is not surprising that

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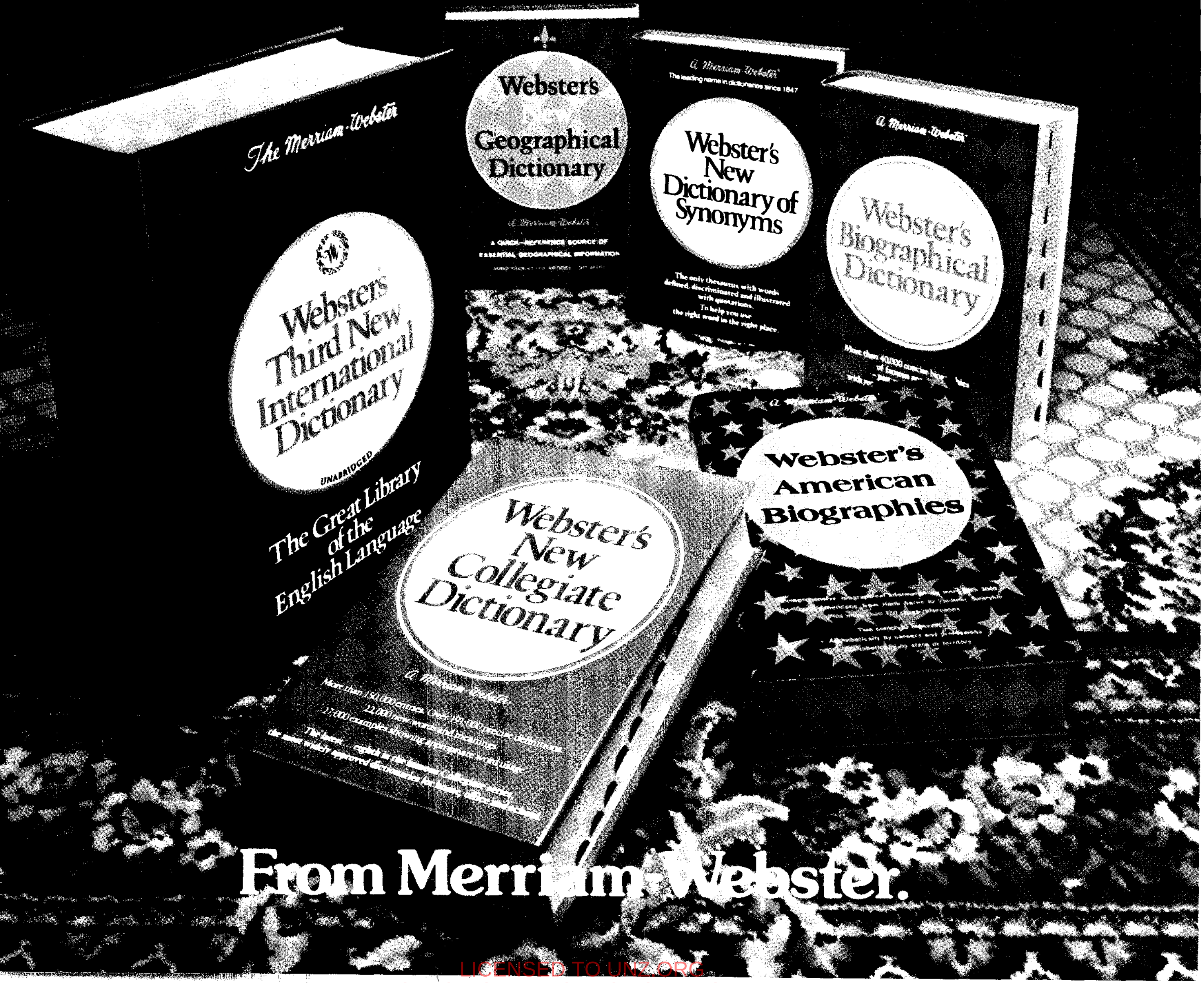
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the Portuguese, like the Irish, have embraced simple, protective notions about themselves. But the myth that Salazar refined, that Marcello Caetano, his failed successor, tried to perpetuate, and that both the right and the left in Portugal today exploit has no modern equivalent except, perhaps, in Perónist Argentina. It is populist, romantic, and, at its core, reactionary. Portuguese kings and Portuguese statesmen and Portuguese scholars have watched the rise of imperialism and the great class revolutions of modern Europe and have insisted that there were no lessons to be drawn for Portugal, because *o povo* transcended categories of class and wealth and power. And the divisions here are so bitter now in part because the people, confronting each other freely after years of silence, have suddenly discovered that they do not transcend those categories at all. There has not been such a profusion, and confusion, of political parties and schisms of parties and contending interests and ideologies—all of them surfacing and demanding acknowledgment, if not authority—in Europe since the last days of the Spanish Republic. Lisbon is a city where children rattle off the names of parties as American children would recite batting averages, but their parents go on talking about *o povo* as if it were possible, with the inspiration of the right word, the right plan, the right refinement of ideology, to tap a common will and magically unite this dangerously disrupted country. And while they talk, the fine, innocent energy of April 25th, when crowds danced in the Rossio and all the soldiers' rifles sprouted red carnations, turns into the rage of eight and a half million people who, for their own various reasons of politics, privilege, or simple hunger, are now convinced that the revolution has betrayed them.

REVOLUTION, by definition, is not a democratic event. But the two hundred young officers of the Armed Forces Movement—the Movimento das Forças Armadas, or M.F.A.—had no common politics to give their revolution its identity, and so they made a coup by consensus that April 25th, and this has been their problem ever since. The volatile democracy that by November of this year extended from the Revolutionary Council down to the country's smallest barracks was what produced the two uprisings, turned the general who commanded Portugal's security forces into an agent provocateur against the admiral who is the Prime Minister, and moved whole regiments into open de-

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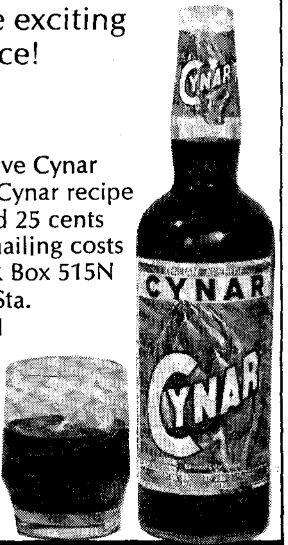
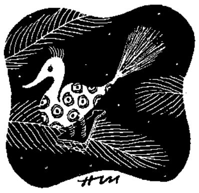


fiance of whatever faction happened to be ascendant on the perpetual seesaw of Portuguese military power. And this democracy was less a statement of principle than a concession to the obvious fact that no one group of officers within an armed force expanded to two hundred and ten thousand soldiers to accommodate thirteen years of colonial war in Africa had the authority or the popular support to dominate the revolutionary process. The captains of the M.F.A.—actually, there were captains, majors, and a few colonels, but they are always called "the captains"—had to secure the consent, if not the participation, of several thousand career officers in order to secure the country, and all that those officers really shared was second-class status in the Fascist hierarchy.



In the first months of the revolution, when the country was flush with good intentions, when political exiles were welcomed home to heroes' demonstrations, and when the *fado* of exquisite resignation gave way to stirring revolutionary lyrics, it was easy for people to forget what an odd lot these military liberators back from Africa were. People here had their own past complicities to deal with, and, besides, forty-eight years of Fascism had provided them with enough villains at home: the Polícia Internacional e de Defesa do Estado (PIDE), who were the old regime's American-trained secret policemen; some twenty thousand police informers, scattered in villages throughout the country and evidently working hard now for their new rulers; the officials of a padded corporate-state bureaucracy; and, of course, the octogenarians of the Fascist high command, known to the Portuguese as the Rheumatism Brigade. Yet the young M.F.A. officers represented a spectrum of ambition and ideology (those who had any ideology) which would have said something about the fragility of their alliance if people at home had known anything at all about them.

The M.F.A. was never, in fact, intended as a revolutionary movement. The officers got together at first because of pay scales and promotion schedules—because their careers had suffered as the colonial wars dragged on and young conscripts (*milicianos*) out of universities were offered automatic rank and good salaries as inducements to stay in Africa while the wars lasted. The officers' transformation into a revolutionary cadre was always a matter of compromises, war ties, and radical personal adjustments. There were officers in the M.F.A. who took their ideology straight from the armies of liberation they fought in Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau, and Angola—officers whose conversion to Marx was genuine and passionate and entirely inspired by a colonial experience; whose heroes were Samora Machel, of Mozambique's independence movement, and Amílcar Cabral, of Guinea-Bissau's; whose analysis of a "class struggle" in Portugal came from *milicianos* who had not been home themselves since their parents packed them off to French or English universities. There were careerists in the M.F.A.: bitter young officers for whom the war and the regime behind it had been an inconvenience and only eventually an outrage, and older officers who had made fortunes in bribes and kickbacks and contraband in Africa, and, now that the war was exposed as an arrogant and futile adventure, considered their sources exhausted and wanted to settle down with their profits. There were what the Portuguese call "pure military men"—men like General António de Spínola's young officers in Guinea-Bissau, disciplined and authoritarian by instinct but humiliated as soldiers by having had to serve a high command that the rest of the world regarded as witless or contemptible, or both. And there were the inevitable sadists, not within the M.F.A. itself, perhaps, but certainly among the officers the Movement had to count on—men who would send their soldiers off on suicide reconnaissance missions and take bets on the outcome, who encouraged all kinds of savagery against the Africans, whose idea of troop recreation, people say, involved impaling women, slaughtering children, playing football with their victims' heads.

These were the officers who made the revolution: an unlikely collection of Marxists, militarists, entrepreneurs, humanitarians, and brutes, united for the moment by a conviction that they were doing the dirty work for people of enormous privilege who considered them, in the end, nothing more than armed factotums. Their coup may not have been a workers' revolution, but it was a curious sort of class revolution all the same. By April 25th, which is what everybody here calls the revolution, nothing was left of Portugal's traditionally upper-class military—with its gentlemen-officers, whose wives had to arrive at the altar with the right credentials and abundant dowries—except the old generals and admirals and a few

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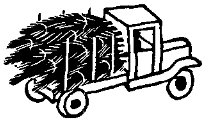
colonels and majors. Most of the young captains who made up the great majority of the M.F.A. were either the children of ambitious workers, small farmers, and provincial policemen, clerks, and merchants using the military as their way out of the provinces and up in the world or the children of petit-bourgeois families in Lisbon and Oporto who had failed their entrance examinations for the "good" universities. They had enrolled in Lisbon's Army Military Academy in the years just after 1958—which was when the academy, desperate for students, ended its tuition requirements—and most of them had graduated not to the fine new status and the comfortable headquarters life they had imagined but straight to the wars that had begun suddenly in Angola when northern tribesmen massacred a thousand Portuguese settlers and the Army replied by killing some twenty thousand Angolans. What is surprising is not that these officers rebelled but that they fought in Africa for so long before rebelling.



There was never a chance of winning in Africa. The Portuguese had arrived there in the fifteenth century and had stayed five hundred years, ignoring the experience of the British and the French, listening only to the South Africans, the Rhodesians, and one another—confident to the end that fourteen million Africans living in colonies that, taken together, were twenty-three times the size of Portugal could somehow be persuaded to think of themselves as patriotic Portuguese. There were no more than a million settlers to protect in all of Portuguese Africa. Portugal never really developed or exploited the riches of Mozambique and Angola. The big contemporary investors in Angola, with its diamonds and iron ore and oil, were Japanese, Americans, British, Swedes, and Belgians, and when Portuguese businessmen from the Melo, Quiná, Queroz Pereira, Espírito Santo, and Champalimaud clans—the famous "five families" of the Fascist oligarchy—did put money into Africa it was often in partnership with multinational groups that had tremendous credit sources. For a time after the Second World War, the colonies had provided Portugal with closed markets for its own products and had supplied the country's new industries with raw materials at cheap, fixed prices; but by April 25th Portuguese Africa accounted for only fifteen per cent of Portugal's export market and contributed only ten per cent of its imports—and the war for Portuguese Africa was destroying Portugal. Half the annual budget of nearly two billion dollars went to keep troops in Africa while the country itself suffered the kind of poverty that had driven a million and a half Portuguese to emigrate since the wars started—nearly a million of them to factory jobs in France. And a group of field captains were directing the fighting and dying for the pleasure of a few old men who despised them for their origins.

It was inevitable, after years in the swamps of Guinea-Bissau and the desolate, endless bush of Mozambique and Angola, that some of these officers should come to associate their wasted lives with the imperialist fantasies of fanatic rulers. The Portuguese stake in Africa had always been emotional. In the end, it was a desperate and manipulated fiction to persuade an army to go on fighting and to convince an isolated, backward people—ruled by a repressive state and exploited by a handful of aristocrats, who owned half the country's farmland, and a handful of monopolists, who controlled more than half its industrial resources—that they were not the victims of their rulers but the proud inheritors of the world's biggest empire.

THE plan published by the M.F.A. after the revolution talked about decolonization and democracy and breaking up monopolies. It called for elections within the year for a constituent assembly, to draft a constitution, but it made no mention of a date when the captains intended to withdraw as guardians of the revolution. They had made the revolution, and they did not trust anybody else with it. They had the classic mistrust of military men for civilian politicians, and the reluctance of petit bourgeois to step aside and hand victory over to upper-class professionals, whatever their politics, who they assumed would inherit the power. They did not trust the masses to make the proper revolutionary decisions. "*O povo* know what they want, but they do not express it correctly," one of the captains responsible for "cultural dynamization" in General Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves' Communist-backed government said this summer. And now Vice Admiral José Batista Pinheiro de Azevedo, Gonçalves' Socialist-backed successor, says, "I believe that it is necessary to explain thoroughly to our people what is best for them." And being in total disagreement over what the proper revolutionary decisions were, the captains also did not trust one another under pressure from outsiders. This is why they tried so hard, and for so long, to preserve the M.F.A. as a kind of vanguard superparty—"POVO-MFA/MFA-POVO," posters in Lisbon still say—and make the Movement itself the ideology that would protect them from their differences and be all things to all Portuguese. The problem was that once the Fascists had been exiled, the PIDE jailed, the ministries reassigned, and the political parties installed in new offices, the Portuguese began an entirely reasonable pursuit of their own interests and their own champions, and there were so few structures linking city and country, peasant and proletariat, producer and consumer that Portugal seemed less like a nation than a diorama of medieval Europe—of city-states, peasant provinces, and feudal duchies whose relations, if not hostile, were purely ceremonial.

On April 25th, rural Portugal north of the Tagus River, where over half the population lives, was the dominion of English vintners and "landed" peasants—small vegetable and dairy farmers contending with rocky soil in hilly plots that had been divided and subdivided over generations to the point that they could barely feed the families that worked them. The northern peasants were, and are, the source of all the Okie jokes here. They are a poor, ignorant, and ferociously Catholic people, the creatures of a church and a state that manipulated their ignorance and piety to keep them loyal. Every winter there are people in Trás-os-Montes, in northeast Portugal, who die of hunger. There are people who sleep with their pigs and cows for warmth, men who lose their wives in childbirth, their babies to rheumatism and tuberculosis, and all their surviving sons to the factories of Clermont-Ferrand, and yet are convinced that the jealous possession of their tiny plots has made them free. Half of them cannot read or write—thirty-seven per cent of the Portuguese population is illiterate, and in the north the percentage is much higher—but they know that they must never get together to buy a tractor or start a coöperative or trade off land to have adjacent fields, because that would mean the end of their liberty and the beginning of an enslavement called Communism. Anti-Communism among these peasants is less a political statement than a disease, a kind of regional pathology. They did not know what "revolution" meant, but they would never have been as calm as they

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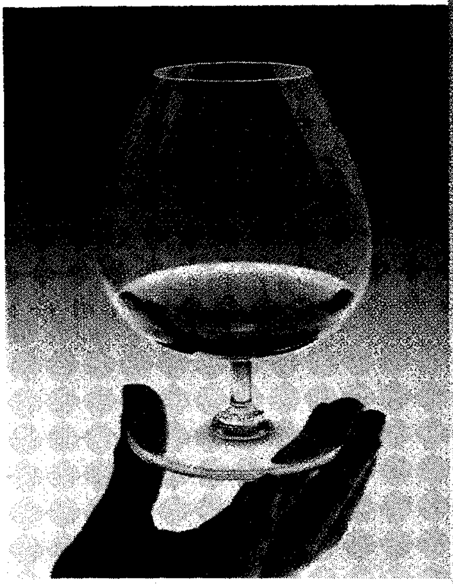

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were on April 25th if they had known that people who might be Communists were involved. They accepted the revolution when it came because the Army had made it, and the Portuguese Army, after all, stood for God and private peasant holdings—and because everyone said that the revolution was for *o povo*, and they understood *o povo* to mean themselves.

Peasants in the south of Portugal, for their part, understood that the revolution was for them. There are two million people living south of the Tagus, where the hills of the north give way to the dry plains of Alentejo. This is a region of wheat fields and olive and lemon groves, and of white Moorish villages where churches have replaced the mosques of the Arab conquests but where most people never go into a church except to get married and to baptize their children. On April 25th, peasants in Alentejo were day laborers, sharecroppers, and harvest hands on vast estates—the *latifúndia*—that were farmed as primitively as any northern plot and were drained of the profits that might have been used to improve them but that went instead to meet the upkeep on their owners' Lisbon palaces. Alentejo peasants were paid by the day, the week—at most, the season. Only the foremen on the *latifúndia* had the security of incomes through the winter. The rest of the people drifted, following the harvest, taking odd jobs in nearby towns or migrating to the big cities to work in factories and squat in shantytowns—*barracas*—until spring planting brought them the chance of a few weeks' work at home. They had suffered for centuries, and they continued to suffer under Salazar, who had made his peace with the aristocracy by guaranteeing, with police and guns and prisons, its claim to these estates on which some seven hundred thousand workers had to depend for survival. The Alentejanos were the Sicilians of Portugal—a stubborn, guarded people, with a kind of fierce and resentful reserve that made it impossible for the Fascists to ever really dominate them. Having no land of their own to compromise them, they became during the Salazar years the hard core of a Communist underground in Portugal. They organized in their towns, in their owners' fields, and under cover of the Fascist syndicates, and they bore arrest, torture, and assassination with the unnerving endurance of people who have nothing to lose. They scorned the local bourgeoisie, who lived in smug and prudish isolation in towns like Évora and Beja, aping the aristocrats who came, occasionally, to check account books and to hunt. The southern peasants' loyalties, when they had any, were to the new proletariat in what people here call "the third Portugal"—the coastal belt from Oporto, in the north, down to Lisbon and Setúbal, which contains the factories where three-quarters of the country's seven to eight hundred thousand industrial workers are employed. It was the Portugal of the oligarchs—men like António Champalimaud, with monopolies in cement and steel, and Jorge de Melo, with a conglomerate called Companhia União Fabril, which controlled a hundred and eighty-six businesses and ten per cent of the gross national product. And it was the Portugal of the foreigners who had come for cheap labor, the Fascist state's great natural resource, and who by April 25th controlled some twenty per cent of the country's economy, with British investment alone amounting to more than two billion dollars. The industrialists drew their workers from the legions of unemployed in Alentejo, the children of impoverished northern farmers, and the young soldiers returning from Africa to a country with nothing else to offer. They put them in shantytowns—there were already eighty thousand people in Lisbon's *barracas* before the Angolan refugees started coming—and in worker suburbs that expanded along the coast like a grim mini-megalopolis, and the workers themselves became a tense, restless urban mass, brutalized by the factories and the slums, and embittered by all the signs of a fine but prohibited life going on around them. Some of them joined the Communists. Others got into the anti-war movement, which was itself a collection of workers, students, radical Catholics, and young revolutionary saboteurs. And all of them expected April 25th to change their lives.

This was the Portugal that the M.F.A. took over: The north and the south were making irreconcilable demands concerning the country's future. A feverish proletariat was making its own demands in cities where a middle class that was bigger and stronger than anyone had imagined owed its existence to the old regime. (The middle class in Portugal, as in Spain, was mainly a phenomenon of the Fascist era; Salazar had fostered a loyal bourgeoisie here, and the bourgeoisie, dependent on the state for privilege, became his power base and his buffer against the political vagaries of a landed aristocracy whose connection to its commoner rulers was always cynical.) A hundred and twenty million dollars had mysteriously disappeared from Portugal in the six weeks between a bungled coup attempt at Caldas da Rainha and the actual revolution, and eighty per cent of the capital left in the country was controlled by banks that were the private financial preserves of the monopolists. The emigrant workers, lured by high-interest schemes in the French branches of those banks, gradually stopped sending their salaries home, and their salaries—nine hundred and sixty million dollars in the year before the revolution—had been the country's main source of foreign-exchange income. Tourists, who were its second source, were warned off revolutionary Portugal by propaganda at home and were making plans to go to Greece and Turkey. (In England, with its enormous financial stake in Fascist Portugal, newspapers talked about the cholera here, which is endemic, as if it were spreading in direct proportion to civil liberties and workers' power.) Thousands of acres of farmland in the north were uncultivated, abandoned by emigrants who held them now as "investments." Crop yields in the south were down; all food was getting scarce; it looked as if the price of some staples would be rising fifty per cent last year. Too much of Portuguese industry was based on old assumptions of an endless source of cheap labor. Too much of it was piecework industry, tied not to local incomes and local markets but to Western European factories. And when the factory orders stopped coming, there was no money to meet the new monthly minimum wage of thirty-three hundred escudos, or a hundred and thirty-two dollars—which in the case of the textile factories raised salaries by two hundred, or even three hundred, per cent—except on credit from a practically bankrupt state. Tens of thousands of soldiers would have to be demobilized at once if the M.F.A. planned to reduce the Army to a reasonable peacetime force of, say, forty thousand, and there were no jobs for them. Authority was divided and neutralized between the M.F.A. itself; the Presidency, which had been assigned to General António de Spínola; a Junta of National Salvation and a Council of State, which are both defunct now; and a provisional government that was less a functioning coalition than a corral for keeping a hodgepodge of conservatives, social democrats, Socialists, and Communists visible and docile. And the moment when a peaceful

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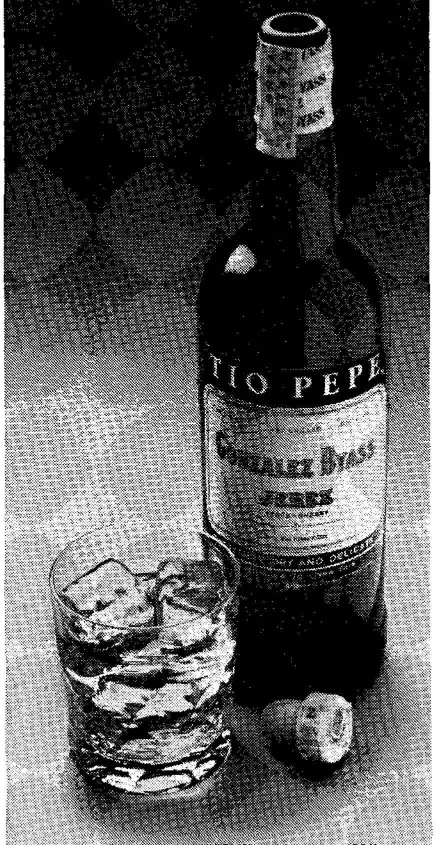

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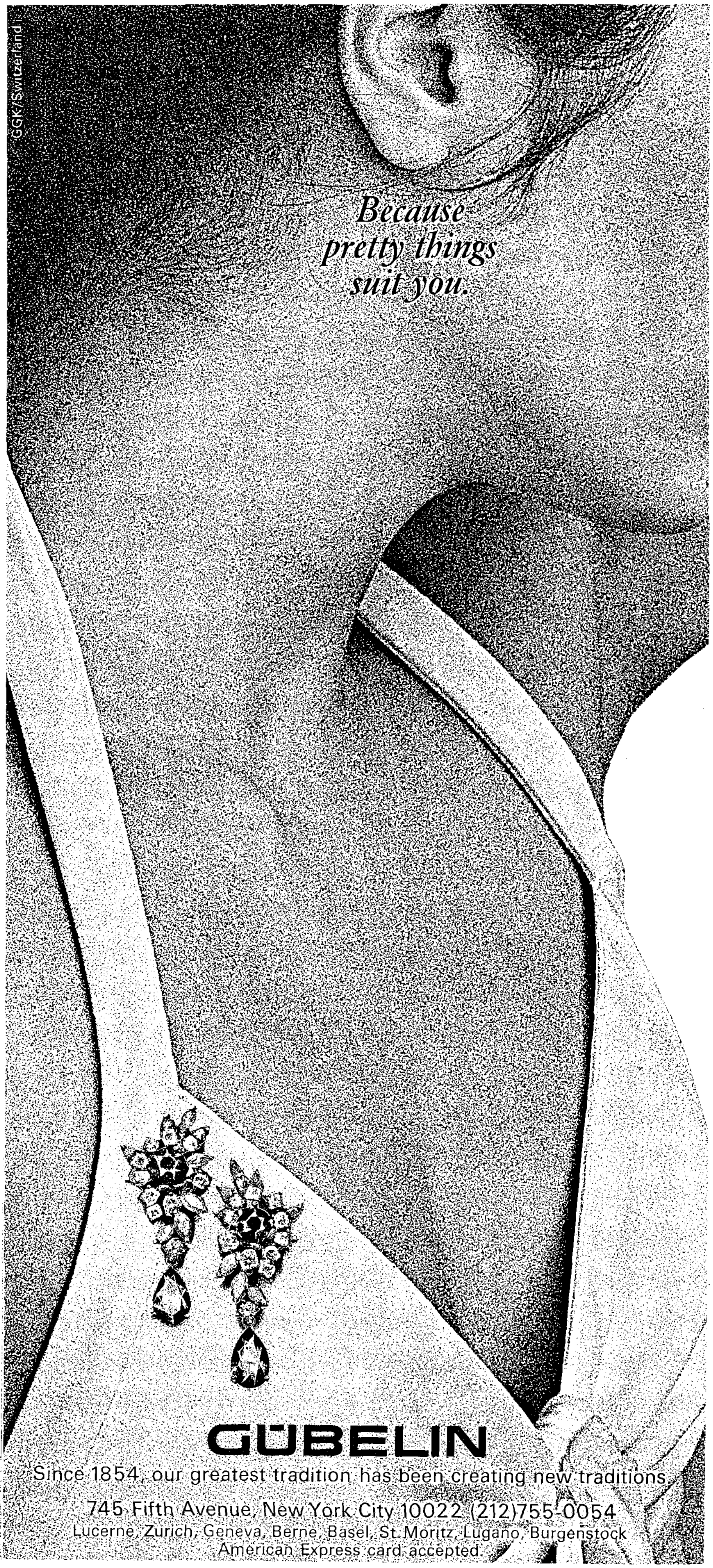
overhaul of Portugal was still possible—when the dismantling of family monopolies into workers' factories, the nationalization of family banks, and the division of *latifúndia* into farm cooperatives might have passed as mild and appropriate gestures, unnoticed in the rural north, affecting only a few hundred people who were in disgrace anyway, and settling, for the time being, the question of private and public sectors—was lost while the M.F.A. captains tried to decide what kind of revolution they had made.

GENERAL SPÍNOLA, that grouchy, imperious general of the monocle and the walking stick and the melted jowls—sick of the long war and of the inept old Fascists who prolonged it, but not, it turned out, sick of empire and oligarchy—was the making and the unmaking of the captains. He was the necessary enemy of a united revolutionary movement, because as long as he was around he gave the left its common cause. He was the reason that for a few months Álvaro Cunhal, the general secretary of the Partido Comunista Português, and Mário Soares, his counterpart at the Partido Socialista, could embrace at a rally, or even sit down together at a Cabinet meeting. He was the reason that a nervous Army engineer named Vasco Gonçalves and a bookish young major named Ernesto Melo Antunes, who a year later, as Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, were the symbols of a death struggle between Communists and Socialists for control of the revolution, could publicly approve of each other. He was the reason that elegant young radicals from what the Portuguese call their "good families" were talking about Karl Marx and Antonio Gramsci and Herbert Marcuse to scrappy young captains from the country who paraded around Lisbon like uniformed gurus with a "Don't cross me, I'm a revolutionary" look about them. Spínola, who would probably pass for a liberal Republican in America, represented the right, rising from the middle of the revolution. He was a calculated risk, and he paid off badly, because in the end it was his presence as titular leader of the M.F.A. that prevented the liberals and the leftists in the Movement from making their overhaul at the one time when they were united enough to do it.

The captains had chosen Spínola because they had strong doubts about the chances for a revolution without him. Spínola was "old military"—the respectable dissenter, the general of great personal prestige who could reassure the north, calm the bourgeoisie, fool the monopolists like Champalimaud, with whom he frequently did business, and inspire confidence among people who might not otherwise take well to the idea of a social revolution in one of Europe's last bastions of feudal privilege. He was meant to lull recalcitrant Portuguese into their old sense of security while the revolution felt its way toward policies more specific than "ending monopolies" or calling cease-fires in the colonies; he was meant to insure that a couple of hundred thousand soldiers, sailors, and airmen would obey orders; and he was meant to incorporate hundreds of conservative young officers into the M.F.A., so that they would not start thinking about a counter-revolution. Spínola had commanded the Army for five years in Guinea-Bissau, and in those years he had groomed his officers to the kind of élite-corps esprit that had impressed him in the Germans when he followed the Nazi Army as an "official observer" of the siege of Leningrad. People say that the radicalization of Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, the exasperating populist general who commanded the security forces here until his followers tried to seize power late last month, and who was the closest thing to a popular hero that the revolution has produced, began in Guinea-Bissau when Spínola's clique snubbed him. That clique stayed loyal through the winter before the revolution, when Spínola published a book about ending the war called "Portugal e o Futuro," and even through the early spring, when he was dismissed for his insubordination. When the coördinating committee of the M.F.A. warily chose him as its leader—after three ballots, and then only on the condition that the accommodating General Francisco da Costa Gomes, his oldest crony, and subsequently his successor as President and the man he now refers to as his Brutus, be his chief of staff—Spínola's followers never doubted that he would soon be ruling Portugal.

Spínola's Presidency lasted five months, and destroyed any popular illusions about the likelihood of a broad pluralism in Portugal—as well as any illusions about the ability of military men to resist a professional inclination to step into a power vacuum and try to take over. Spínola used the Presidency, which no one had bothered to define very clearly, as if it were a military high command. He disregarded the decisions of the twenty coördinating-committee officers—who were supposed to be making policy—either by challenging the decisions directly or by simply refusing to see that they were carried out; the only consistent plan for land reform and nationalization that the revolution has come up with died in the summer of 1974, not because it was rejected but because Spínola and the conservative generals and admirals he had chosen for his junta made sure that no one did anything about it. He undermined the first provisional government, sabotaging Mário Soares, who was Foreign Minister then, in his independence negotiations with the colonies, and encouraging old fantasies about a federation with Portuguese Africa. Spínola was convinced that even in Guinea-Bissau, which was for all purposes independent already, Africans would vote to join a federation. And when the Council of State finally forced his gullible accomplice, Adélino da Palma Carlos, out of the Prime Minister's office that first summer and replaced him with Gonçalves, Spínola simply went barnstorming around northern Portugal talking about the great Portuguese Federation—talking, in fact, as if Portugal and the colonies were his. He courted the parties for their complicity in his campaign for power. He made open promises to the moderates in the Partido Popular Democrático, which he abandoned after Palma Carlos lost his job, and private promises to the conservatives in the Centro Democrático Social. What he accomplished was, in the end, doubly damaging to the revolution. Wittingly or unwittingly, he lent his prestige to a regroupment of the right in Portugal. And by the time the captains of the coördinating committee, many of them generals themselves now, demanded his resignation and gave the Presidency to Costa Gomes—purging the military of a hundred and fifty Spínolistas in the process—he had managed to convince them by his enormously successful overtures to *o povo* that the great majority of Portuguese were in no way ready to govern on their own.

REGULAR armies that take over their own countries tend to produce their own dictatorships. Liberation armies are supposed to do better, and this is why, last winter, the captains stopped referring to the revolution and started talking about "the revolutionary process," announcing that Portugal was its own last colony, which the M.F.A. was going to liberate. With



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Spínola out of the way, ceasefires in effect in Africa, and Soares free to negotiate his independence treaties, the captains had only the mystique of the Movement to keep them from losing their revolution to the politicians. Last winter, the new hero in Portugal was "the M.F.A. man." (Captain Vasco Lourenço, who is now a brigadier general and the new military commander of Lisbon, was respected as an M.F.A. man. So, in his fashion, was President Costa Gomes, who began to be called the Cork, because, as a good M.F.A. man, he was also good at staying afloat in the troubled revolutionary waters.) The M.F.A. man, at his best, was devoted to preserving the military as the vanguard of a social revolution. At his worst, he was devoted mainly to preserving his own function. His rhetoric was the rhetoric of the Marxist liberation movements he had known in Africa—the Frente de Libertação de Moçambique (Frelimo), the Partido Africano para a Independência da Guinea e Cabo Verde (P.A.I.G.C.), and the Movimento Popular de Libertação de Angola (M.P.L.A.). He was going to replay the last thirteen years of Portuguese history, this time on the right side.

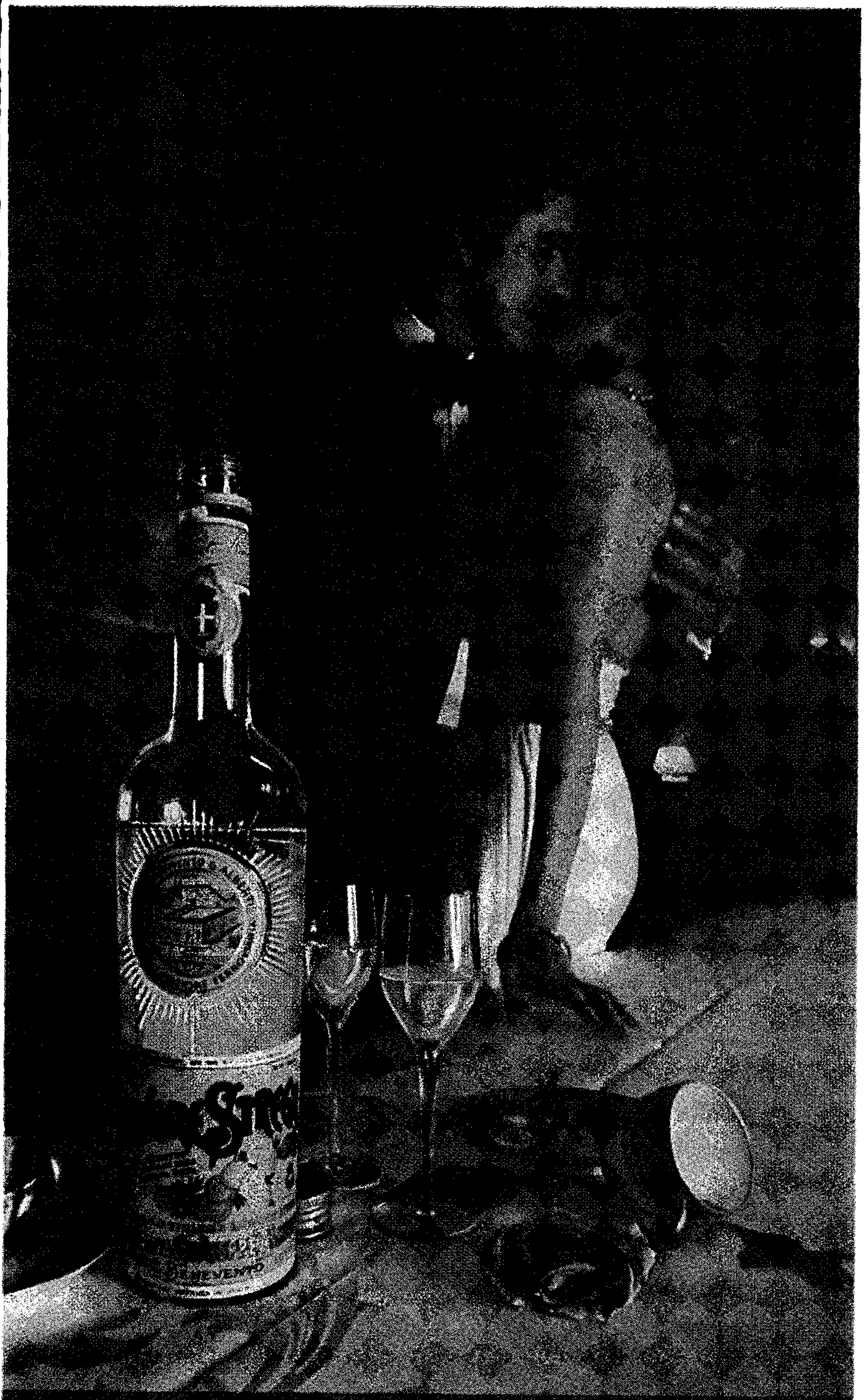
The mission of the M.F.A. was to free *o povo* from their inherited oppressions. And the M.F.A. man's job, specifically, was to go forth, armed with proper thinking, to reconquer Portugal for the Portuguese. Lisbon Marxists kept talking about European models—the historical-bloc model, the Polish economy, the East German constitution. Even Albania had a vogue. But the new left of the M.F.A. insisted that the models for Portugal were in the Third World. They hired South Americans to instruct them. They ran study groups on the Cuban revolution (though in 1959 Cuba was a one-crop subsidiary of the United States, its economy bearing no resemblance to the Portuguese economy, and Cuba's Army of Liberation was not a regular army in mutiny but a seasoned guerrilla force taking over a country where few people remained who were not its partisans). They talked about Algeria, about Third World Socialism, about the example of Portugal's own colonies—which is why the M.F.A. was so embarrassed last June when Samora Machel, Mozambique's new president, scolded its delegation to the country's independence banquet, saying, "*Não há governo nenhum em cima das baionetas*" ("There can be no government at the end of bayonets").

From October of last year until the Army's Fifth Division, usually referred to here as Agit-Prop, was disbanded in September, the division's Comissao Dinamizadora Central sent teams of young officers on some five thousand forays into the Portuguese countryside to teach *o povo* about liberating themselves. Their campaign was called *dinamização cultural*—literally, "cultural dynamization"—and it was a national spectacle. There were *dinamização* teams that, dressed in combat gear, rolled into northern villages in armored personnel carriers and ordered everybody to the church, where they took down the crucifix and began haranguing a collection of old men and women who couldn't read or write about the ideological distinctions between April 25th and September 30th, the day Spínola lost the presidency; about the difference between revisionists and reformists; about the Red Army and Western imperialism and monopolist structures and the economic organization of collective farms. They provided Lisboners with a new batch of revolution jokes, and they accomplished nothing less than the complete alienation of the northern peasants, who concluded that the M.F.A. was full of madmen.

The *dinamização* teams carried with them all the prejudices of the Lisbon military about northern Portugal, and they insulted the farmers there irrevocably, ignoring their requests for some practical assistance at a time when any gesture from Lisbon—help with a road from someone who knew roads, a little food for the winter, a district nurse to make the village rounds teaching mothers about medicines and nutrition—would have paid off in neutrality, if not support. They discouraged hundreds of competent young civilian volunteers who might have turned *dinamização* into a kind of Portuguese domestic Peace Corps, because they did not consider the volunteers politically reliable enough to decolonize Portugal properly. They complained to the press. One group of farmers, reading that people from *dinamização* had called northerners asses, filled up a meeting hall with real asses when the next team showed up in their village. Some peasants in Trás-os-Montes dragged a Communist soldier to their village church and made him kneel and beg forgiveness for the wicked things that he had said.

After a few months, *dinamização* teams were carrying guns for their own protection. There were villages in the north that they could not enter even with guns—villages where mobs armed with rocks and clubs and led by the local priest blocked their way. The men directing *dinamização* back in Lisbon were Gonçalves partisans, and some were Communists, but they were intelligent men, good M.F.A. men, and common sense as well as real compassion for the northern peasants made them try to restrain their field officers. But those field officers were extremely young, extremely undereducated, and often extremely stupid, and their crash conversions to a few dimly comprehended slogans had turned them into zealots. Once out of Lisbon, they went their own way, convinced that proper thoughts inevitably produce a better life, and writing off as counterrevolutionary propaganda any suggestions that a sack of fertilizer delivered to the right person might make more converts than a sack of pamphlets.

The Movement that came up with *dinamização* instead of an economic plan during a winter of terrible hardship was bound to discredit itself. Portugal's economic crisis was compounded by energy shortages abroad and by inflation in Europe which was tripling costs for most Portuguese businesses, but the crisis itself was endemic and of long standing. When Salazar encouraged peasants to emigrate and tourist developers to exploit the Algarve, it was because the money they brought in—a tenth of the gross national product in 1973—created illusions of health in an economy run by men most kindly described in Europe, the historian Kenneth Maxwell says, as Paleo-Capitalists. And when Salazar's house of cards collapsed, all that was left was the reality of his ruinous economic structures. The tragedy was that no one was willing to help carry Portugal through its reconstruction. The foreign buyers who had cancelled their factory orders after April 25th had taken their business straight to Hong Kong or Taiwan, and they had no intention of returning now that Portuguese wages had been raised—four thousand escudos was the new minimum monthly wage this summer—to a level that was barely decent by European standards but would have obviously increased costs. The United States listened at first to people in Lisbon who seemed devoted to feeding reactionary



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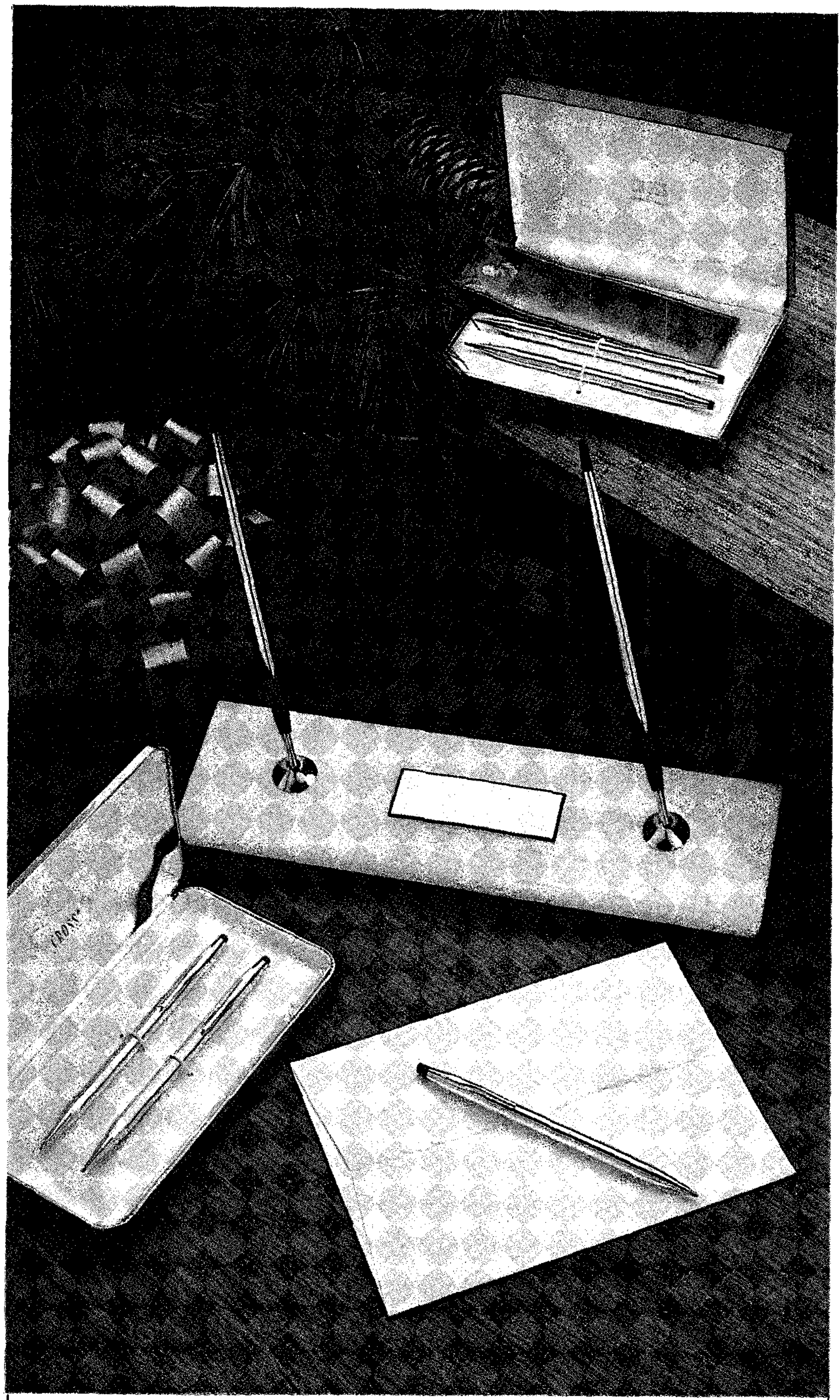

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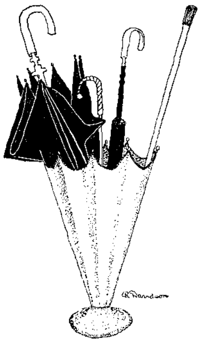
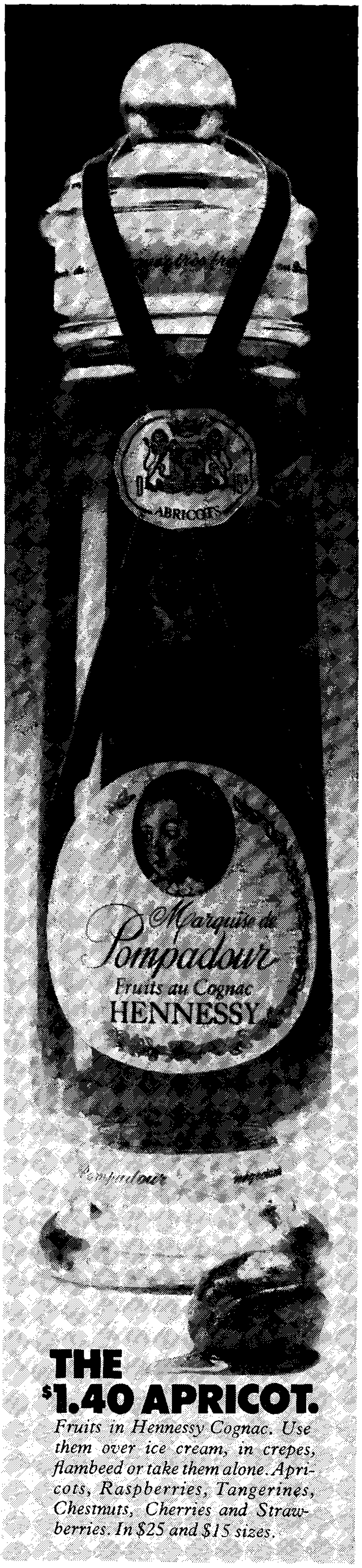
notions that the only "safe" Portugal was a Fascist Portugal and that the most interesting arrangement, barring that, was a Communist Portugal "vaccinating," as Secretary of State Henry Kissinger suggested, Western Europe. Washington had refused to aid the government when it was still publicly committed to some sort of democratic system, and had contented itself with supporting a few extremely conservative politicians and, according to some people here, acting, Chile-style, as agent provocateur of a nasty strike in Standard Electrica, a big Lisbon factory owned by I.T.T. And by the time that Washington cynically but accurately concluded that its best long-term interests lay in supporting the revolution and courting Socialists instead of Fascists, Portugal had begun to look like the vaccination of Kissinger's Manichaean universe. The Soviet Union, for its part, made much fanfare about bailing out Portugal. It bought up the country's enormous wine surplus for two to eleven escudos a litre, promptly resold it to Canada for upward of twenty-two escudos, managed to help Portugal about as much as it had once helped Egypt by making a fortune on Egyptian cotton, and devoted itself thereafter only to the Partido Comunista, which it supplied, and still supplies, with at least three million dollars every month. In Portuguese Africa, the Russians and the Americans have continued their argument in rich Angola, with the Chinese joining the Americans to supply arms and money to the Frente Nacional de Libertação de Angola (F.N.L.A.) and the União Nacional para a Independência Total de Angola (UNITA), which were the two Angolan Nationalist groups, neither of them very creditable, that China and America sponsored, and the Russians doing as much, or more, for the M.P.L.A., which in fact was the only group with a social program or a disciplined and committed liberation army. And the result of *that* has been that Portugal was left with a savage civil war in its last colony; that more Angolans died fighting each other between April 25, 1974, and the formal Portuguese withdrawal, on November 11, 1975, than in thirteen years of war with Portugal; and that three hundred and fifty thousand white and mulatto settlers are now in Portugal, a conservative colonial proletariat ready to fight a civil war here.

ONE year to the day after the Portuguese revolution, ninety-two per cent of an eligible population of a little over six million went to the polls and voted for delegates to a constituent assembly. Nearly every eighteen-year-old in the country voted; migrant workers who had been away for less than five years voted; illiterate peasants voted by marking a ballot next to the picture symbol of their favorite party. There were nineteen legal political parties at the time, and twelve of them ran lists of candidates for the assembly, the seven others—parties of the right and the far left—abstaining for a variety of arcane reasons that had to do with protest or ideology. The elections, as it happened, did not mean much in the way of civil power. After an attempted Spínolista coup on March 11th, the M.F.A. had decided that it was going to run the country for three to five more years, in order to "reinforce and watch over the revolutionary process," and any party that wanted to participate in the elections had to agree in writing to that decision. But when the Socialists polled nearly thirty-eight per cent of the votes cast and the moderates in the Partido Popular Democrático ran second, with twenty-six and a half per cent, the West, which had been so reluctant to help Portugal, celebrated, claiming a great victory for liberty and democracy. Western journalists and Western diplomats got a lot of mileage out of Álvaro Cunhal's remark—the Communists had polled a poor third, with only twelve and a half per cent of the total—that the elections were "marginal" to the revolutionary process, and said nothing at all about the *rapport de force* in Portuguese politics. And even people in Portugal itself heard it as the bitter rationalization of a stymied despot. Actually, Cunhal was making a fairly honest observation. The vote for the Partido Popular Democrático was an authentic vote; it meant that over a quarter of the Portuguese people had voted for a liberal-capitalist platform. The Communist vote was cast, nearly to a man, by Party militants. Conservatives sent sixteen delegates to the assembly by voting for the Centro Democrático Social, and, more specifically, for a brilliant young law professor named Diogo Pinto de Freitas do Amaral, who ran the Party. The assorted professional people, who, along with a group of leftist homosexuals, had joined the party called Movimento Democrático Português—which is considered a kind of intellectuals' branch of the Partido Comunista and gives a political base to Portuguese who are too bourgeois in origin or inclination for the Communists—voted five of their delegates in. The Lisbon workers in a party called the União Democrática Popular, which is so dogmatically Stalinist that it thinks of the Communists as soft reformists, sent a doctor to the assembly. (The doctor was discovered by the Communists paying a prison visit to an old industrialist he knew, and very shortly thereafter he gave up his assembly seat to a shipyard worker with more authentically proletarian credentials; the shipyard worker, in his turn, was just accused of being an agent of the old regime.) But the people who voted for the Partido Socialista ran the gamut from young Marxists to old constitutionalists who had grown up in Portugal's brief republic of 1910 to 1926, from hard-core labor organizers, through Catholic moderates, to peasants with a bugaboo about the Communists. The Socialist vote was a good consensus vote, the kind of vote that was once the stuff of a Democratic victory in an American election, but it had very little to do with a vote for Socialism, and was even less accurate as a gauge of the Party's strength in a revolutionary situation already preëmpted by the Army.



In a sense, the Socialist vote is the new respectable liberal vote in Europe, the vote that covers a multitude of evasions. The Socialist states of Western Europe are really social democracies—which means they are welfare states, financed by a flourishing capitalism at home and economic imperialism abroad. And most Europeans who vote Socialist are as confused by the presence of real Socialists in their midst as the Portuguese would have been if they had bothered to read the Party's platform, which was far more genuinely radical than anything the Communists proposed. The Socialist vote in Portugal was—as it is in the rest of Western Europe—first and last a statement about the Communist Party. Northern peasants, who did not really believe that secret ballots could stay secret, voted Socialist because the M.F.A. had talked so much about "socialism" that they were sure it was the only way to vote against the Communists and at the same time avoid problems with the soldiers who were always hanging around their towns. There



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were *doutore*—in Portugal, anyone who wears a suit and tie qualifies—who voted Socialist because it was the safe, progressive thing for middle-class people caught in a revolution to do. The rich in Estoril and Sintra voted Socialist because it was a better weapon against the Communist Party than a vote for the conservative Centro Democrático Social or the moderate Partido Popular Democrático. The wives of Communists and União Democrática Popular workers voted Socialist because, unlike their husbands, they were good Catholics. But the number of people who voted with any idea of what Socialism really meant was small, and even when canvassing Socialists talked specifically about their platform no one took them very seriously.

The Communists, with their twelve and a half per cent, were the people the Portuguese took seriously. On April 25, 1974, they had been the only organized and disciplined political force in the country, and during the first year of the revolution they had managed to appropriate most of the institutions with which Salazar had run Portugal—the corporate-state unions; the councils of the *freguesias*, which are local government districts; the Fascist press—by simply walking into offices and sitting down. All the other parties in Portugal today were creatures of the revolution. The Partido Socialista, which Soares founded in West Germany in 1973, had no clandestine base in Portugal. The leaders of the Partido Popular Democrático had been the radicals in Caetano's National Assembly. The parties that have been demanding government by popular democracy and are usually described as the far left—Isabel do Carmo's Partido Revolucionário do Proletariado, which dominated the far left this fall with its programs for barracks democracy, people's militias, and armed workers' councils, was the most genuinely radical and, in a sense, the most human of them—were mainly splinters of the Communist underground that could not tolerate the Party's rigidity. But the Communists themselves were in clandestinity in Portugal all through the Fascist years. They were a tough, authoritarian, Soviet-style Party. (When Communists here talk about a dictatorship of the proletariat, they mean it.) They were a Party of strict hierarchies and discipline, which was well matched to a working class bred by Church and state to obedience and still more comfortable with this, in the end, than with the volatile grass-roots democracy of the far left or the institutionalized democracy of the Socialists, who give every member from Soares down a vote at Party congresses. The Portuguese Communists survived even with Cunhal in exile and their entire Central Committee on the run or behind bars. (There are twenty-two members of the Partido Comunista's Central Committee, and people here calculate that these twenty-two have spent a total of three hundred and eight years in the country's gruesome political prisons.) Before the revolution, clandestine Communists were running union locals. They were bureaucrats in the ministries and functionaries in the banks—the first Labor Minister after the revolution was a Communist from an Oporto bank. They were biding their time as loyal reporters on the main Fascist newspapers. Three of Lisbon's mass-circulation dailies—*O Século*, *Diário de Notícias*, and *Diário de Lisboa*—were controlled by the Communists on their staffs within a few weeks after the revolution, and *O Século* and *Notícias* were thereafter referred to here as *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. The Communists had risked the most, suffered the most, and provided the martyrs for the Fascists—Spínola was probably right when he suggested that the Portuguese Communists do better as martyrs than as policemen—and in the first months of the revolution they were a symbol of courage and perseverance that awed the liberals here and terrified the conservatives. The Communist workers—shouting out the "Internationale" at their bullring rallies, marching together down the grand eighteenth-century Lisbon boulevard known as the Avenida da Liberdade, organizing, proselytizing, moving in on everything—were the collective sacred cow of April 25th, the necessary left, the sine qua non of an authentic revolution.

For a while, the Communists matched their status with impeccable strategy. They were slavish partisans of the M.F.A. at a time when the Socialist and moderate leaders—foolish enough to assume that the proper place for a political party in the new, democratic Portugal was at a certain critical distance from the Army—touched the fragile pride of the captains and majors who were busy promoting themselves to generals. The Communists kept to an anti-strike policy. They supported the minimum wage when it was far less than other workers were demanding. They were the only party to question a new maximum wage—the maximum wage now is thirty-seven thousand five hundred escudos, or fifteen

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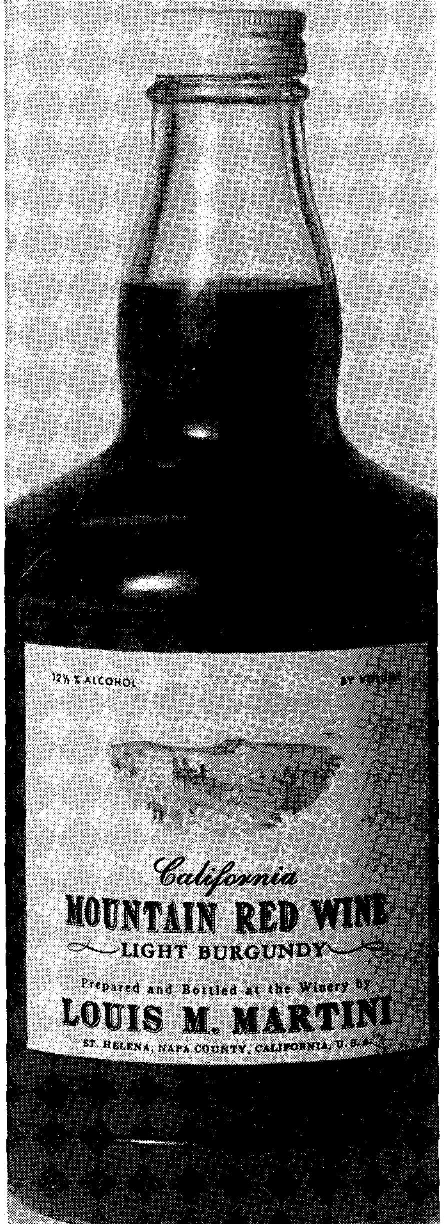
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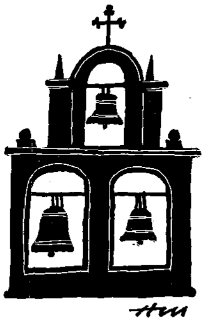
hundred dollars, a month, and apparently only the President makes that—on the ground that it would drive a whole class of professional and managerial people from the country, which in fact it did: over forty thousand educated civilians have left Portugal since the revolution. And they sounded, all in all, like a model European Communist Party—a Party that saw its greatest future advantage in joining, for the present, a working coalition of Socialists and liberals.

No one here can say precisely why or when Cunhal abandoned what the Italians call the Historical Compromise and began to campaign for Communist power. Cunhal is a mysterious, driven person. He keeps his life secret—even his address secret. During the old regime, he spent ten years on the run, thirteen years in the dungeons of a fortress prison in Peniche, on the coast north of Lisbon, and fourteen years in exile in Eastern Europe, and he has made a religion of the Party, as if any adjustment in his ideology would compromise the enormous sacrifice of nearly forty years. After Spínola was removed, Cunhal must have sensed an opening with the military and decided to take advantage of it. He could count on the military's fear of a rightist putsch—a fear that Spínola had fostered. And he could count on Gonçalves and Gonçalves' followers to support his maneuvering.



Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves had been the Party's link to the planners of an abortive Army coup in Beja back in 1962. It is unlikely that he ever joined the Party—in any event, he refuses to say—but he is a Communist idealist, and the Party clearly appealed to his Army engineer's temperament more than the bracing style of leftist politics. Some people here say that Gonçalves suffers from a kind of social guilt about the considerable fortune his father, who happened to be one of the country's best soccer players in his day, subsequently amassed as a money dealer (not a particularly savory business in Lisbon during the Second World War), and that the Communist Party, puritanical and Spartan, is his way of atoning. But Gonçalves himself owns fifty per cent of that money business now—it was never nationalized—and others say that he has stashed his profits in a Swiss bank. The fact remains that he took over as Prime Minister, a susceptible and nervous ideologue, with a messianic sense of mission and a conviction that the Partido Comunista represented the only political force in Portugal that was neither decadent nor indulgent. Cunhal and the Party used him, encouraged his obsessions about a counter-revolution, and he, in turn, encouraged in President Costa Gomes—who had developed an improbable friendship with Gonçalves—the obsession that any challenge to the Prime Minister meant the end of the M.F.A. and the beginning of anarchy.

With Gonçalves' support, and Costa Gomes' support of Gonçalves, the Communists began their drive. They blocked the Cabinet, smeared the Socialists, tried to infiltrate the parties of the far left. They dominated the Fifth Division and began dictating *dinamização* propaganda. They took up *saneamento*, which was a kind of cleanup campaign for getting rid of Fascists, and used it to discredit people they didn't like and to free important jobs for the people they did. They sponsored staff purges at the universities and the banks and the ministries, and in the press and television. They lost only at the universities, most of which were already controlled by the delirious young *lumpen bourgeoisie*, as people here call them, of a Maoist group known as Movimento Reorganizativo do Partido do Proletariado. And the universities were in complete chaos anyway, because the M.F.A. had decided to solve the problem of "educational élitism" by admitting all of last year's twenty-eight thousand high-school graduates to college and had then had to solve the new problem of over-enrollment by cancelling the entire freshman class. In the end, the Partido Comunista became a kind of employment agency for its own militants and supporters. While denouncing "illegal" land seizures, the Party sponsored the first occupations of *latifúndia*, bringing in unemployed Communists from the towns of Alentejo to replace farm workers who were not their partisans. The Party courted the career sergeants, who had been among the most conservative people in the military on April 25th but were threatened now by the demobilization of the wartime Army, and, using Party influence to protect their jobs, turned them into a disciplined and loyal lobby. By late winter, the rest of the left in Portugal was fractured over "the Communist issue"—with each group forced to define itself by its position on the

Party. The Movimento da Esquerda Socialista (Movement of the Socialist Left), which had been the center of the intellectual left in Lisbon, lost many of its militants and most of its intellectuals after a fight at a December, 1974, Party congress between a faction that accepted the Communist tactics, claiming that Socialists were the real enemies of the revolution, and a faction—the one that left, which was instantly labelled "the ex-MES"—that saw Communists as the threat to freedom in Portugal and wanted its group to represent the cause of a non-Communist Marxism in the government. The Socialists themselves split, after *their* winter congress, when Manuel Serra, a petulant ex-sailor with a revolutionary record, walked out with a group of followers and started a party, the Frente Socialista Popular, which he assumed would become the nucleus of an M.F.A.-sponsored party but which ended up attracting a collection of frenetic adolescents, was infiltrated by the Communists, and soon had no clout outside the Communist orbit.

The problem for the Socialists was that they gambled on civil power when no civil power was in the offing. They had neglected their necessary alliance with the M.F.A., and now, harassed from the right and the left, they began courting to the right and the left. They proceeded toward the elections last spring as if they were a party in some advanced parliamentary democracy of their own imagination, with no friends where friends counted, and no authority to do anything about it. Part of their problem was practical. The Party had very little money then. American contributions to the Socialists—evidently channelled by the C.I.A. through various Western European Socialist Parties, and at least equal to the Russians' monthly contributions to the Portuguese Communists—began only after the elections, and the Socialists had thirty-five paid workers at a time when the Communists were supporting a staff of six hundred to three thousand, depending on who is giving out the figures. Part of the problem was Mário Soares. Soares' Marxist credentials were as good as those of anyone in Portugal, but he was torn, finally, between dreams of radical socialism and real ambitions for political prominence. A pudgy, affable sophisticate, he was more at home in Paris, where he had lived in exile, than in the muddled and usually muddleheaded precincts of the new Portuguese politics. In a way, he was more comfortable complaining about

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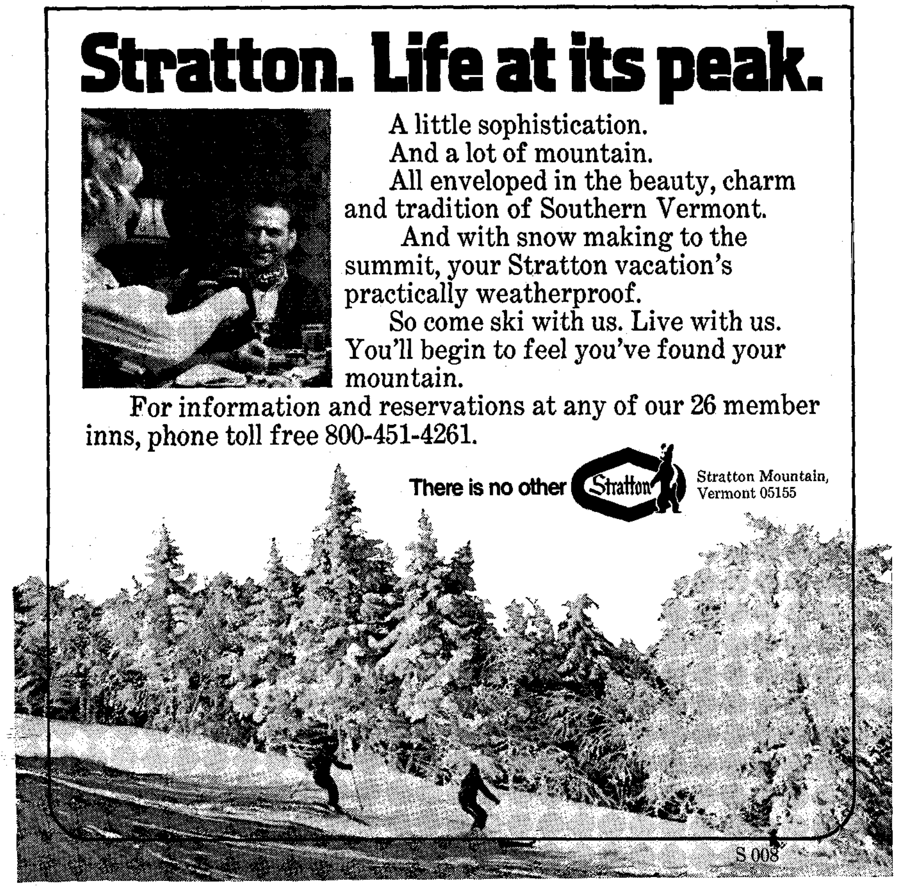

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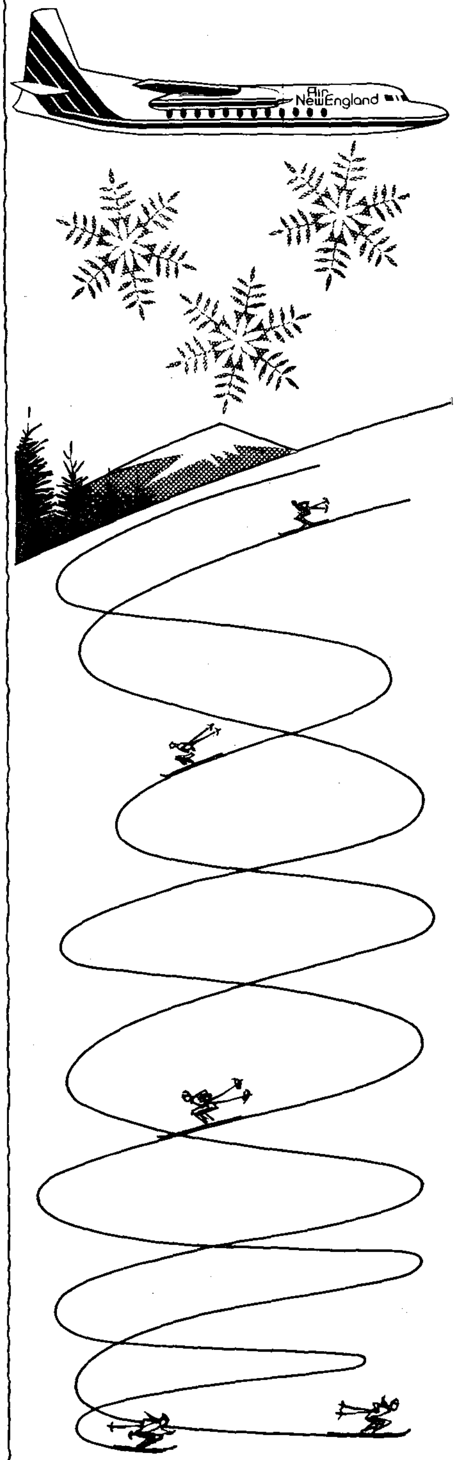
the Communists to friends like Willy Brandt and François Mitterrand than organizing against them at home. (The Portuguese industrialist Jorge de Melo apparently told Costa Gomes that the reason it was impossible to do business in Europe anymore was that Soares was always running around there alarming everyone.) The military had always distrusted Soares' European style and European connections. In the end, they blamed Soares for the fact that Europe had abandoned Portugal.

PEOPLE in Lisbon still speculate about whether the Communists instigated the attempted coup last March 11th, confident that after a few hours, a few killings, and a manipulated defeat of the Spínolistas, the M.F.A. would purge the military again and clear the way for a Communist takeover. Everyone knew that the Partido Socialista and the Partido Popular Democrático were going to win the elections, and the last illusions on either side about a coalition of the left had died in January, during a bitter power struggle in the unions between the Socialists and the Communists. There are three hundred and twenty-six unions on the books here—vertical syndicates were a mainstay of Portuguese corporatism—and most of them are linked through membership in an enormous union superstructure called Intersindical. The Communists control more than half the Intersindical unions. They have the jobs on the unions' executive councils and they provide the unions with their working bureaucrats. But last winter they were losing control of the workers themselves—to the Socialists in unions like the banking union and the insurance workers' union, and to the far left in the unions of the low-wage, labor-intensive industries like textiles—and they refused to call elections in those unions, because the workers were demanding what French syndicalists call *droit de tendance*, or proportional representation, on the unions' executive committees. The Socialists made Intersindical their issue. Lacking the money or the staff to organize a proper battle within Intersindical, they demanded the right to form parallel unions—a solution borrowed from France, barely successful there, and obviously inappropriate to a country as small as Portugal, which had over three hundred unions to begin with. The battle over Intersindical lasted through the winter. The M.F.A. backed the Communists, and the petition for parallel unions was finally rejected, but the battle itself had given the Socialists their macho—their first real experience with the working class, with plotting strategy and acting like a disciplined political cadre instead of a Lisbon conversation group—and it had exposed the extent of the Communists' power. Conservatives here were left with the sense that their options were narrowing and their time to make a move was running out. To whatever Spínolistas were left in the military, the only thing standing between Portugal and Communism was their own dwindling faction.

Their coup attempt, when it happened, lasted one hour, claimed one life, and produced its images of grotesque humor: General Spínola, with his wife, his cat, all his luggage, and eighteen of his favorite officers, waiting at Tancos airbase either to flee to Spain or to march, victorious, on Lisbon; a mob of housewives from a housing project near the Ralis (Regiment of Light Artillery of Lisbon) barracks haranguing a couple of hundred confused young paratroopers, who had been ordered by their officers to storm the barracks, into stopping their "Fascist nonsense." The stories that went around Lisbon that day were so absurd—the leaders of the coup had persuaded the paratroopers that a group of ferocious Tupamaro guerrillas was going to make a symbolic slaughter of a thousand Spínolistas; Ralis, on its own, was planning to seize the country for the Communists—and the attempt itself so amateurish, with two wobbly old training planes and a few helicopters representing the insurgents' entire air offensive, that Communist officers, anticipating a coup of some sort, may well have infiltrated the Spínolistas and scared them into their premature and desultory conspiracy.

But March 11th was a fact, with or without the Communists. It was said to be financed by Lisbon bankers and by businessmen who saw it as their only chance to save investments in Angola, and it was Spínola's last real hope for a return to power. What it accomplished, in the end, was that Spínola moved to Brazil; some fifty high-ranking officers were arrested, among them a major named Manuel Monge, who had been one of the four principal strategists of April 25th; and the M.F.A., rid of its most obvious conservatives, dropped its role as guardian of the revolution and formally took over Portugal. On the night of March 11th, an Assembly of M.F.A. officers that had been meeting since the revolution held an emergency session and voted to "institutionalize" the Movement, naming a twenty-four-man Revolutionary Council to assume the power that had been divided among the Junta of National Salvation, the Council of State, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It is hard to say exactly what happened that night, but in the general confusion of the meeting the Assembly "secured itself for the revolution," as M.F.A. people put it, adding a delegate here, subtracting a delegate there, until its two hundred and forty members—a hundred and twenty from the Army, sixty from the Navy, and sixty from the Air Force—looked sufficiently revolutionary to one another, and by morning the Assembly had apparently decided that it was going to take legal precedence over any civilian assembly that was elected, and over the provisional government as well. Within days, the banks and the insurance companies were nationalized, giving the state a controlling interest in every Portuguese monopoly and putting the captains into a few extremely bizarre foreign partnerships. Demobilization began in earnest, with talk of reducing the term of military service from twenty-eight to fifteen months—it had been forty-eight months under Salazar—so that politically unreliable soldiers coming home from Mozambique and Angola could be discharged immediately. The preëlection accord guaranteeing the military three to five more years of power was published, and it caused a scandal. And by the time the Portuguese actually went to the polls and voted there were few people around who would not have agreed that the elections in Portugal were a marginal event.

THERE was no reason to expect that a Council named in the middle of the night by a group of tired captains just back from dealing with a rightist coup would necessarily agree on how to run Portugal. By summer, the Revolutionary Council—now with twenty-eight members—that was supposed to save Portugal from "sterile, destructive political strife" with a common platform was bitterly divided into three factions. Each had its theorists. (People say that every intellectual in Lisbon was out last summer looking for an officer of his own.) No one of the factions was strong enough to dominate alone, and no two were able to support an arrangement with each other except at the risk of losing half their



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followers. One faction agreed with the Communists in nearly everything. One tended to agree with the Socialists that there would be a violent backlash unless the M.F.A. was more accommodating. And one was convinced by the populists of the far left that *o povo* would respond well only to the direct experience of their own power—to *poder popular*, to people's assemblies, to commissions of inhabitants and workers, to the Partido Revolucionário do Proletariado's Revolutionary Councils of Workers, Soldiers, and Sailors, armed together to defend their freedom.

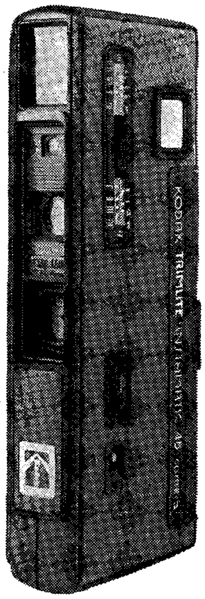
The faction that people called Communist was the smallest, but the majority of the M.F.A. Assembly was behind it then, and it also had the advantage of Prime Minister Gonçalves as its leader. The Navy liked it, the career sergeants liked it, and the Partido Comunista offered its services to Gonçalves—which meant the press, the unions, the district councils, and the discipline of the Party's militants. Gonçalves' most loyal supporter on the Council was a lieutenant named Ramiro Correia, who controlled the Fifth Division and ran the Comissão Dinamizadora Central. And his most useful supporter was a lieutenant named José Judas, who was in charge of what the M.F.A. called the "elimination of the PIDE," and who consequently had dossiers on several of his military colleagues who had worked for Salazar's secret police at home and in the colonies. (In the confusion of April 25th, everyone who had a chance made copies of secret-police files, hid them, and subsequently found them useful. Carlos Galvão de Melo, a rightist retired Air Force general who sat on Spínola's junta and was said to have been involved in the coup attempt on March 11th, was able to stay in Portugal, and even run for the constituent assembly, because people believed that he could link important officers on the new military left to brutal PIDE operations in Africa.)

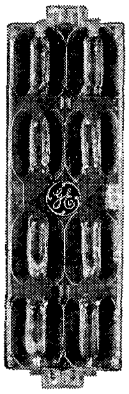
Then, there was the faction that people called Socialist, which had no connection at all with the Partido Socialista but got a certain political leverage out of the fact that everyone assumed it did, since the Party supported it so loudly. Major Ernesto Melo Antunes, who had taken over the Foreign Ministry from Soares after March 11th, was the leader of this faction, and his most important followers on the Council were Admiral Vítor Crespo, who had been revolutionary governor of Mozambique, and Major

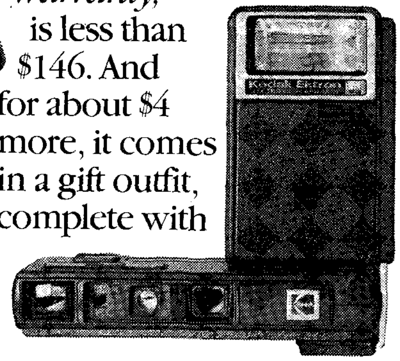
Vítor Alves, who was another one of the April 25th strategists, along with the country's southern and central military commanders. The group did not have many friends in the M.F.A. Assembly, but through Antunes—who comes from a "good family" in the Azores and was considered by upper-class Lisbon radicals, as one of them put it, "the only man in the bunch who is really in our circle"—they had connections with the ex-MES talent pool, which meant that they could bring people into the government who knew what a balance-of-payments deficit or an agricultural plan was or how to negotiate a foreign-trade agreement.

None of these things were the specialty of the faction that people called far left, which was a fervent hodgepodge of personalities, ideologies, and ambitions. (António Alva Rosa Coutinho, the "Red Admiral," who shaved his skull and looked like Yul Brynner and consequently got famous in *Time*, *L'Express*, and the other foreign news magazines, was in the group because he wanted Gonçalves' job, and it gave him the chance to engage in elaborate intrigues on his own behalf.) But in terms of guns and soldiers this was the key faction, courted by everyone. Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho was its leader, and, as military commander of Lisbon, he deployed the armed forces and ran the security unit called the Continental Operations Command, or COPCON—five thousand marines, paratroopers, and commandos, representing more than half the operational troops in the country and making up its only fully operational unit.

Carvalho brought his own impulsive brand of populism into the Council as a third force in the circle of stalled authority. He made a wonderful hero for the far left. (Carvalho and his friend Isabel do Carmo, of the Partido Revolucionário do Proletariado, were the only political figures here with enough presence and appeal to be popularly called by their first names.) He is the son of an actor from Mozambique, and he could have passed for one himself. He was hotheaded and tough and outrageously macho. He talked from temper, like a hairy young Bonaparte—once, he was going to throw all the reactionaries in Portugal into the Lisbon bullring and shoot them. He leaned one way, then another, attacking, retracting, negotiating out of his own mistakes—inconsistency has never bothered the Portuguese the way it does the Portugal-watchers—and the far left loved him because he was honestly acting out the







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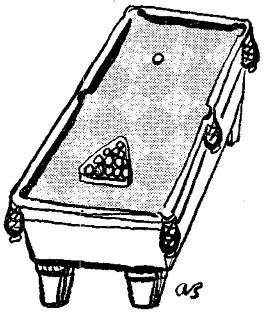
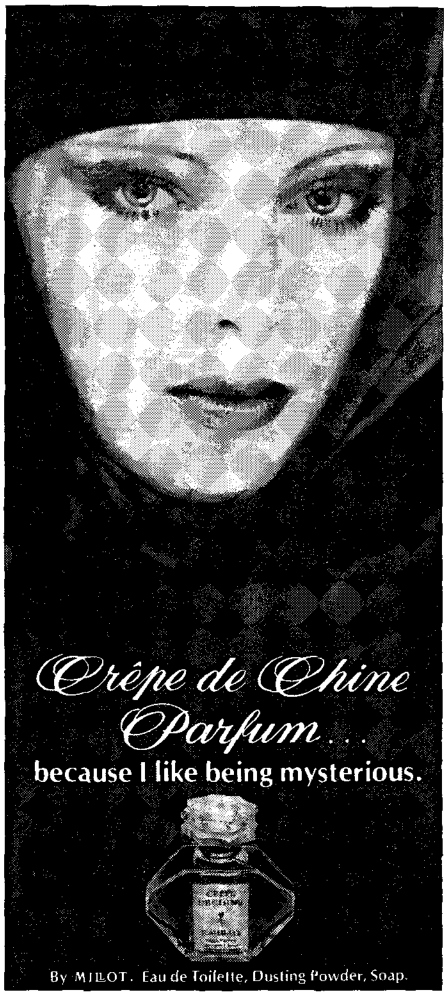
country's own confusion and often seemed like the only military man around who was not afraid to expose the painful choices that this revolution put to everyone. He liked Antunes as a friend, and he despised most Communists as a breed of state Fascists. He found Gonçalves humorless and doctrinaire. (Gonçalves, taking his cue from Mao Tse-tung, had published, in all seriousness, a "Green Book" of his own revolutionary quotations.) The problem last summer was Gonçalves, but the questions were all about Carvalho: How was Otelo going to react to this decree or that order? What alliances would Otelo finally make? How could Otelo hold together a unit of marines, commandos, and paratroopers, whose politics were usually at odds and whose only real unity lay in the fact that they shared some of his own glory and thought of themselves, in their snappy camouflage clothes and yellow bandannas, as popular heroes?

In the end, Carvalho led COPCON on its own way, sometimes taking orders, sometimes not. The government went its own way, never knowing whether its decisions would be accepted by the Revolutionary Council, dismissed by the M.F.A. Assembly, ignored by COPCON, or even noticed by the people involved. And the people went their own way. Workers occupied factory after factory, and the government simply legalized their occupations *ex post facto* by declaring those factories nationalized. Factories that were actually but not technically bankrupt—there was a new law that made bankruptcy "illegal"—existed on payroll credit. Lisnave, the Lisbon shipyard, with eight thousand workers and less than half its normal orders, was subsidized for full employment; it costs a company twenty-eight thousand dollars a day in freight losses to keep a big ship out of commission at Lisnave, and the government did not want to frighten whatever clients were left by starting to lay workers off. Besides, another new law made it practically impossible to fire anyone. In industries that were still functioning, workers began to fight about how their factories should be run and who should run them. There were no guidelines; the acts that nationalized their factories had simply given the workers three months to present their plans for "restructuring" to the government. The government, for its part, had assumed that there would be some continuity in the various sectors—by the end of June, the state controlled sixty per cent of production here, with eight fully nationalized industrial sectors—but the assumption was naïve for Portugal. Workers in one petrochemical factory would demand, say, self-management, workers in another, state management, workers in a third, some sort of profit-sharing coöperative run by hired economists, and there was finally no way to coördinate their demands, no way to assure clients and investors about the type of management that any one factory would have a week later, about production schedules and strike policies in that factory, or even about whether the workers would come to terms with one another and fill their orders.



Four groups were competing for power by then in the occupied factories. There were the Intersindical unions. There were the workers' commissions—elected unofficial groups that had been sponsored by the Socialists as alternatives to Intersindical and were now divided between the Socialists and the various far-left parties. There were the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution, borrowed from Cuba by the Communists as alternatives to the workers' commissions. And there were the Partido Revolucionário do Proletariado's Revolutionary Councils of Workers, which were outlawed as paramilitary units but were thriving nevertheless in many factories. To add to this, the banks—run now by directors from the Partido Comunista and the Movimento Democrático Português—were spending a good part of their money meeting industrial payrolls. The banks themselves lost two hundred and forty million dollars in the first half of this year and had to go to the Bank of Portugal—the Bank of Portugal was having a fight of its own over directors—for cash. By July, there was a projected national annual deficit of eight hundred million dollars. Bank reserves had dropped from a billion six hundred million dollars to five hundred million since the revolution and would be gone by August. Salazar's famous gold hoard—eight hundred and sixty tons of gold, which is nearly equal to the world's total yearly gold production and is worth about one billion one hundred million dollars at the official price of forty-two dollars an ounce and three or four times that at the free-market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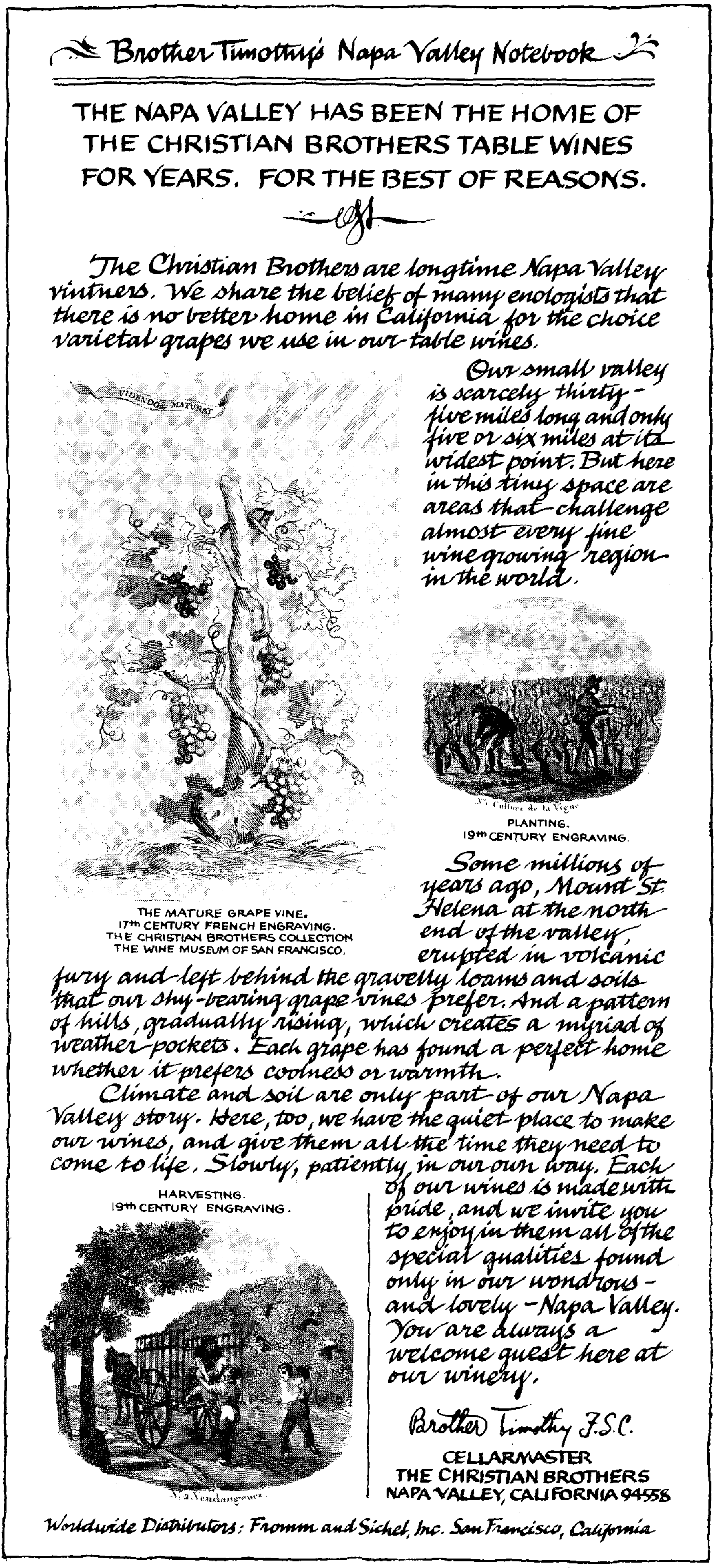
price—could not be sold off in large quantities without drastically reducing its own value. It could not be mortgaged on reasonable terms by a country as economically weak and politically unstable as Portugal. And even if it could be sold or mortgaged, that gold, at the rate Portugal was losing money, would be exhausted in at most two years.

The irony of the economic crisis was that some of the best professionals in the country were in the ministries then, waiting to accomplish something. Jorge Sampaio, an ex-MES lawyer who was a Secretary of State in Antunes' Foreign Ministry, managed to negotiate good trade agreements with Mozambique. João Cravinho, an ex-MES economist who was Minister of Industry and Technology in the fourth of the revolution's six provisional governments, was able to rescue Lisnave and Setnave, the Setúbal shipyard, to some extent by talking Sweden into maintaining what was the shipyard industry's major contract for at least two years, and prepaying a big indemnity against future cancellations, and he negotiated for Portugal the right to a first bid on a contract with the Poles for sixty-eight small freighters. But mostly the technocrats (the Portuguese like the word "technocrat") were hamstrung. Their Labor Minister was an ambitious and economically ignorant major with ties to the Partido Comunista. (The Lisbon transport workers, who were a Communist union, demanded a big raise from him and got it, causing a fifty-per-cent increase in fares on subways, trains, and buses, while unions with a far-left majority, like the telephone workers and the postal workers, went on strike for modest raises and were answered with accusations of being counter-revolutionary.) Strikes became so habitual that the technocrats had nothing to offer when they did negotiate. In the absence of a better solution, they wanted the military to detach itself from all party contacts, remove all party people from the ministries, and impose some disciplined economic planning and a strict austerity program on their failing country. They agonized over their demands, because they were asking, in effect, for a kind of Marxist military dictatorship. They knew that the military lacked the courage to be unpopular, but in the end they presented their ultimatum, and it was ignored. The first of the ex-MES people to quit was Cravinho's Secretary of State for Industry and Technology, João Martins Pereira, and eventually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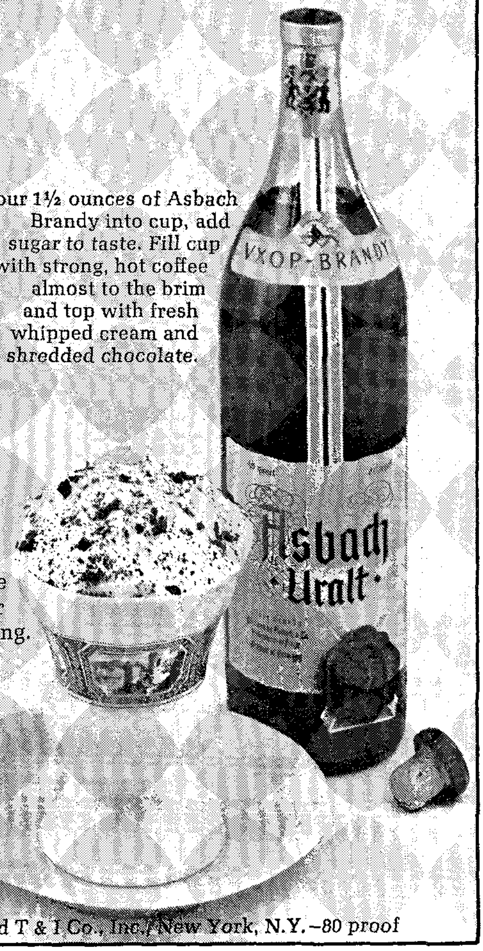

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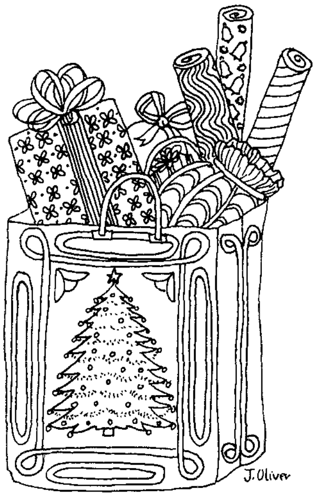
most of the others walked out, too. It was the first challenge by the left to the military's ability to rule.

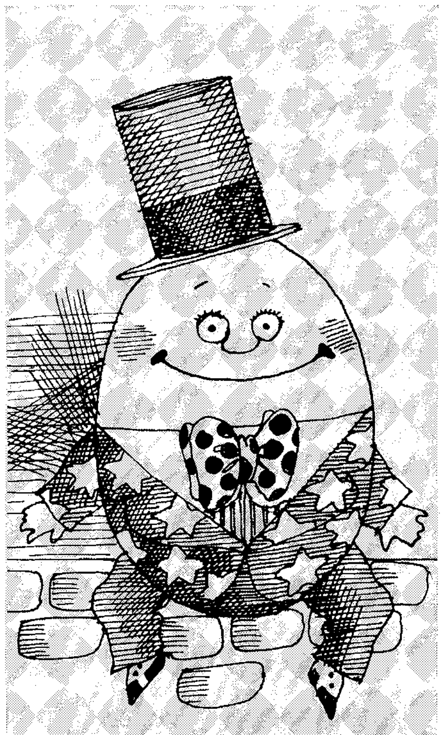
RURAL Portugal had its own problems. Gonçalves' government either had literally given up on the north or had decided to punish it for its intransigence, and northern Portugal got nothing from Lisbon at a time when a lot of the country's remaining wealth should have been directed to the countryside. The peasants in the north were hit harder by the inflation than anyone else in the country. They had no money to pay the new high prices for seed and fertilizer, no purchasing credit in provinces where supplies had always been credited against the next harvest. People in the north ate their dairy cows last winter to keep from starving, and they blamed Lisbon for their hardship. They blamed Lisbon for the fact that their sons in France had stopped sending money home, and then they blamed Lisbon for the fact that unemployed town workers were taking over the empty villas that their sons had built. When the government tried to control prices at their markets, they simply stopped bringing in their produce and sold it on the black market for higher prices than before. They created a food shortage in the towns and cities. Once, last June, the peasants even wanted to boycott Lisbon—agreeing that they would starve out the Communists by making sure that no trucks carrying food left northern Portugal. And when the boycott never materialized, for the simple reason that they could not afford a boycott, they blamed Lisbon for that, too.

The farm workers in Alentejo were friendlier to Lisbon, but not much better off. Good weather had saved their harvest, and the occupation of *latifúndia*—more than a hundred occupations by the end of June, and after the number of acres seized reached half a million, people lost count—had put a lot of neglected land back into cultivation. But no agricultural plan came from Lisbon. A law published last spring had described the kind of farm that could be taken over—anything larger than a hundred and thirty-three acres if the land was irrigated, and anything larger than twelve hundred and thirty-five acres if the land was dry—but it did not deal with the question of *how* the farm could be taken over, or with the redistribution of crops, or with the problems of marketing networks and fair pricing. There was no reorientation of the country's agriculture to meet the new demands of industrial workers who had some money for the first time, and Portugal went begging for imports and had to accept them at inflated prices—though this was beside the point for the farm workers, who were not covered by the minimum wage.

The Sindicato dos Agricultores, which the Communists controlled, sent people to *latifúndia* to work and saw to it that the state subsidized them, but no one knew if those subsidies were salaries, loans, or outright gifts, because the question of whether those *latifúndia* were workers' coöperatives, Party collectives, or state farms, and even the question of who was eligible to work them, had been left open. Like nationalization in industry, the expropriation of *latifúndia* usually did nothing more than legalize seizures that had already taken place through Party maneuverings. The Communists were in Alentejo first, and they wanted the *latifúndia* for the Party. They figured, reasonably, that an occupation had better chances for success if it was led by outsiders rather than by workers on the farm, who might be scared of reprisals from their old landlord, and who had more to lose in the event of trouble. (There was, in fact, very little trouble during the actual occupations. Most of the *latifúndiários* were in Lisbon, if not Brazil, by then, and people usually occupied a farm by walking up to the manager and telling him to leave.) And so they went to underprivileged and unemployed partisans in the rural towns and let them occupy. There were occupations in Alentejo that left half the people who had been working the land dispossessed, occupations by would-be farmers who had no experience. Decisions about what to plant, how to plant it, and what machines to buy came from the Party through the agricultural workers' union. Salaries came through the Party from the Instituto de Reforma Agrara, which was Alentejo's conduit for state credit. And the result was that the far-left parties, like the Partido Revolucionário do Proletariado and the Liga de União e Acção Revolucionária, which were sponsoring "spontaneous" occupations, made inroads in every Alentejo town that had had the example of an occupation by the Communists. At first, the Communists insisted that these far-left occupations were illegal since they were not cleared by the union. But the farmers kept on making them because that way they got to stay on the land they knew, to ask for advice when they needed it, and then to be left alone to solve their problems. They suffered a lot, being outside the Party. Their credit was often blocked by the Instituto, and, like people on all the *latifúndia*, they had been left with enormous debts by their old landlords, most of whom had bought entirely on credit the year before and had run with their profits. There was a lot of ugly sabotage in Alentejo this year, and it still goes on, and will continue as long as the political crisis here lasts. Fields are burned, cattle and equipment stolen. Farmers go to the fields armed, and the old *latifúndiários* have started to send their thugs around the province, as if the terror they create could compensate them for their lost property.



THE events known here as the *República* affair and the Renascença affair were the causes célèbres that signalled the downfall of Vasco Gonçalves. They inspired a brief, unholy alliance between Soares and the conservative Catholic Church last summer; gave politicians a chance to expound on sacred subjects like the free press and freedom of religion; gave liberals who were uneasy trying to be radicals a way out of their dilemma; and provoked enough of a righteous scandal to release a flow of American and Western European money to the Socialists, so that they could make an organized appeal to the disgruntled officers who took over Portugal late in August and are trying desperately to stay in power. *República* was the Socialists' newspaper—not the official Party paper but a Socialist paper in that its money was Socialist money, its editors and journalists were Socialists, and it was entirely devoted to publicizing and supporting Socialist policies. The paper had an honorable past. It was the only one of the country's daily papers, including the ones that have just been suspended for being so vociferously Communist, to take a stand against the Fascists, risk blanked-out pages from the censors, and hire jour-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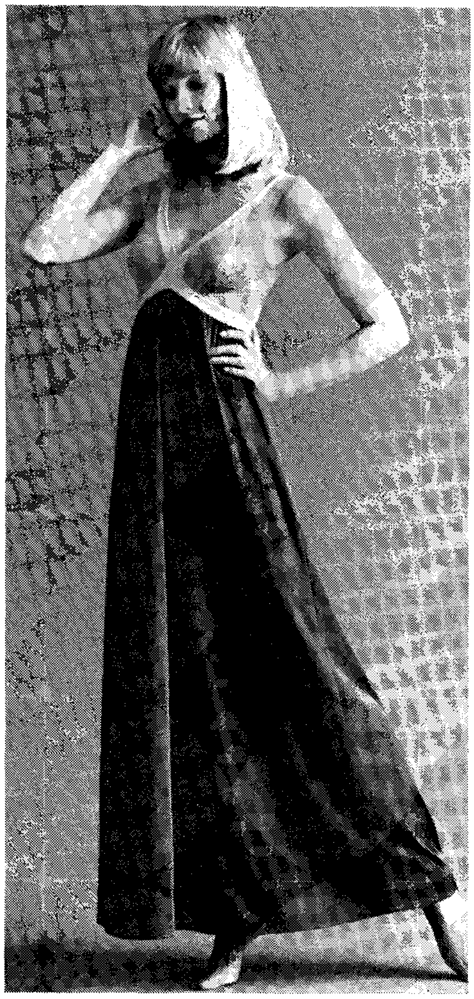

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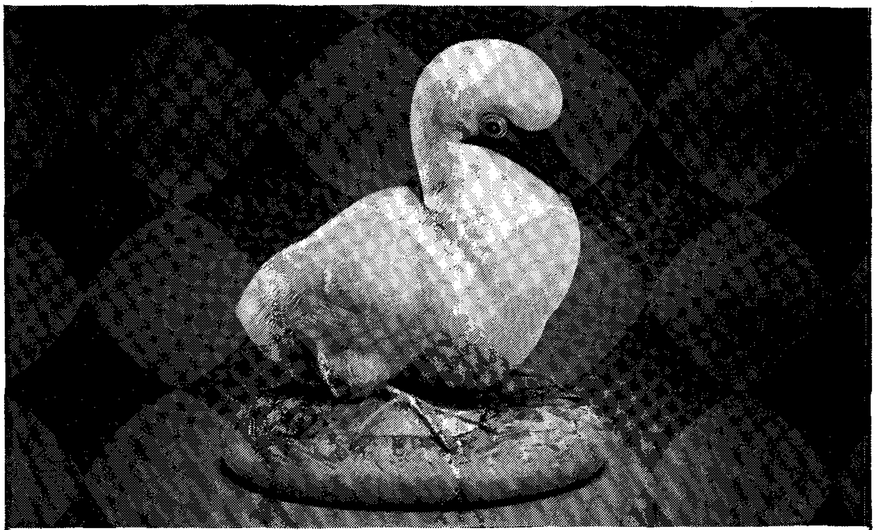

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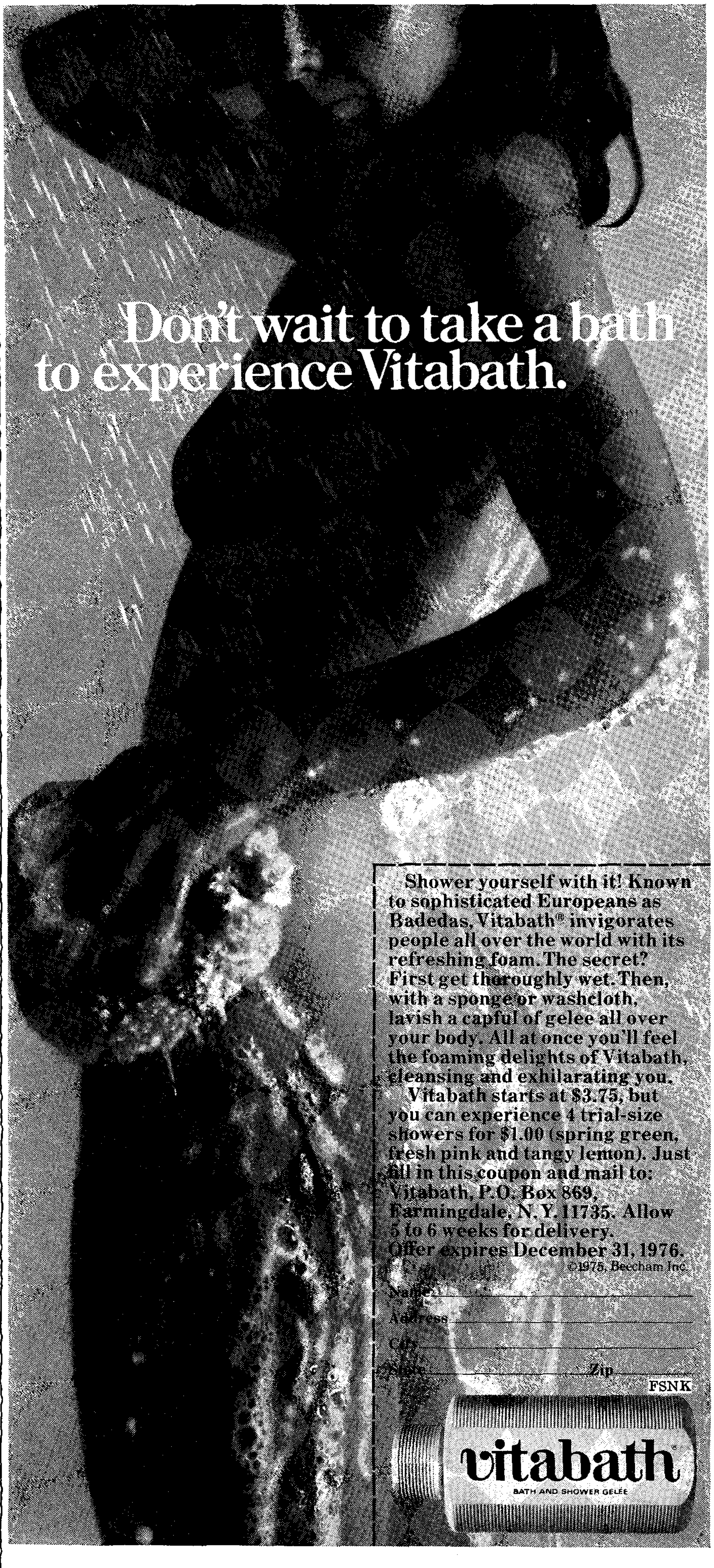
nalists who were independent and intelligent. *República* was never a terribly good paper. *Jornal Novo*, which has replaced it as the intellectuals' daily, and *Expresso*, which is a weekly owned by a Partido Popular Democrático leader named Francisco Pinto Balsemão, are much better papers than *República* ever was. But *República* was a kind of national institution, and when the printers there locked the staff out last May and seized the paper, declaring that it was about to become a "people's paper," the Socialists finally had a cause that was more promising than a union squabble. Negotiations had been going on at *República* all spring over salaries and benefits and printers' demands that the editor, Raul Rêgo, publish a statement of the paper's political principles. Then, on May Day, Intersindical Communists tried to block the Socialist delegation to a workers' rally, roughed up Soares in the process, and subsequently got a lot of publicity out of the fact that the Socialists had started shouting during a speech by the Prime Minister. The printers at *República* refused to set up two articles attacking the Intersindical Communists, and Rêgo soured and refused to accede to any of the printers' demands. The printers who seized *República* were not all Communists. Many of them belonged to the União Democrática Popular, and a few had even been registered as Socialists, but the *República* affair was taken up as the climax of the fight between the Socialists and the Communists. The European press gave more attention to the *República* affair than to any event in Portugal since the revolution. *Le Monde* worried over such heady French questions as whether a free press is "free" if private capital funds it. British newspapers said that producing a newspaper was, after all, not the same thing as producing automobiles. Fifty thousand people were suddenly showing up at Socialist rallies. And the Communists were now demanding that foreign newspapers be censored, telex wires and cables monitored, Western reporters put on the next plane out.

A week later, in the spirit of the confrontation, the workers at Rádio Renascença, the station of the Catholic Church of Portugal, threw out *their* management and declared that Renascença had been liberated, too. Catholics immediately started having rallies that were just as big as the Socialists'; the Church itself, which had been extremely discreet in its few pronouncements on the revolution, was demanding its station back; and Gonçalves literally did not know what to do. He had already shut down *República* for new negotiations between Rêgo and the printers; now he was frightened enough to order that the paper be restored to its owners, with "appropriate" compromises, and reopened, and that the station be returned to the Church. He sent troops to carry out his orders, but the COPCON troops who went to *República* handed the keys to the building over to the printers, and the troops at Renascença ended up occupying the building *with* the workers, and there was no way to keep the Socialists and the Catholics from closing ranks.

Soares went all over Portugal. He led mass demonstrations in Lisbon and Oporto. He warned the Portuguese that a Communist dictatorship was at hand. He tied *República* and Renascença to a plan that the M.F.A. Assembly had come up with after one of its fervent all-night sessions, demanding a government by show-of-hand popular assemblies. He threatened to call a general strike of his supporters and paralyze the country. And the Communists replied with their own demonstrations of workers shouting "Paralização, Não." Intersindical ordered its members to their factories, to stand guard day and night and "defend working places for the revolution." Barricades went up around Lisbon to keep "counter-revolutionaries" out. Armed civilian vigilantes searched cars and passengers. Squatters "liberated" apartments of the Lisbon bourgeoisie. The Revolutionary Council made a few conciliatory gestures to the Catholics and the Socialists, but the M.F.A. Assembly immediately revoked everything that the Council did, and, anyway, by then no one knew whether the Assembly or the Council was running Portugal. Finally, Soares sent President Costa Gomes an ultimatum, listing his conditions for keeping the Partido Socialista in the provisional government. No one replied, and on July 11th he formally withdrew the Party—removing himself, the Minister of Justice, and five Secretaries of State. A few days later, the Partido Popular Democrático took its two Ministers and two Secretaries of State out of the government, too.

On the night of July 13th, an angry mob in the town of Rio Maior, thirty-five miles north of Lisbon, broke into the headquarters of the Partido Comunista and the headquarters of the Frente Socialista Popular, destroyed their files, and set fire to the buildings. In the weeks that followed, fifty Communist



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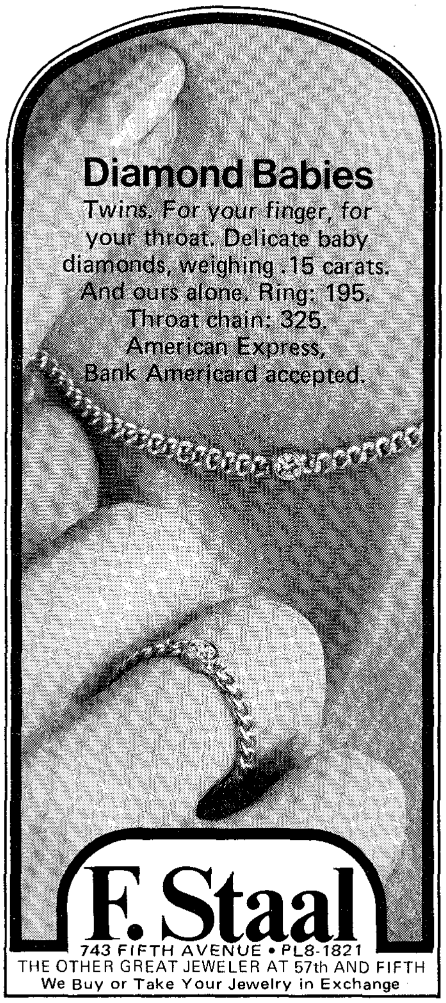
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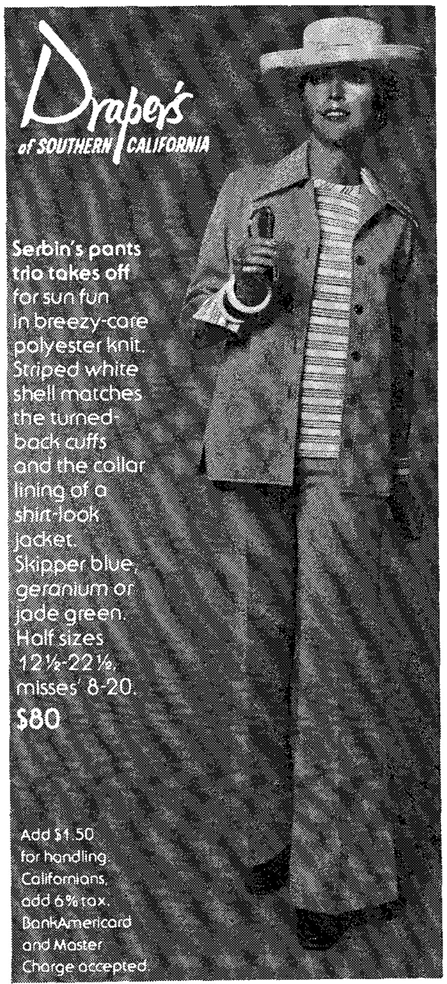
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offices north of the Tagus were sacked and burned, along with some Frente Socialista Popular and Movimento Democrático Português offices, and it was no longer possible for a Communist to walk in the streets of a northern town. Soares was careful to condemn the burnings, but he made a point of expressing his sympathy for the "democrats" of Portugal who had been driven to such desperate acts. He talked a lot about the death of pluralist democracy. He reminded people that the Common Market, which had finally decided to grant to Portugal a three-year loan amounting to a billion three hundred million dollars, had withdrawn the offer when the Socialists and the moderates quit. He demanded that Gonçalves be removed from office, and by late July Major Antunes' faction on the Council agreed with him. Gonçalves would have been out then, in fact, if Soares had not kept on campaigning in the north against him. Soares' maneuverings in the north compromised Antunes, who considered his own position a revolutionary position—true socialism against the totalitarian state socialism of the Communists—and who could not square it with a movement whose mass support was so demonstrably on the right. Antunes wanted to save the M.F.A., not ruin it. He had evidently convinced Carvalho that Gonçalves must go, and had enough field officers behind him, but he knew that many of those officers represented a reëmerging right within the military, and for a month he refused to publicly declare himself against Gonçalves—on M.F.A. principle and out of a conviction that he was being used.

In the end, it was not the Socialists and the Catholics but the disaffection of the military that persuaded the Antunes Nine, as everybody here calls Antunes' group of nine Revolutionary Council officers, to publish a document, on August 7th, against Soviet-style socialism that took them out of the Council and into the opposition. Gonçalves, forming his fourth and the revolution's fifth government, had put together a Cabinet that was distinguished only by the fact that no one had ever heard of most of the men in it; indeed, it even embarrassed Costa Gomes to the point that he reassured people, at the swearing-in ceremony on August 8th, that their new ministers had an important "temporary" role to play. Demonstrations in the north were going on daily; so were strikes in Lisbon and sabotage in the south. And the M.F.A. Assembly, trying to keep the far left from defecting, had just declared the unlikely triumvirate of Costa Gomes, Gonçalves, and Carvalho (who was visiting Cuba at the time), telling the Revolutionary Council that its powers had been revoked. But the M.F.A. was clearly no longer representing Portugal's officers. Officers who had spent a year thinking of themselves as Robin Hoods were simply unable to tolerate the hostility they felt around them. They were being called on, more and more, to intervene against mobs of their troops' neighbors. (Soldiers returning from Africa were inevitably stationed in their own provinces.) Sometimes their troops refused to intervene. Sometimes the troops joined the mobs and helped with the sacking, and the government had to send Marines from Lisbon to stop them. There were now actually units with two command structures: the M.F.A. command and an insurgent command that gave the orders. And by the time Antunes circulated his document three-quarters of the country's officers, and probably more, were ready to support it. Once they did, it was only a matter of days before COPCON issued its own document—a windy *autocrítica* that ended "Viva Portugal!" but not, significantly, "Viva Governo!" and that was considered *its* withdrawal of support from the Gonçalves government. Carvalho and his people went into negotiations with Antunes and *his* people, and they were joined by General Carlos Fabião, who was then the Chief of Staff of the Army and, after Carvalho, the country's most powerful general. It was all too much for Costa Gomes. Three weeks after swearing in Gonçalves' new government, apparently under threat of a coup d'état from the commander of the country's central military region—a brigadier general named Manuel Franco Charais—and faced with the complete disintegration of the Armed Forces Movement, Costa Gomes fired Gonçalves and replaced him with Vice Admiral José Batista Pinheiro de Azevedo. Azevedo was then the Chief of Staff of the Portuguese Navy—a man of the left, the papers called him, whose

Navy Fusiliers had stormed the secret police on April 25th and won the only shoot-out of the revolution—and he had no political connections with anyone.

PORTUGAL has just survived its second attempt at a coup since the revolution. Lisbon was under martial law for a week. More than a hundred officers and enlisted men—this time on the left, not the right—have been imprisoned, and no one knows how many civilians. And no one talks any longer about saving the revolution; people can talk only about restoring Portugal. The government that was formed by Antunes' insurgents—and that literally went on strike last month to protest the conspiracy of new insurgents—was a coalition of five military men and ten civilians who were chosen according to the results of the April elections. There were four Socialist ministers, two Popular Democrats, one Communist, and three independents, and their government was probably doomed from the beginning, when the Communists and the Partido Popular Democrático refused even to sit down together to negotiate, and it was the Socialists' turn to decide who the enemy of the revolution was. There were a few calm days in Lisbon before the trouble started all over again. The Revolutionary Council was pared to nineteen officers; only two Navy men on it had links to the Partido Comunista, and the balance of power was fairly evenly divided between Antunes' socialists and Carvalho's populists, who most people assumed would get along. In fact, most people here assumed that the far left and the military socialists had finally made a working truce. All summer, the far left had been the favorite cause of the Lisbon anti-Communists. The leftists were everyone's romantic children; they were Portugal's Weathermen. They had suffered from the Communists as much as anyone had—in their Alentejo occupations, in the factories, even in the Armed Forces Movement. Communists in the M.F.A. had tried to block their demonstrations and outlaw their workers' councils, and even tried to punish a young Air Force captain for talking about a rally of workers and soldiers that was called by Isabel do Carmo's people late last June. Socialists and liberals applauded the far left for the abuse it took from the Communists (there was a time when liberals in Lisbon were even applauding the Stalinists of the União Democrática Popular for their "authenticity" and "purity"), and the more they ap-

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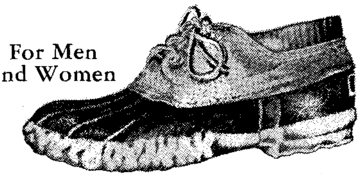

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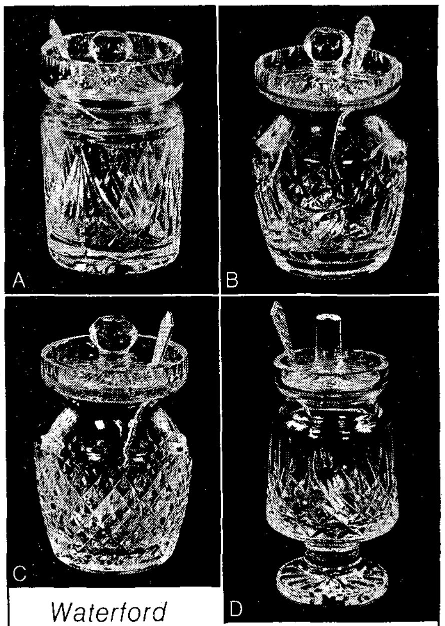
plauded, the less serious attention they paid to what the far left was doing.

While the Socialists and the Communists were fighting their propaganda war this summer, the far-left parties and the officers who supported them were in the barracks, organizing. There were still a hundred thousand soldiers, sailors, and airmen here—now there are less than seventy thousand—in a country that in the years before the revolution had rarely had more than eight thousand home troops, and those hundred thousand men were for the most part idle and demoralized. For all the talk about Army democracy—and a token twelve soldiers and twelve noncommissioned officers in the M.F.A. Assembly—the real democracy in the M.F.A. was a captains' democracy, and most captains never really doubted that the rank and file of the Army would continue to take the orders, and the changing politics, of their officers. But the far left went into the barracks and talked about "internal democracy," about the rights of ordinary soldiers. The result of their work was Soldados Unidos Vencerão, which means "United Soldiers Will Win"—a collection of troops stirred by and then converted to the incredible principle of a rank and file that determines its own orders and elects its own officers and, in the end, controls them.

Soldados Unidos Vencerão, or SUV, was the end of all military discipline in Portugal, and the end of military guarantees for any government. It was going to turn a revolutionary army into an army of revolutionaries, and the idea was magic to the troops who joined it or its inevitable ideological offshoots; they now thought of themselves as the country's newest—and, given the guns at their disposal, most powerful—proletariat. These young men were the sons of reactionary northern peasants as well as of workers and southern farmhands. Some of them, a few months earlier, had joined the mobs that were sacking Communist offices in northern Portugal. Some were paratroopers who had tried to seize the country for Spínola on March 11th. But few of them earned more than five hundred escudos, or twenty dollars, a month in the armed forces. Their grim alternative was demobilization—seven thousand soldiers were demobilized in just one week last month—into the unemployment lines. They were impressionable and uneducated—rank-and-file Portuguese soldiers rarely have had any formal education past grade school—and confused, and they were vulnerable to



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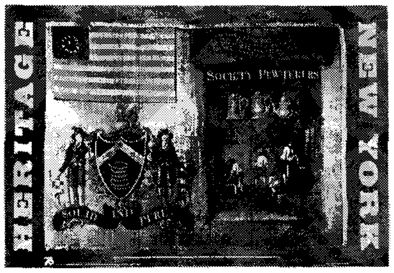

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anyone, on the right or the left, who took up their cause. By the time Azevedo's government was a few weeks old, and making its way to such inconspicuous triumphs as a new, small Common Market offer and some American aid, there were thousands of enlisted men in the new movement, and SUV was active in all but three of the country's military units.

SUV's first challenge to the government was mild enough: on September 26th, thirty-five hundred of its members marched peacefully with twenty-five thousand of their civilian counterparts from the Frente Unida Revolucionária—a new united front that six far-left parties had just declared—to demand the "liberation" of two soldiers from a military prison across the bridge from Lisbon. But it was just the sort of thing that General Carvalho, locked into a respectable and dreary new government, could not resist. He threw himself into the opposition, where, he said, his heart was. He began the day of the march with a statement that more than a thousand automatic rifles stolen from the Army by a COPCON captain and delivered to some Revolutionary Brigades, which were the Partido Revolucionário do Proletariado's militias, were in "good hands," and ended it at three in the morning by releasing the two prisoners in the name of *o povo.* And when Azevedo replied with a statement that he was setting up a new intervention unit of loyal troops to restore discipline, the sides were drawn again.

COPCON was threatened—though COPCON was dividing into its own loyal and disloyal factions, and there were not enough loyal troops left in any of the country's combat units to fill an intervention force anyway. The far left was in the streets. And the Communists were in the government and losing their place in the vanguard, and they had to do something about it. They began by joining demonstrations with their party banners. Then they used the press. They still controlled three of Lisbon's mass dailies—the new government was subsidizing them and five other nationalized newspapers with a total of a million six hundred thousand dollars a month, and the workers' *República,* which had no subsidy and was down to a circulation of five thousand, was demanding money, too—and with those papers they waged their own campaign against the government to which they still officially belonged. They started their own version of SUV in the barracks. And,

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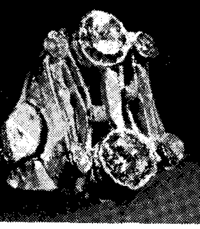

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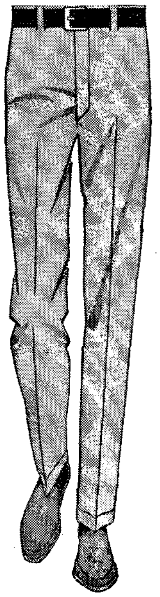

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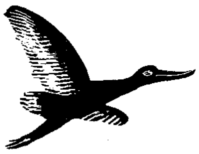
finally, they made their first approaches to the leaders of the far left. They joined the opposition in order to appropriate it and take back the government for themselves, or in a coalition with the Socialists which they would dominate. They wanted to prove that they were the only people in Portugal who could control the far left and its SUV troops. Revolutionaries like do Carmo knew that their rapprochement with the Communists was tentative at best, and probably suicidal, but they said that they could not let Azevedo's government stay in power to call elections for a legislative assembly once a constitution was drafted. The summer in Portugal released a nasty backlash against the left in general, and it may be the Partido Popular Democrático and the Centro Democrático Social, not the Socialists, that would win an election here now.



This fall, Portugal was left in anarchy. There was not one commander around Lisbon except Jaime Neves, the colonel in charge of the commando regiment at Amadora, who could say for sure that he had any authority over his junior officers or his troops, and there were some commanders who did not want that authority. The Army went its own way, unit by unit, fraction by fraction, soldier by soldier. When Azevedo ordered troops to take over some radio and television stations that were broadcasting what amounted to a call to arms against the government, soldiers refused to enter one station, and at the new Renascença they entered to protect it from the government—exactly as they had five months before. When Azevedo ordered private weapons confiscated, his total haul was eleven guns; the Revolutionary Brigades simply went underground, soldiers continued to supply them, and there were more than twenty thousand weapons, most of them machine guns, in civilian hands. When the commander of Ralis, which controls the Lisbon airport and the route to Spain, refused to transfer rifles from his arsenal to a coastal battery—he challenged the officer who came for them to a duel—there was nothing Azevedo could do about it, because Ralis had mounted a barricade of anti-tank guns and a round-the-clock guard against the government. When soldiers in Oporto whose transport regiment was disbanded were thrown out of their barracks by commandos, they simply occupied the barracks of a sympathetic artillery unit, and there was nothing Azevedo could do about that, either, because the soldiers were sitting on seven hundred tons of ammunition and arms. By the time of the uprising, on November 25th, Portugal was a place where Carvalho could lead protest marches, speak at Communist-sponsored rallies in Alentejo, and ignore repeated demands that he relinquish his command; where General Fabião could refuse to interfere with his soldiers, and could even promise to reinstate the insurgent transport regiment as a combat unit called the Detachment of the 25th of April. Even Antunes did not always know which side he belonged on anymore. Some of his friends on the Council were turning right, and Azevedo, who has the reputation of being rather stubborn and intolerant at the best of times, was listening to them, clearly enraged by the insubordination around him. Azevedo was getting inflexible and repressive and vengeful when his best chances for survival were to be accommodating wherever he could. He blew up the transmitter at Renascença. He used the demobilization schedule, which was intended to get rid of possibly rightist troops from Angola, to purge the Army of its noisiest radicals. He was pitting the Army regulars against the conscripts for their jobs. He was sending the cavalry to stop land occupations. He did not listen to the people, like Antunes, who were arguing for conciliation—for some gesture toward the far left's experiments in popular democracy—and claiming that only the right would gain from his intransigence. And the result was that nearly every issue left the Revolutionary Council divided—whether to speed up demobilization or cut it down; whether to recognize the Angolan refugees' money; whether to pay off the proprietors of occupied *latifúndia;* whether to stop the nationalizations for a while or even to restore some small industries that had been taken over; whether to hand Angola to the M.P.L.A., as Costa Gomes wanted, or to "the people," which is what the Council finally did. But the Council's divisions were nearly immaterial at that point. No government could function in the kind of situation where workers demanding a salary increase could keep a Prime Minister under siege for thirty-six hours, and the only military unit in the country he could count on to rescue him was his old Navy unit, doing him a favor.

IN a way, most Portuguese were relieved when a coup was finally attempted. The new insurgents had

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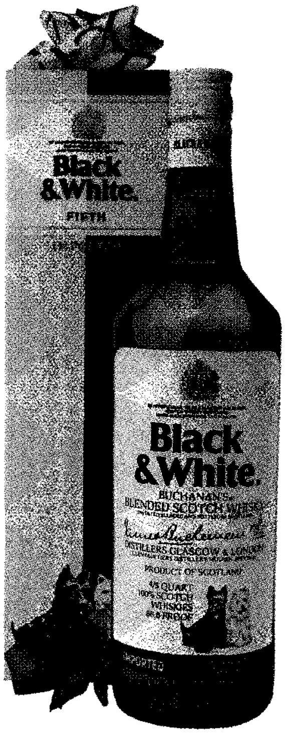
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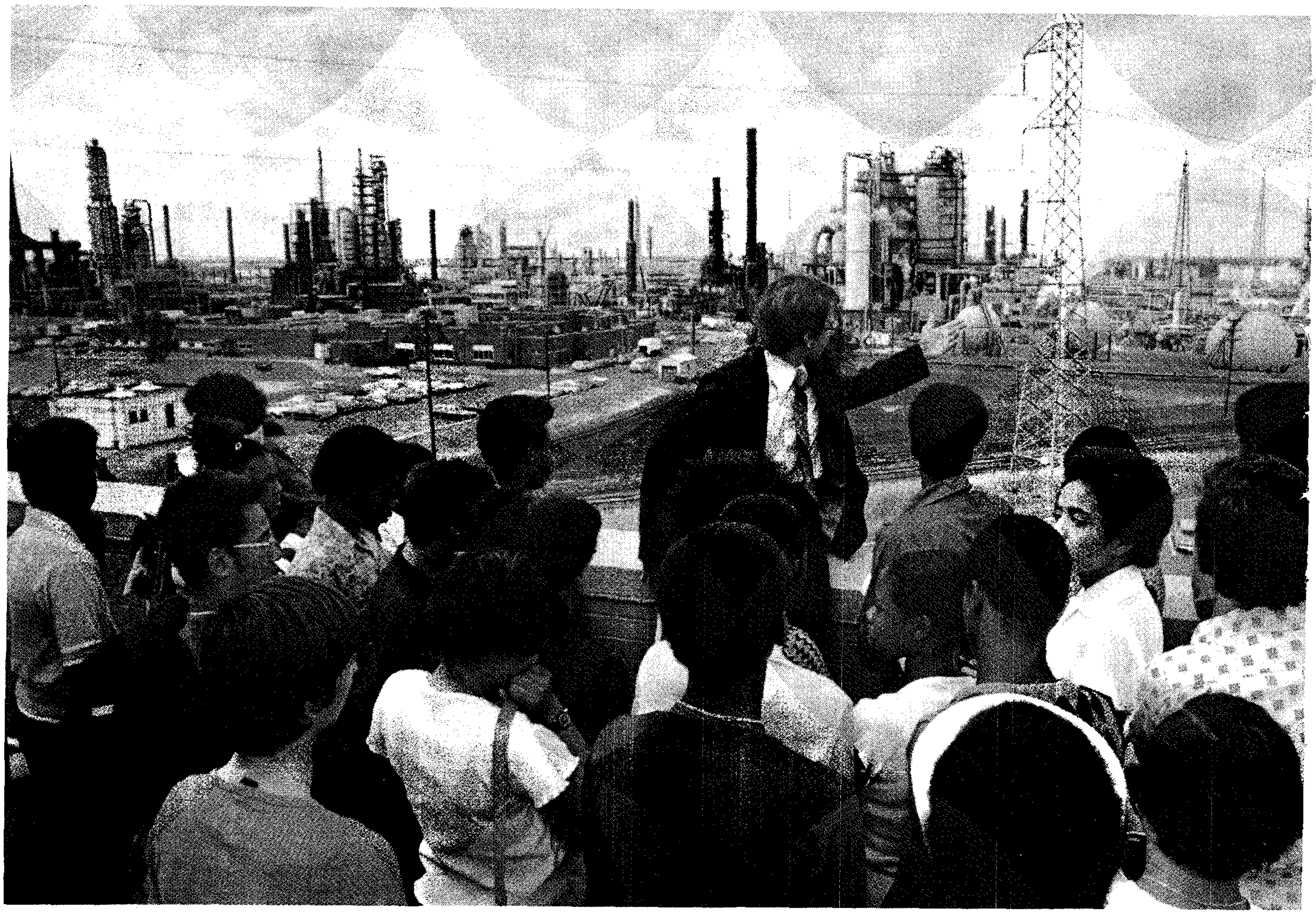

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While it's impossible to say how many of these students will eventually pursue careers in science and engineering, it's a fact that they all expressed more interest in these fields after the program. Next summer Exxon will be back in Newark. Until then, we'll continue our other programs to aid and promote engineering.

We'll again be working with the National Academy of Engineering to identify the critical factors limiting the enrollment and retention of minority students in engineering. We'll also be funding new engineering programs for minorities at 15 major colleges and universities—and helping to strengthen the engineering programs at predominately minority schools, such as Howard University, North Carolina A&T, Tuskegee Institute, Prairie View A&M, Tennessee State University and Southern University.

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been demonstrating their intentions so plainly and so disruptively that they had no alternative but to try to seize power. On the morning of November 25th, there were no jokes in Lisbon about Tupamaros or wobbly training planes or housewives banging pots and pans at a few hundred sheepish paratroopers. Several thousand people were involved in the coup this time. The militias of the far left had been on the alert for at least a week, and so had some two thousand insurgent paratroopers, the Military Police, and the soldiers at Ralis. The Revolutionary Council had just adjourned an all-night session to publicly fire Carvalho from his command in Lisbon. (Carvalho had already denounced the Council, which had been ordering him to resign the post for days.) The Communists had called their workers to mobilize against Vasco Lourenço, the new Lisbon commander. And so the rebels figured that their time had come. Their coup was a coördinated, disciplined, and well-planned offensive. Within an hour, far-left troops had taken over the national television station in Lisbon and were broadcasting calls for mass support. Paratroopers seized the country's three main Air Force bases—at Monte Real and Tancos, north of Lisbon, and in the Lisbon suburb of Montijo—as well as the Air Force command post and communications center, north of Lisbon, at Monsanto, and the Air Force staff headquarters in Lisbon itself. The Military Police were deployed throughout the city, and Ralis was out guarding the highway to the north.

By the night of November 26th, the commando regiment under Colonel Jaime Neves had managed to take back most of the installations that the insurgents had seized, but it was five days before the last insurgent paratroopers surrendered, at their training school in Tancos—and they surrendered weeping, because they had fully expected a popular uprising to support them, and that uprising never came. Too many units had refused to join the coup at the last moment—the Marines, who stayed loyal to their old chief of staff, Azevedo; the Army units where SUV was strong but not, it turned out, a majority. General Carvalho, knowing this, had refused to take command of the rebellion, and so had General Fabião. And the Communists, who had spent the first morning of the coup supporting the insurgents, backed down as soon as the commandos proved their strength. Some of the Communists' supporters

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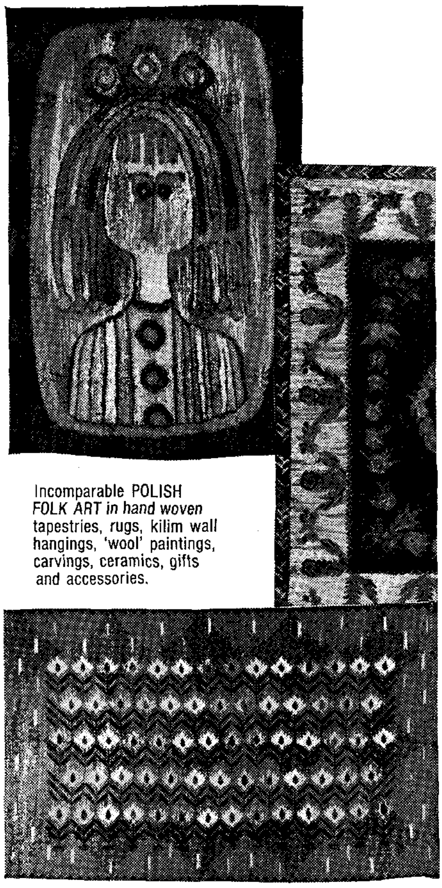

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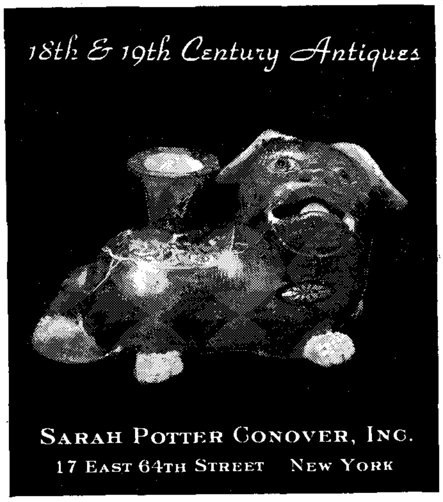

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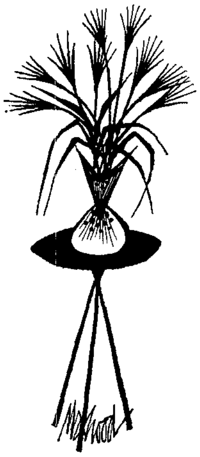
from the old Fifth Division—the one that everybody called Agit-Prop—had evidently helped to plan the coup for the far-left units, but those units were really useful to the Partido Comunista only as allies in a coup of its own or as pawns in the Party's campaign to take back the government. The Communists had little interest in a Portugal ruled by populists like Carvalho, dominated by far-left parties, and governed by Revolutionary Councils of Workers, Soldiers, and Sailors or local assemblies where the people with the most hands up got to make the laws. The far left always knew this, but its people are dreamers, really, and their coup was over before they could admit to themselves that the Communists would betray them in a showdown. A purge of the far-left military began on November 25th while the commandos were still busy putting down the rebel units. Two days later, most SUV leaders were either in hiding or in prison; their followers had no discipline—or, for that matter, ability—to move without them; and the Communist communiqués were already talking about a false left, about the desperate and irresponsible acts of self-styled revolutionaries.

The new *saneamento* is still going on in Portugal. Friendships formed in thirteen years of war and cemented during a year and a half of social revolution have been broken. Carvalho and Fabião have been replaced by men who knew them well and liked them. Vice Admiral Coutinho has had to leave the Revolutionary Council, and so have most of the other officers in the rebel faction. The Communists have lost their newspapers—the government suspended the nationalized papers during the coup, fired their editors and journalists, and sealed their offices—and they are again the villains here, because the far left considers them traitors to the rebellion and everybody else considers them the rebellion's cause. But, in backing out of the coup, the Communists made their point. No Communist leaders have been arrested, and the Partido Comunista is now the only important party to the left of the Socialists with any official credibility.



THERE is no way to describe the crisis here in its own rhetoric. Portugal today is a place where Socialists are called Fascists, Marxists are called moderates, Marxist-Leninist has become a code word for Maoist, and Maoist a code word for anything noisy and disruptive; where conservatives label the entire left Communist, Communists label the rest of the left conservative, and the foreign press has a field day. The rhetoric here is the rhetoric of politicians talking to people who had no adult experience of either politics or freedom before April 25th. It is the rhetoric of soldiers who less than two years ago were fighting a Fascist war and who now, unable to control each other or anybody else, have only words at their disposal—and guns, which they are reluctant to use. It is the rhetoric of people scrambling for power in a vacuum of authority and common sense, the rhetoric of failure and incapacity on all sides. And it contributes to—and in a way even constitutes—the crisis here, because it gives slogan responses to complicated social problems that there is practically no time left to solve. It plays on the susceptibility of impressionable, unsophisticated, and desperate people, and it is disastrous for the revolution, because it has left the revolutionaries so confused.

The fact is that the crisis in Portugal now is a crisis on the left. The left that contested Azevedo's government was contesting a government in which the left was the majority. Most of the officers who dominate the Revolutionary Council now are "moderates," mainly in that they are more realistic about the rhythms of change and survival here than anyone else the left has come up with, more concerned about questions of legitimacy and discipline, more skeptical about the chances that Portugal, with all its economic problems, has of cutting its ties with Western Europe and declaring itself a people's democracy of the Third World. The government has survived a coup attempt that everybody knew was coming, but the argument on the left goes on, and as long as it does the real fight, if one comes, will be between a united right, a fractured left, and a fast-dissolving center, and the right will almost certainly win.

The right here is stronger than it has been since before the revolution, and it waits, capitalizing on the current failures. There are many officers in Portugal now who would welcome back the right. The news blackout in Lisbon during the week of November

25th was intended as much to keep a military right from manipulating the crisis as it was to clear the way for the arrests and purges and arms searches on the far left. The right is the reason Antunes went on television to say that the participation of the Partido Comunista in the government was "indispensable" to the cause of Portuguese socialism. There are politicians now who have come out from a respectable "moderate" cover and are making statements no one would have dared to make a month ago—some of the Partido Popular Democrático leaders have begun to attack Antunes, and the Centro Democrático Social is even demanding that the Army dissolve most parties to the left of the Socialists. There are a million and a half civilians in Portugal who have fought in the wars in Africa—a million and a half men trained in guerrilla warfare and capable of fighting in a civil war. There are sixty thousand adult male Angolan refugees waiting to even scores with the people in Lisbon who helped to arm the M.P.L.A. in Luanda and made it impossible—so they think—for them to reclaim anything that was once theirs. Rightist units are training in the Azores and in Madeira. More than twenty thousand troops have just come home from Angola; some of the units there were infiltrated by the right and some are simply disgusted with Lisbon for leaving them with an ugly job. Six thousand Portuguese exiles are at the Spanish border, trained by an army that calls itself the Democratic Movement for the Liberation of Portugal, claims to have forty thousand supporters, and uses Spínola's name but in the end considers the General too much of a liberal. There is a savage little band of ex-PIDE that also calls itself an army. There are the northern peasants, who in a showdown will fight with the right, and not with the Socialists, with whom they made a marriage of ignorance and convenience at the polls. And meanwhile there is not enough money for everyone to pay for food and fuel this winter, and, as everyone says, *o povo* are suffering.

—JANE KRAMER

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DEDICATION

John E. Zuccotti, chairman of the New York City Planning Commission, helped mar the dedication of Pratt Institute's new multi-purpose activity resource center by delivering the principal address at ceremonies planned there for October 4, 1975.—*New York Construction News.*

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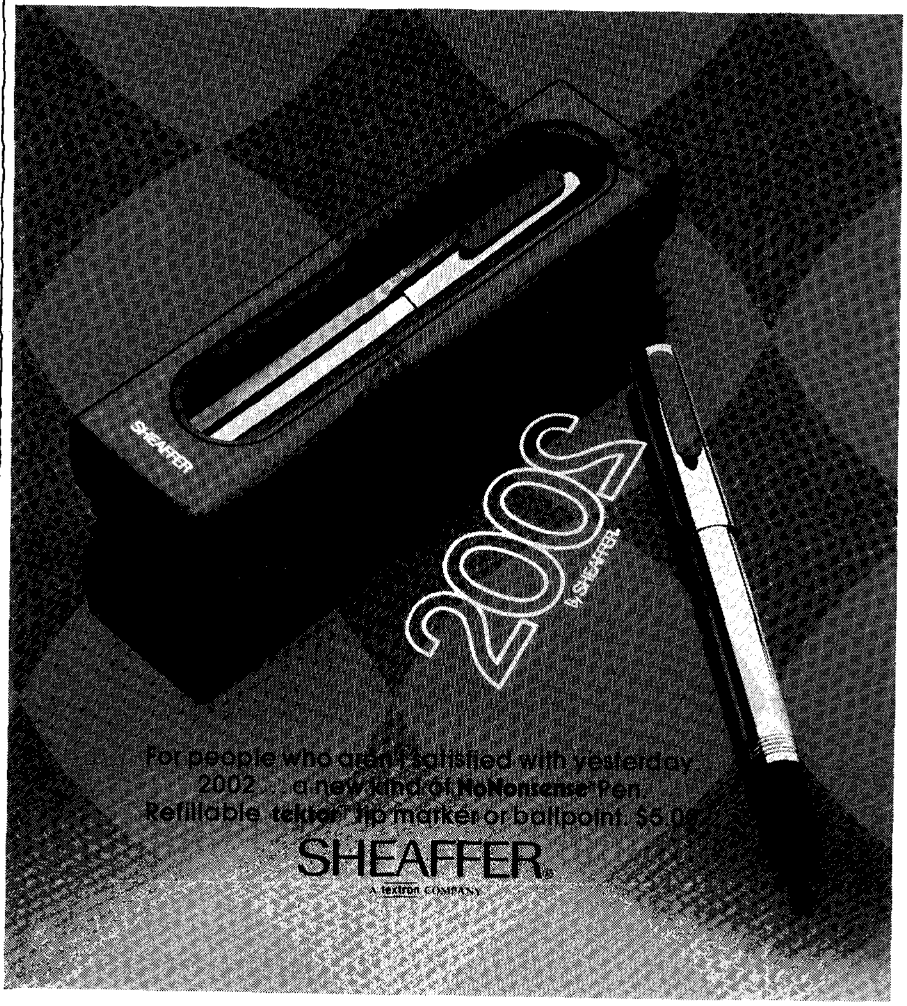
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Key Moments in "Figaro"

IF, in Act II of "Le Nozze di Figaro," the Countess has turned the key and locked the door of her dressing room, with Cherubino inside—as she does in Günther Rennert's new production of the opera, at the Metropolitan—how does he get out again, once the coast is clear? There are two possible ways: Susanna has a second key and lets him out, or the lock is of a kind that can be opened, without key, from the inside. But in the Met production Susanna had no handy chatelaine, and the lock, both sides of it clearly visible at different stages of the action, looked like no eighteenth-century example I have seen that could make the page's escape possible. So what should happen? The original, 1786 libretto gives the answer when it says, "Cherubino enters the dressing room and closes the door; the Countess takes the key." She does not *turn* the key to "double-lock" the door; the lock must be of that common, click-to kind opened from one side by turning a key and from the other by turning a handle. It is a small point, but not negligible in an opera for which Mozart and his librettist, Lorenzo da Ponte, have devised things so carefully; any hitch in their smooth stage mechanism strikes a jarring note. A larger point is that directors and executants need to work from good editions reproducing all that the creators had in mind. For Acts I and II of "Figaro" such an edition—Ludwig Finscher's, in the Neue Mozart Ausgabe—is available. But the autograph of Acts III and IV—all but a scrap that made its way to Stanford University—has since the war been missing from its home in the German State Library, and until it emerges from its Polish hiding place we must make do, as Professor Finscher had to, with scores that (to judge by a comparison of the earlier acts against the autograph) are far from trustworthy. We do, at least, have the original libretto. (There is a copy in the Library of Congress, and a film of the autograph for Acts I and II in the New York Public Library.)

What should happen later, after Cherubino has got away and Susanna has taken his place? The Countess, at the words "Egli è innocente," hands her husband the key. (Some editors have placed the action later, at her "Io non son rea," but Mozart's autograph is clear.) A few measures on, with this key the Count opens the door of the dressing room, and Susanna comes out. I have never seen things happen quite that way; Susanna has always opened the door herself, from the inside. It matters little, but it would be good, for once, to see the scene enacted as Mozart imagined it. Passing to Act IV, we find (in the libretto) that Susanna and the Countess have already changed garments before they enter the garden. If the change is effected later, during the course of the act, as it is in the Met production, and if the travesty, as at the Met, is a full one, not merely a switching of distinctive mantles, then a disturbing thought of dressers conveniently at hand in the wings to help with the complicated quick change is apt to flit across the listener's mind. I prefer mantle-swapping to the full change; it allows the Countess to make her breathtaking final appearance dressed once again as a countess, allows her to unmask even as she steps forward with her "Almeno io per loro perdono otterò." The stage directions give us no help here; the preference is prompted by a belief that the stage picture should reflect the musico-dramatic climax of the opera. After the phrase just quoted, the music drops into the minor and then through troubled progressions, resolved at the Count's "Contessa, perdono!," the Countess's answer, and its sotto-voce echo by all the company. This transfigured moment, as Professor Joseph Kerman has put it, "uncovers a core of decency under all the shabbiness which the comedy has exposed and tried to rationalize in laughter. . . . The Countess has never been more lovely and true to herself." And how can she be that, fully, if she is still disguised in the soubrette skirts of Susanna? At her "Almeno io per loro" there is, in fact, a rubric, not concerned with costume but revealing of the characters of both the Count and the Countess. Everyone else, as she or he sings "Perdono! perdono!," has been directed to kneel; now, as the Countess advances into the ring of suppliants, she, too, "wishes to kneel; the Count does not permit it." I have never seen this detail observed. I think it should be. The other directions mentioned depend directly from those of Beaumarchais's original play; this one involves a significant alteration, for in Beaumarchais the Countess "*se jette à genoux*" and rises only after, for the third time on that *folle journée*, she has forgiven her errant husband.

Any thoughtful production of "Figaro" tends to send one back to the score to check what happened in the theatre against what happens there. In Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's staging for Karajan and the Salzburg Festival, made a few years ago and revived this summer, there were some rather startling departures from tradition. After his aria in Act I, Bartolo remained onstage during the duet for Susanna and Marcellina—a bad idea, and contradicted by the "he leaves" of the libretto. At the end of the act, the Count and Basilio remained onstage during Figaro's "Non più andrai"—but for this Mr. Ponnelle has the authority of both the libretto and Mozart's autograph. (In the corresponding Beaumarchais passage—"Tu ne rôderas plus . . ."—the Count and Basilio are likewise present.) At the start of Act III, Mr. Ponnelle's Countess concealed herself at one side to observe the first exchanges between her husband and Susanna. It looked convincing, and the "she hides herself" of earlier editors may be authentic; we will know when the autograph reappears. But in that case when does the Countess leave? There is no indication, and she can hardly remain eavesdropping indefinitely. In Mr. Ponnelle's production, she left quite soon—and rightly so. The duet for Susanna and the Count is best played without an onlooker; the Countess would hardly wish to witness her husband's infidelity, and if she stayed she would learn what later in the act she says she is eager to discover: whether the Count has taken Susanna's bait.

With Act III, a director's dramaturgical problems begin, for the action does not make sense as it stands. Something has gone astray. Not only has a cavatina for Cherubino, before the Countess's aria, been lost (its words, beginning "Se così brami / Teco verro," survive in the 1786 libretto), but the Countess's aria itself must be in the wrong place. She is anxiously awaiting Susanna's return, she says, but in the previous scene Susanna has just come from her. In 1965, the Mozart scholars Robert Moberly and Christopher Raeburn proposed a revised order for Act III. Presuming a last-minute dislocation caused, shortly before the 1786 première, by the fact that one singer had to double the roles of Antonio and Bartolo, needed time

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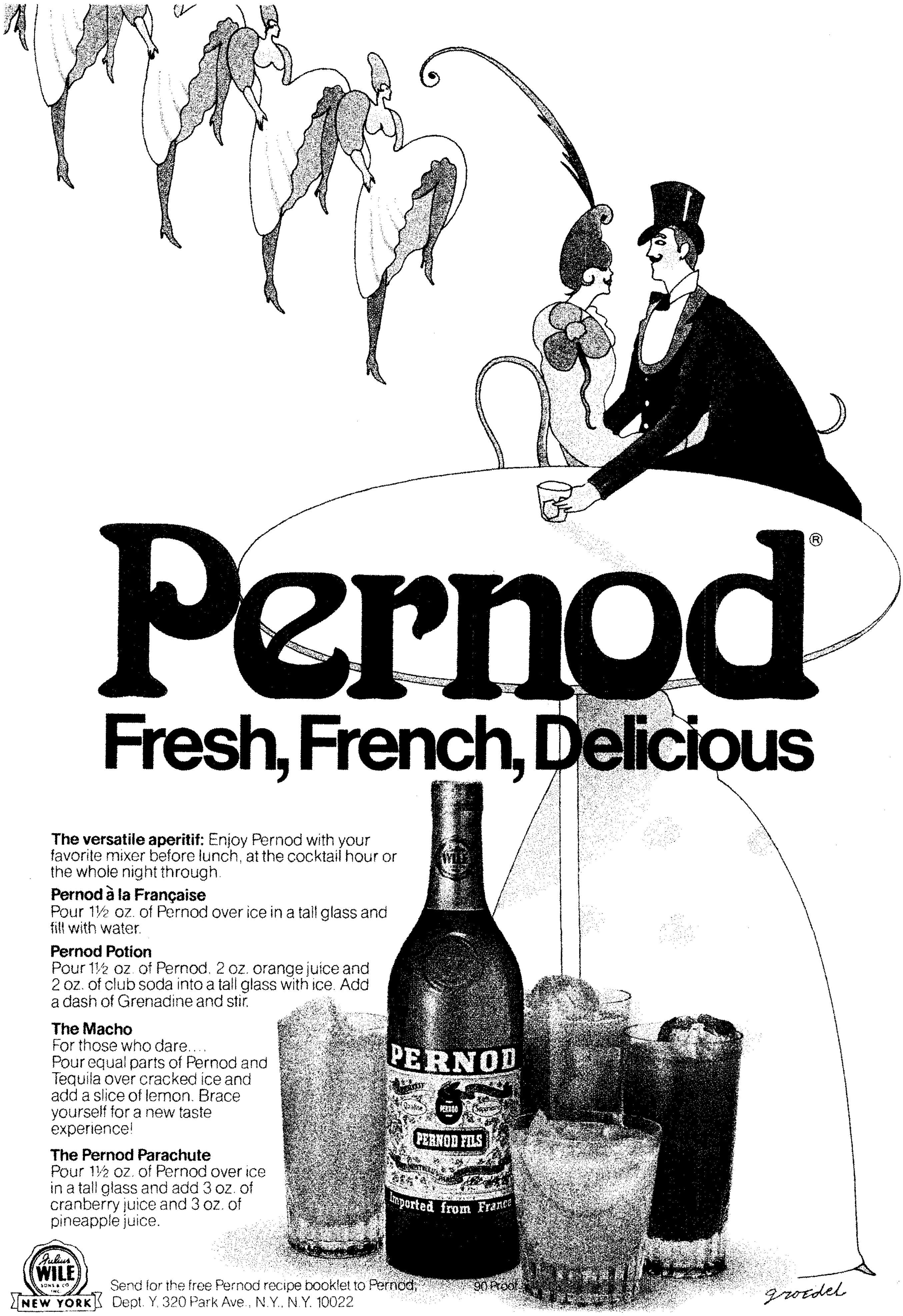
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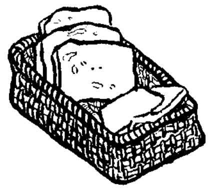
for a costume change, and was therefore given the duration of the Countess's aria to achieve it, they reconstructed a hypothetical original form for the act, in which Antonio and Bartolo are played by different singers, and the Countess's aria can follow hard on the Count's. That done, everything else falls convincingly into place. Their arguments were so persuasive that the new order has been widely adopted—by, among others, Sadler's Wells, Glyndebourne, Covent Garden, Karajan at Salzburg, the City Opera, and the New Haven Opera Theatre. So widely, in fact, that when the Met stuck to the old version it came as something of a shock.



As for Act IV, the autograph alone will be able to tell us whether the first three scenes (Barbarina's cavatina, the conversation between Barbarina, Marcellina, and Figaro, and Marcellina's aria) were meant to be played indoors, with a scene change to the garden only at Barbarina's second entrance—thus the libretto, and the corresponding passages of Beaumarchais's play—or whether, as custom has it, the whole act should take place in the garden. A scene change might help to mask a structural weakness: the sequence of five arias on end with which the act begins. But it might seem fussy. At the Met, the second of these arias, Marcellina's, was omitted, and with its disappearance something of "Figaro's" fullness was lost.

Every worthy production of "Figaro" has its special interest. Different elements can be made to dominate. One conductor may offer a text both complete and stylishly graced with the ornaments, variations, cadenzas, and necessary appoggiaturas that eighteenth-century artists would have added as a matter of course to the plain notes on the written page. Some productions stress the charm and vivacity of the music, and others its force in revealing character and emotion. Sometimes we see a pretty comedy of manners, and sometimes a social conflict to remind us that Beaumarchais's "Mariage de Figaro" was once a banned play, overture to the Revolution. (That formidable schoolmarm Mme. Campan once told Marie Antoinette that before "Le Mariage" could be performed the Bastille would have to fall.) "Figaro" can be a divertimento and it can be a tense drama. And in the best performances it does and is all these things at once. To treat it mainly as a revolutionary study is to narrow it—yet at some point we should be shocked by the aristocrats' calm, unjustified assumption of rights, and question it, as Mozart does. (A flicker of scorn, for example, in the Countess's inflection of "Ah, questa serva.") To treat it as a costumed concert of lovely singing is to lessen it, yet the singing must be lovely if we are to respond fully to the drama of the music. The presentation must not be dryly schematic, yet we should sense the underlying structure: two parts each of two acts, the first beginning with a duet for Susanna and Figaro, leading to Figaro's "Se vuol ballare" (Figaro vs. the Count), and ending with an ensemble in which the characters are ranged in opposition; the second beginning with a duet for Susanna and the Count, leading to the Count's "Vedrò, mentr'io sospiro" (the Count vs. Figaro), and ending with an ensemble in which all the characters are united. There is something to be said for playing "Figaro" with only one intermission. Above all, "Figaro" is a drama about love and what love can lead to; about mature profligacy, romantic, adolescent sensuality, and the innocent eroticism of a twelve-year-old girl; about love betrayed, love rewarded, tender devotion, possessiveness, suspicions, jealousy. All the characters are involved. The two arias in Act IV often omitted as superfluous are in their ways further philosophies of love: Marcellina's declaration of women's rights, contrasting the manner in which men treat them with the natural order that prevails in the animal kingdom, and Basilio's cynical dismissal of the whole business, his theory of emotional self-castration, his bachelor wooing of "Donna Flemma." Anyone who dropped into "Figaro" at this point (and understood the language it was sung in) might be startled by the bestial imagery. Goats, rams, and savage beasts, says Marcellina, are kind to their mates; only men are cruel. Don a stinking ass's hide, says Basilio, and the fierce predator turns away in disgust. In the next aria, Figaro calls women beautiful vixens, smiling she-bears, and malicious doves, deceitful and pitiless. Oh, "Figaro" would be a bitter piece if the next aria were not Susanna's "Deh vieni," suffused with the happiness that love can bring. The sex war and the class war, love and liberty—preoccupations of the eighteenth century and of ours—are its themes, but the drama is played out by human beings who win our love, and in a world where there is at least the

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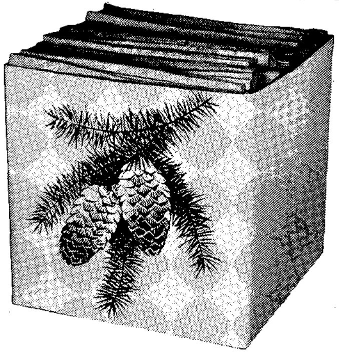

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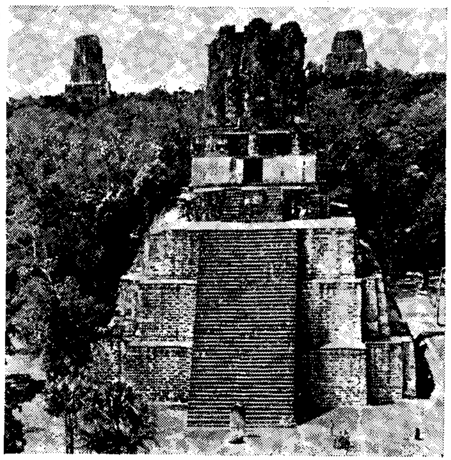
possibility of happiness. The dramatic situation of this "Deh vieni" is revealing. Susanna sings of her love for Figaro; but when he hears it, he misunderstands, and smarts under it.

Mr. Rennert's previous Mozart productions for the Met, "Don Giovanni" and "Die Zauberflöte," have worn well, and his "Figaro" may do so, too, for it is firmly laid out on traditional lines, in scenery, by Robert O'Hearn, which is not attractive but perfectly serviceable. Like some other recent designers, Mr. O'Hearn has aimed to show more of the palace than just the room immediately necessary; in Act I there is also a corridor, in Act II a terrace. The intention is presumably to give a sense of intrigue scuttling through all the building, but surprise entrances become impossible. The garden of Act IV is a labyrinth of trellises that look like giant fire screens, ugly but useful for darting behind. Mr. O'Hearn's Goya-based costumes are handsome. Lighting depends largely on follow spots—there is even one on Cherubino during Figaro's "Non più andrai"—which catch the screens of Act IV when characters move behind them. What the show lacked, on the first night, was any strongly defined character, musical or dramatic. The text was not quite complete, and the singers' approach was literally graceless. Justino Díaz, the Figaro, declined Mozart's invitations to a cadenza in "Non più andrai," Evelyn Lear, the Countess, left an empty hole in the middle of "Dove sono." There were some hundreds of "wrong notes" in the form of blunt phrase endings where appoggiaturas are implicit. Steuart Bedford, conducting, favored swift, unyielding, unfeeling tempi that straitjacketed the marvellous harmonic and melodic movements of the music. The social lines were fuzzily drawn, largely because the Count, Wolfgang Brendel, behaved like a young Baron Ochs. (A grown-up Octavian would be more appropriate.) There was no menace in the man, and little seigneurial command; his servants, in the Act I chorus, were quite out of hand—and therefore out of style. The emotional line went wrong when the Countess, she who has just sung the heartbroken "Porgi amor," set out to seduce Cherubino. (Beaumarchais's third Figaro play, "La Mère Coupable," in which the Countess, raped by Cherubino, has borne him a son, appeared only in 1792—six days after the attack on the Tuileries—and has no bearing on Mozart's opera. But a Countess subtly



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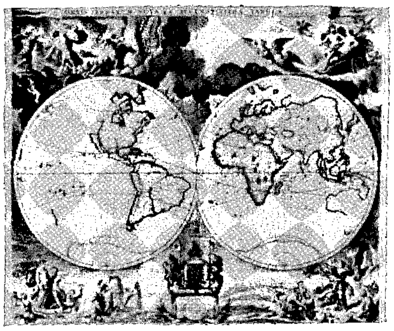

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touched by the boy's ardor can be very moving.) Lovely singing was to be heard only from the Cherubino of Frederica von Stade, even though she lacked the delicate accompaniment that Karajan had given her in the Salzburg performance. She is apt to turn her recitatives into a meaningless pitter-patter rather than sing them as sense. Judith Blegen was a delightful Susanna, a complete character, acting with her eyes as well as her voice, alert to every inflection of the score. That voice is a little thin and narrow in timbre for the role, but she used it with great skill. In the Act II trio, she took over the Countess's coloratura, running up to the high C, and, since Miss Lear's tones were flowing with difficulty, this was rightly done. (The prompter's interventions turned the trio into a quartet.) The singing of Mr. Díaz and Mr. Brendel was passable, unremarkable. Jean Kraft was an excellent Marcellina. Andrea Velis's Basilio was incisively sung and played, but he had got himself up to look like Fagin. The audience behaved badly and preferred the sound of its own clapping to the little dialogue between oboe, bassoon, and flute with which Mozart rounds off "Deh vieni."

NOT much in music matters more than Mozart, but some other Met performances deserve at least a word. Régine Crespin's Carmen was very beautifully uttered. I had not heard a Frenchwoman in the role since Solange Michel, in my student days, at the Opéra-Comique, and hearing Mme. Crespin was a rare pleasure. Her interpretation was rich and subtly alluring. The voice was colorful and clear, though it sounded worn at the top; her words and her acting were telling. James McCracken's José has become nobler than ever; his powerful voice has acquired a new lyric flexibility, and nothing in the part escapes him. Henry Lewis's conducting was very poor, and the edition used is still a mess. (Is "Carmen" to be the only celebration here of Bizet's centenary? Or will some radio station borrow the tapes of the BBC's "Bizet Festival"—all his operas in sequence, including the world première, in effect, of the splendid grand opera "Ivan le Terrible," hitherto performed only in abridgment?)

Conducting, this time Gianfranco Masini's, was also the main thing wrong with the Met "Norma." Anyone who compared favorable reports of Rita Hunter's first Norma, in San

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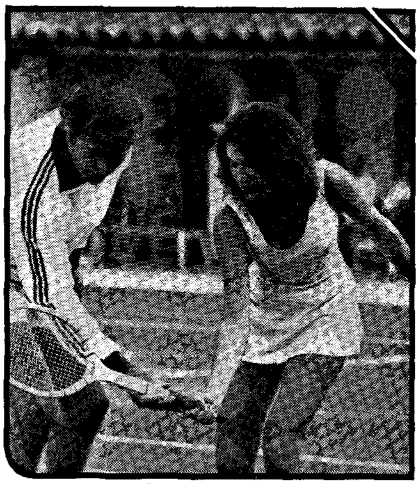

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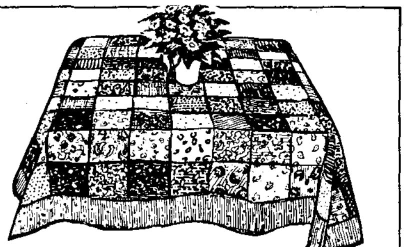

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Francisco, with accounts of her New York appearance may have been puzzled at the disparity. In a limited way, by means of a tape recording, I was able to compare the performances, and there *is* a difference. With Carlo Felice Cillario as her conductor, in San Francisco, Miss Hunter was warmer, more flexible, and consequently altogether more expressive. Mr. Masini—who for Montserrat Caballé has on occasion been a conductor permissive to the point of sluggishness—beat rigidly through the New York performance and did not allow Bellini's melodies to shape themselves naturally. Miss Hunter, in the tradition of Lilli Lehmann and Maria Callas, is a soprano who sings both Brünnhilde and Norma. She has the power and the fluency that are needed, and she struck all the notes with pleasing definition. Her assumption of majesty had a somewhat homey aspect. Miss von Stade was a lustrous Adalgisa, if lushly mezzo in a role that calls for—but is seldom assigned—a bright young soprano. John Macurdy, Oroveso, was in sonorous voice. John Alexander made next to nothing of Pollione. Since Desmond Heeley's handsome set provides its different scenes swiftly, at the revolve of a turntable, the extra intermission breaking the progress of Act II seemed quite unnecessary.

THE Los Angeles Philharmonic, under Zubin Mehta, came to Carnegie Hall for three concerts. I heard the second: Act III of "Die Walküre," from Wotan's entrance to the end of the act, preceded by a "Ride of the Valkyries" (without Valkyrie voices), and then, after the intermission, a "Götterdämmerung" sequence of "Dawn," "Rhine Journey," "Funeral March," and "Immolation" played on end. The orchestra is a powerful and polished ensemble. Its tone was full and rich in every department; the viola sound was especially impressive. Mr. Mehta's tempi seemed to be sometimes too fast and sometimes too slow. The Brünnhilde and Wotan of the evening, Ursula Schröeder-Feinen and Noël Tyl, have strong, efficient voices, but both of them tended to sing in notes rather than in long, unbroken phrases.

Long, free phrasing was a glory of the Scottish National Orchestra's concert in the same hall five days earlier. As a critic who prefers warmth of interpretation to brilliance of execution, who admires the Berlin Philharmonic but loves the Czech Philharmonic, who would rather hear deeply serious music conducted by Bernard Haitink than by Karajan, I have long counted among my favorite orchestras the Scottish National, molded by its conductor, Alexander Gibson, into an eloquent and poetic if not, by Chicago standards, virtuoso ensemble. Mr. Gibson and the orchestra played Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture and Elgar's "Enigma" with easy, unforced ebb and flow and generous rubato. Only some shyness about using portamento—in the dropping sevenths of the Theme and the Nimrod and B.G.N. variations—could be regretted in an otherwise ideally romantic and emotionally overwhelming account of the Elgar. There was a première on the bill—Iain Hamilton's "Aurora," commissioned by the orchestra and dedicated to its conductor. It is a short (twelve-minute) progress from darkness to light—a nocturne and scherzo, in which tricky solo writing emerges from tenebrous, close-knit textures, and which ends in a sudden, splendid blaze. It is a strongly made, gripping composition. The première of Hamilton's opera "The Royal Hunt of the Sun" has been announced by the Santa Fe Opera for next season; elsewhere on its American tour, the Scottish Orchestra played his Violin Concerto, but in New York the concerto—most New York orchestral concerts include a concerto—was the "Emperor," with John Lill its soloist, in a sensible, healthy performance. Since the Philharmonic was playing the "Emperor" a few days later, the Hamilton would have been a more interesting choice.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

Meanwhile the poor public suffers; the taxpayers go about the streets growling and paying, and appear to be ignorant of all remedy, and unconscious that the reign of misrule will ever end. Our daily papers are records of enacted crime; houses are robbed, outrages are perpetrated, murders enacted, and policemen shot; the courts of justice are at loggerheads, the judges wrangling, and the subordinate officers in mutiny. Great indeed is the conservative spirit of the masses of our people, who go on quietly, in spite of all these hindrances, attending to their own business, and adding, by their industry, wealth to the state, in spite of the incapacity or selfishness of our constituted authorities. Are we on the eve of a Utopian existence, when every man will be a law unto himself?—or are we to finally end in a despotism, the people having no longer the power or disposition to govern intelligently themselves? There must be a change of some kind; the present state of things cannot last forever.
—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 1, 1857.*

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Memory Is All

GERTRUDE STEIN, the mortal center of Alice B. Toklas's existence for the thirty-eight years that the two women lived together in concentrated amity in Paris, died on July 27, 1946, leaving Alice companioned by two dominant preoccupations. One was vast in its scope, encompassing the New Testament belief in life after death, by which, in her interpretation, she and Gertrude were to be united again in Heaven for eternity. The other preoccupation was merely mundane, and thus much more bothersome. It was to prepare literary immortality for Gertrude by seeing that all her unpublished manuscripts were printed; this project would require considerable cash, while the first would require only faith, which cost nothing.

Four days after Gertrude's death, Alice was writing from the apartment they had shared, at 5 Rue Christine, to their friends Carl and Fania Van Vechten, in New York: "I'm here alone. And nothing more—only what was." Two days later, on August 2nd, to Carl Van Vechten: "She gives the Picasso portrait to the Metropolitan—the rest to me—and then to Allan's children—so I definitely stay on." On August 5th, to another pair of old New York friends, W. G. and Mildred Rogers: "I went to the country and got Basket [her and Gertrude's white poodle] Sunday, and he and I will stay on here." And to Bennett Cerf, Gertrude's publisher, thirteen days after that: "And now Basket and I are in the flat alone, where we definitely stay on."

"Staying on alone"—Alice's description of the twenty-one remaining years of her life without Gertrude—is both the heart-catching theme and the title of a book subtitled "Letters of Alice B. Toklas" (Liveright, edited by Edward Burns). It is a rich, emotional volume. The broad sweep of information derived from family and household letters, from letters to prospective publishers of Gertrude's work, and to biographers of Gertrude and to old and new friends on both sides of the Atlantic, gives us a picture not only of the major items in Gertrude's and Alice's lives together, viewed retrospectively, but also of what would likely be the items of prime importance in Alice's future. "I wish to God we had gone together as I always so fatuously thought we would—a bomb—a shipwreck—just anything but this," she wrote sombrely to one intimate New York friend a little more than a year after Gertrude's death. But though she had been left bereft, she was not left without occupation. Gertrude had willed her manuscripts and papers to Yale University, and Alice obediently sorted and packed these and shipped them off. "When I've finished sending things to Yale and done some typing and cleaned the flat and caught up with darning and patching," she wrote another old friend, early in her bereavement, "well, then it will be spring, and Basket and I will take walks and be in excellent form." Yale held an exhibit of Gertrude's correspondence, and Alice wrote to Donald Gallup, curator of the university's collection of American literature, "I am so thrilled with your description of the exhibition of the letters. What a variety there is of human nature in them. And your including the rejections—the refusals—how Gertrude would have appreciated that. You must know how those refusals hurt at the time they were received, but one day Blanche Knopf outdid even all Knopf's Knopfishness, and then Gertrude forgot our hopes and bitter disappointment and burst into that loud laughter." Another bequest—the 1905-06 Picasso portrait of Gertrude, which was given to the Metropolitan Museum—elicited from Alice, "They took the Picasso portrait for the Metropolitan ten days ago. It was another parting and completely undid me. Picasso came over to say good bye to it and said sadly—*ni vous ni moi le reverra jamais* [neither you nor I will ever see it again]. It was all there was left of their youth."

Whether dead or alive, Gertrude always had a domesticating influence on her admirers, of whom I was one. At the Stein-Toklas parties, the gentlemen would congregate loyally around Gertrude, while we ladies would be grouped around the tea table presided over by Alice, so we could get the gossip. Alice was a very entertaining purveyor of news. She gave it to you adding item to item, as if she were detailing the recipe for a fruitcake. You always knew where Gertrude was in the room, because she would let out her whoops of laughter; curiously, I don't remember ever hearing Alice laugh, although she had an acute and sharp sense of humor, which, since it was bordered with wit, was quiet in tone. Her conversation had its own pattern—she obtained a variety of effects by setting forth the opposite of what anyone else might have said. Her voice was soft, her California accent

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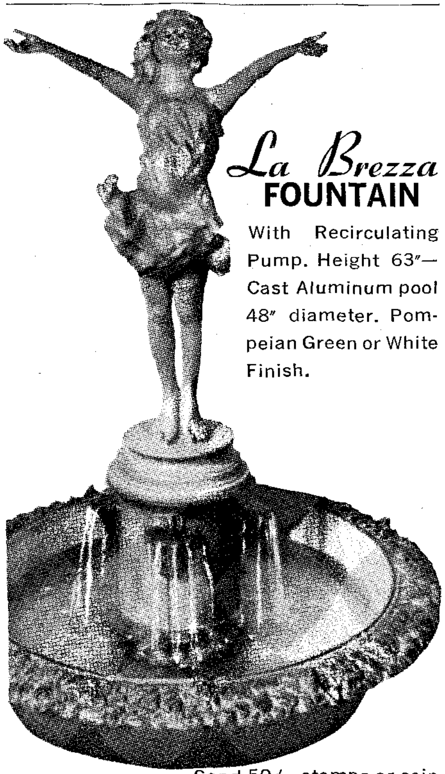

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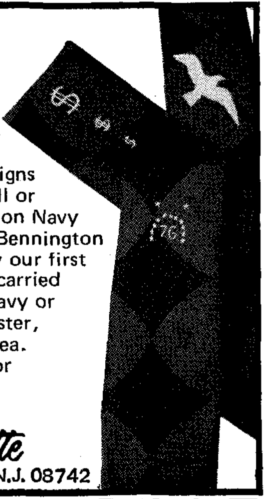

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agreeable, her vocabulary precise, rhythmic, and possessed of its own sense of speed, with allegro touches. A great deal of this personality, this domestic intimacy, comes through in the printed letters. Alice had adopted the childish clan name of Woojums for Carl Van Vechten, which thereafter figures in their correspondence. The very first letter in the book begins, "Dearest Fania and dearest Papa Woojums," and is signed "Mama Woojums." In subsequent examples, Fania Van Vechten is Madame W., and sometimes the Empress. Gertrude, whenever mentioned to the Van Vechtens, is Baby Woojums, or Baby for short. Other close friends have their own cozy sobriquets: Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Rogers are the Kiddies—Rogers was one of the first doughboys she and Gertrude had met during the First World War, and to show their familiarity with American slang they called him the Kiddie, which afterward was extended to "Dearest Kiddies," or "Dear Mrs. Kiddie" when Alice is writing only to Mrs. Rogers, thanking her for a gift and, in return, presenting her with a recipe for an "old old French pastry called Massillon . . . They should be frosted all over with a white rum frosting with chopped pistachio sprinkled on the top but I don't bother to do so."

Gertrude was likely to plunge into intimacies like a bear cub, but with new acquaintances Alice observed the formalities until the friendship had ripened to a first-name basis. Thus, Mina Curtiss, who had been introduced to her in 1948, after Gertrude's death, as a friend of Virgil Thomson and Carl Van Vechten, progressed gradually from "Dear Mrs. Curtiss" to "Dear Mina dear." Referring to Gertrude by her first name was more easily achieved. "Oh but you must say Gertrude—it wouldn't be friendly to do otherwise," Alice wrote Mrs. Curtiss. "You know, it was the very young who explained that, when they started the habit twenty-five years ago. It was quite shocking at first, but they finally convinced me, and in no time it was accepted—historical and no further trouble. It was contagious, so that the G.I.s spoke not of but to her not as Gertrude but Gertie—those at the station when they came—the Seventh Army replacements—through our village. Here in the flat she was very ceremoniously Miss Stein. Afterwards on the stairway? . . ."

Like Gertrude, however, Alice could be ambivalent about friends old and new. To one of the latter—an Italian translator of "The Making of Americans," who had graduated from "Miss

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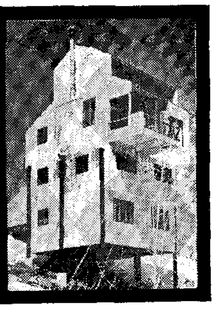

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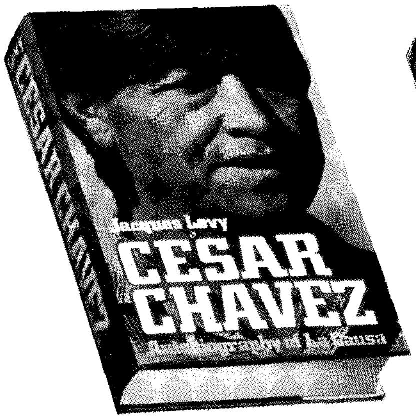
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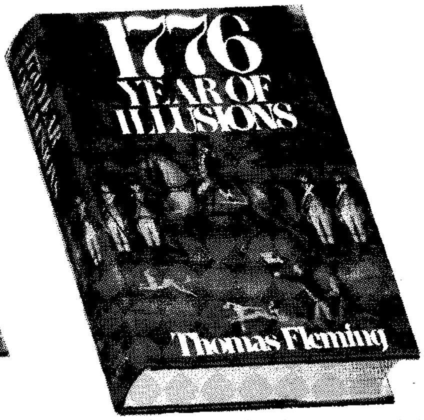
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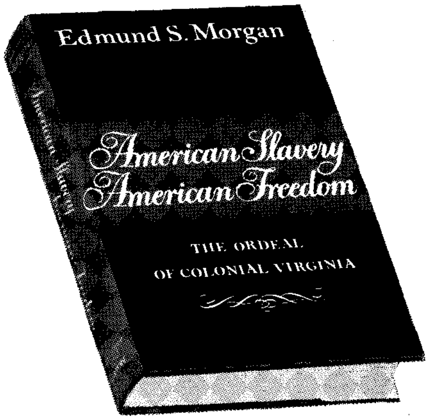
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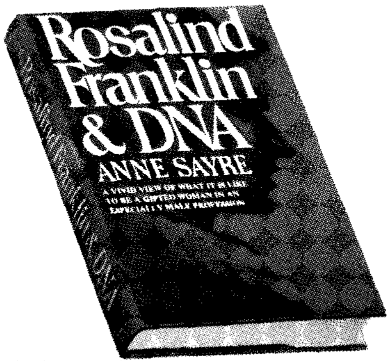
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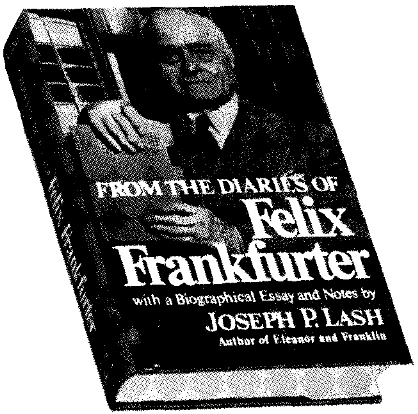
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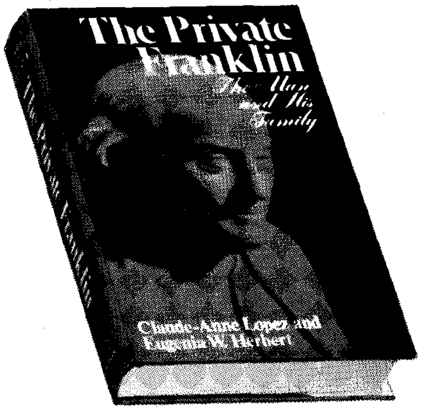
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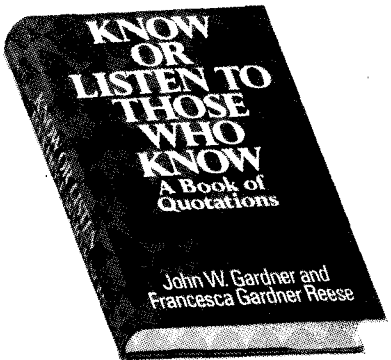
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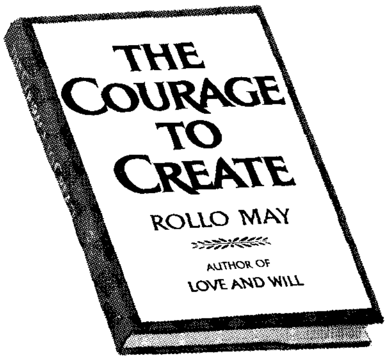
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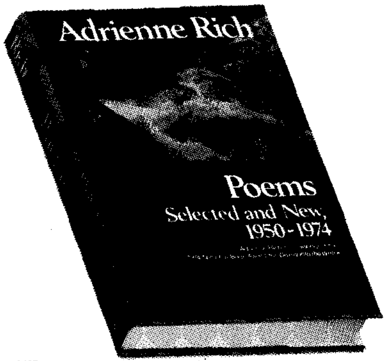
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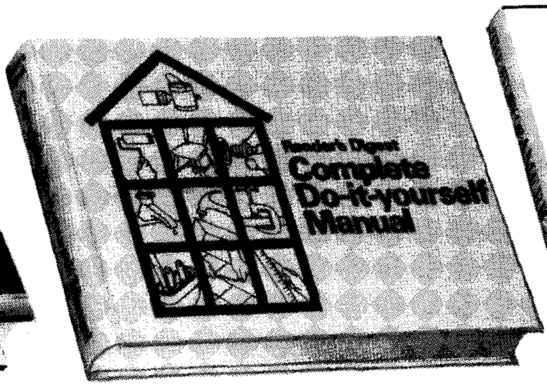
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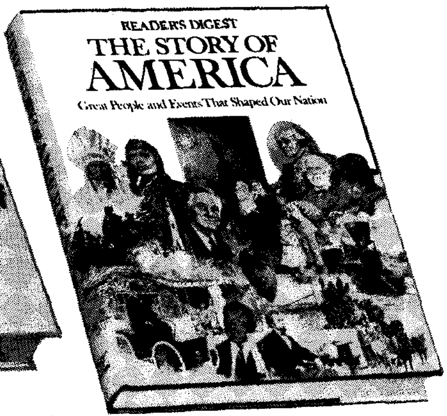
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Pivano" to "*Nanda dear*," she wrote in 1950, "Paris has been full of Americans—two million—at least—have come to see me—they bore and exhaust me—though I only see those who were friends of Gertrude whom she would *have wanted to see . . . but then* in spite of wanting to see them all—some of them used to bore her. Did I ever tell you she once said she was going to put an advertisement in the *New York Herald Tribune* saying Miss Gertrude Stein does not desire to see any friend she has not seen for fifteen years?"

Alice also had a gift for keeping the heat on under smoldering vendettas. One was against the Museum of Modern Art, which Gertrude "loathed and despised." When the Metropolitan, in an arbitrary private transaction, agreed to "deposit" the Picasso portrait of Gertrude with the Modern for a period of ten years, Alice coldly informed the Metropolitan that Miss Stein had very deliberately chosen it to receive the portrait, and, had *there* been *any* other choice, "the Museum of Modern Art would not have been an alternative . . . indeed [Miss Stein] thoroughly disapproved of its policy and aims." Alice kept up such a vigorous campaign, through lawyers and friends, that the Metropolitan was finally goaded into reclaiming the picture. Having won her victory, Alice yet continued her gibes. To a casual acquaintance, she wrote, some years later, "Please do not ask me to chide your wife about the Metropolitan's giving the portrait to that frightful Museum of Modern Art for ten years—since it got back to where it belongs much more quickly than one had reason to hope for. . . . Is your wife possibly connected with the Museum of Modern Art? If she is she is saving it from damnation." And some years after that, in another letter—Alice could be really hard—she reports that three people from the Museum of Modern Art were brought to see the pictures in her apartment, and said of the Picassos that "they had never seen such fine Braque painting." She goes on, "I held my tongue—that was in the other room. Then they came in here and repeated their error. *Silence de ma part.* They appealed to me—was it not—pointing to the big picture over the fireplace. It would be if it were—I permitted myself to answer. And I plied them with sherry—*pâté brioche* and my best little cakes—allowing myself to tell the story—*sans discrétion*—to anyone who will listen."

Early on, Gertrude, and therefore Alice, had taken an aesthetic stand favoring Picasso's work against that of Matisse, which the latter, not unnaturally, had resented. When Gertrude, in "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," wrote that the beautiful Mme. Matisse was beautiful like a horse—meaning it as a compliment—the comparison was misunderstood. Then the Paris newspapers aggravated the issue, the fat was in the fire, and "there was no further acquaintance" with Matisse. However, with Alice, to be out of sight was not necessarily to be out of mind. In 1950, some seventeen years after the *malentendu*, she was still sniping away, writing to Donald Gallup that Matisse was "amongst the majority—the commonplace majority as Gertrude called him—of the sad and mistaken." Even when she is quoting for her own advantage something the painter had said, she cannot resist a sneer: "It's as true *and trite as most of Matisse's reflections.*" About Ernest Hemingway, another of Alice's objects of ill will, she was also implacable: "Did you see *The New Yorker's* profile of Hemingway???!!! Nothing he has said since—not even his novel—will be as complete an exposure of all he has spent his life hiding. It's strange that he should be taking so much pleasure in destroying the legend he worked so patiently to construct. Someone . . . sent an A.P. man to see me, and I got into a frightful row with him about Picasso's painting and Hemingway's new book (as if they could be mentioned in one sentence)—he the A.P. man said he thought Picasso was painting carelessly and Hem was writing carelessly! . . . I liked defending Hemingway—it was the first opportunity I've ever been offered—it will no doubt remain a unique experience." And a few days later, after she had been sent some uncomplimentary reviews of Hemingway's new novel, "Across the River and Into the Trees," she wrote, "People seemed to think they would please me. Far from it—the whole Hemingway legend—which we saw him create and *soigner*—going to pieces as it is under one's eyes is the most pitiable embarrassing thing imaginable. The present Hemingway crack up—one must borrow from the vocabulary of the greatest of his victims—has far too much old-fashioned biblical punishments and rewards for comfort to those living in the present. But of

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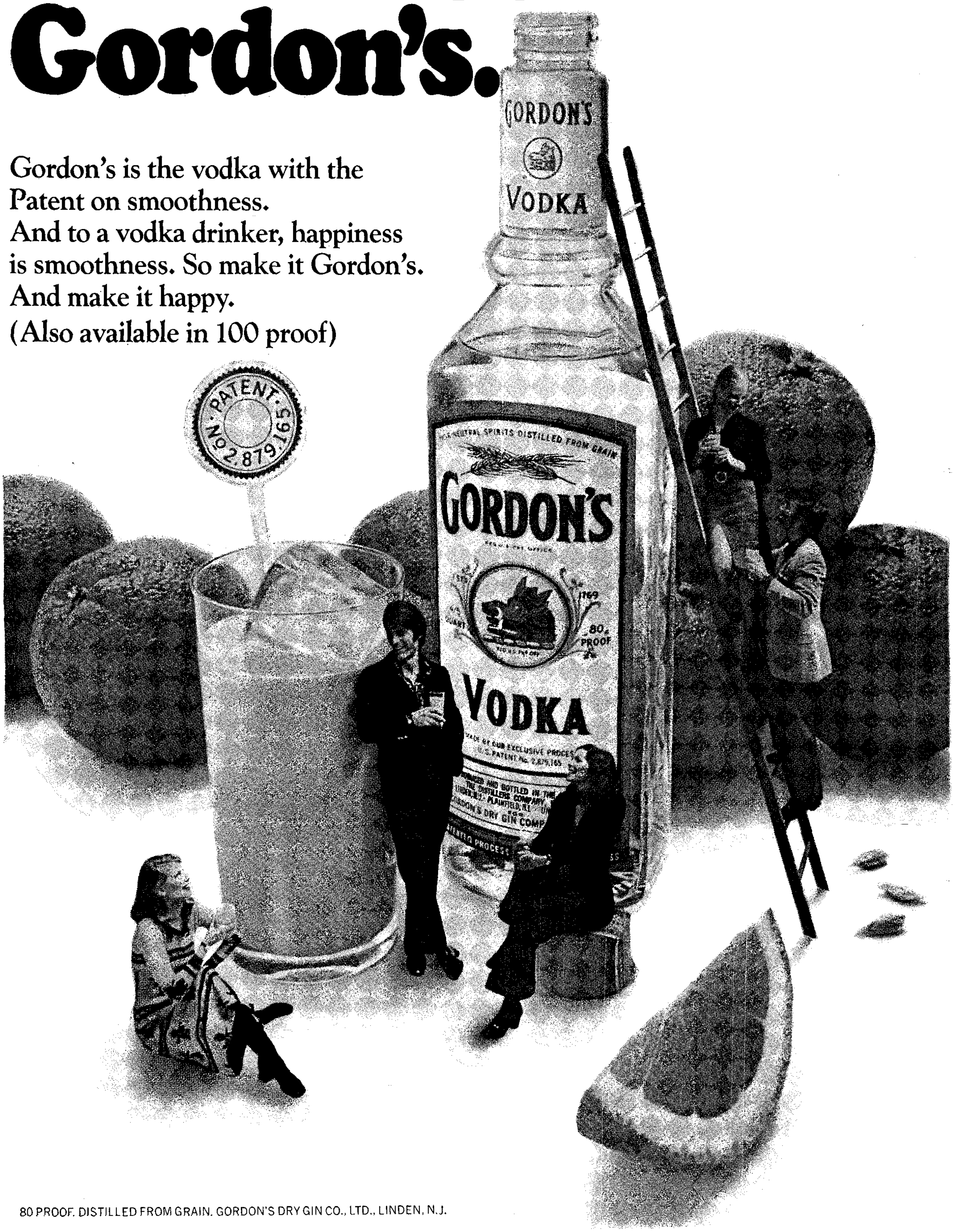
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course that is just what he doesn't do—he is hopelessly 1890—and one can damn him no further. He wears like the New Look but he is in the tradition of Kipling."

Interspersed with Alice's malice is Alice the dedicated housewife. "Amateur art isn't satisfactory—is it?" she inquired rhetorically of one correspondent. "When I used to bake a cake for Gertrude I never asked is it good, I always said does it look like one that came from the baker's—it should have tasted better because the material it was made of was of a superior quality to what the baker used but wasn't mixed and baked in a professional way, which was what would make it look like the baker's. Well it was often that Gertrude thought it did. Finally some one said one looked as if it had come from a Women's Exchange and Gertrude said that should satisfy me." She fulminated against the new, postwar indifference in Paris to giving or receiving small change, so atypical of the French: "Having learned the value of *petites économies* in '15, it leaves me flabbergasted—how can one save *sous* (that is present francs) if they aren't returned to one—it's very confusing if not immoral."

Unavoidably, since *la bien-aimée* is never far from her thoughts, Alice reveals certain of Gertrude's personal, eccentric preferences. For instance, Gertrude could not bear having anyone read aloud to her—a habit French authors were addicted to. "I read with my eyes, not my ears," she told Picasso. "Ears are inside me." To which Picasso, who could be as elfin as Gertrude, said, "Of course writers write with their eyes, painters paint with their ears. And further neither painters nor writers have ever been painted with their mouths open." We learn that "Gertrude wouldn't have been amused with the present glorification of Melville—not even of 'Moby Dick'—she thought that he was being grossly overrated. He was not one of the writers whom she chose as examples of expressing our sense of abstraction." Nor did the Joyce novel "Ulysses" please Gertrude: "She once said it was rather more than she could manage of the Irish fairies—that Irish fairies were even less palatable than German fairies." Gertrude did, however, have an "unfailing appreciation" of F. Scott Fitzgerald's work. Ulysses S. Grant she considered our greatest eminence—"not second to Lincoln but first." Picasso she thought of as a younger brother. "They understood each other in spite of saying dreadful things when

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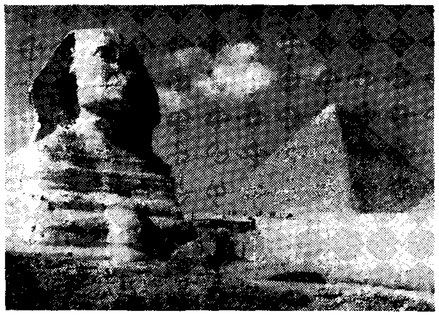

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they were irritated," Alice writes. And, least surprising in this list, it was, Gertrude felt, *un*familiarity that bred contempt.

GERTRUDE's will stipulated that her executors pay to Carl Van Vechten such sums of money "as [he] shall, in his own absolute discretion, deem necessary for the publication of my unpublished manuscripts." All the rest and residue, "of whatsoever kind and wheresoever situated," was left "to my friend Alice B. Toklas . . . to her use for life" and, "insofar as it may become necessary for her proper maintenance and support," the executors were authorized "to reduce to cash" any of the paintings in the Stein collection, which, at the time the will was drawn, in July, 1946, included twenty-eight Picasso paintings and a portfolio of his drawings, as well as seven Juan Gris canvases. Permission for the sale of any of these art works was to be obtained from a Baltimore-court-appointed estate administrator. Upon Alice's death, the remainder of the estate was to go to Allan Stein, only child of Gertrude's oldest brother, Michael, and, after him, to his three children. Gertrude had told Alice that she wanted everything—every manuscript of hers—published, and Alice quickly set out to implement her desire. Although diminutive in size and rather bent, Alice had the strength of a giant when it came to organization; in her years with Gertrude, she had already made it her function to coördinate the conveniences of daily living to accommodate Gertrude's hours of writing, even when they took place at night. Five weeks after Gertrude's death, Alice informed Carl Van Vechten that the first publication, by the Yale University Press, would be "Four in America," one of the "difficult" Stein manuscripts (the four subjects were George Washington, Ulysses S. Grant, Wilbur Wright, and Henry James), for which Thornton Wilder had offered to write a long introduction. The book appeared in the fall of 1947. "Isn't 'Four in America' perfect?" Alice wrote to Dearest Kiddie. "Isn't Gertrude the essence of U.S.? How I wish she could have seen the book—it was always the happiest day of the year (way back it was of the decade) when a new book of hers came in the post and she spent the morning or the whole day reading it. And then when it was read she would say *oui, c'est cela.*" Eventually, through her penury and self-denial, plus her driving determination, Alice saw eight volumes of the unpublished

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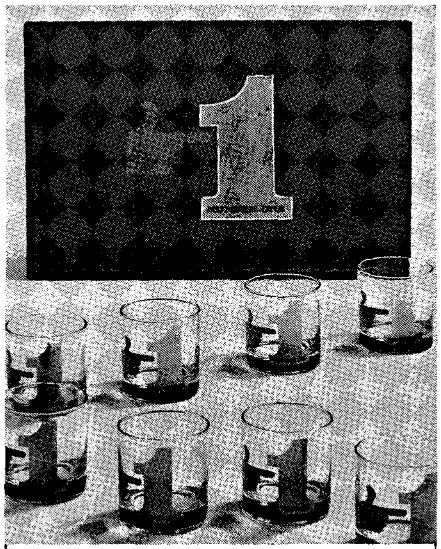

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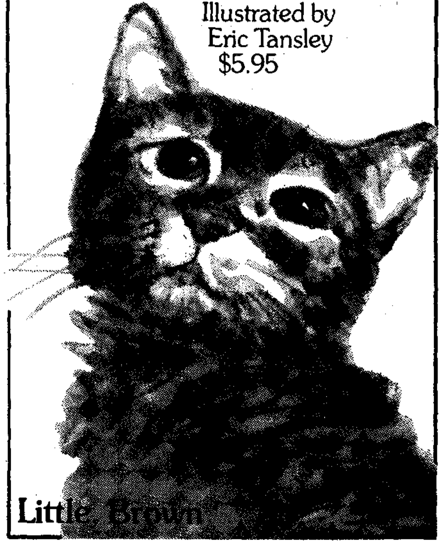

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works printed by the Yale University Press. She also helped support herself during some trying times by writing an idiosyncratic, chatty cookbook, which sold well, and "What Is Remembered," a less successful volume of memoirs but, in my estimation, her most entertaining book.

The Baltimore court had appointed an elderly lawyer, Edgar Allan Poe—the poet's great-nephew—as administrator of Gertrude's estate. Gertrude had been precise about how her funds were to be spent, but, unaccountably, Poe proved to be an obstructionist and parsimonious in fulfilling her wishes, of which he seemed to disapprove, although it was none of his business. Alice cajoled and threatened, Poe sent money in driblets, and in 1954 Alice, who was desperate, finally sold about forty Picasso drawings without informing Poe—and, upon what now seems the poor advice of Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, Picasso's dealer, for considerably less than their market value. The plot machinations that followed would have done credit to a Victorian novel. In Alice's orderly existence with Gertrude, there had never been any melodramatic or violent eruptions. But with Gertrude gone, the difficulties so often attendant upon the inheritance of property and interpretation of testaments were inflicted upon her relict, Alice. Allan Stein's wife, Roubina (referred to scornfully in these letters as the Armenian, although she was in fact Rumanian), kept a beady eye upon the pictures in the interests of her minor children. In 1951, Allan Stein died, and the children were in line to inherit after Alice died. In 1961, while the increasingly infirm Alice was absent in Acqui, Italy, taking a mud-bath cure for her arthritis, Mrs. Stein procured a court order to have the pictures removed from the Rue Christine apartment to a Paris bank vault, on the ground that their security was endangered by Miss Toklas's absence. When Alice returned from Acqui she found the walls bare. "The pictures are gone permanently," she wrote a friend pathetically. "My dim sight could not see them now. Happily a vivid memory does. . . . Don't worry about me—I am 84 years old. All old people fall—an aunt skating on the ice—a granduncle jumping off a streetcar." (Alice's imagination was always lively.)

In going over an inventory of the pictures, Roubina Stein had discovered the Picasso drawings missing. She accused Alice of illegal behavior, which was true enough, since she had not sought Poe's permission before she sold them. Alice, on her side, insisted, with

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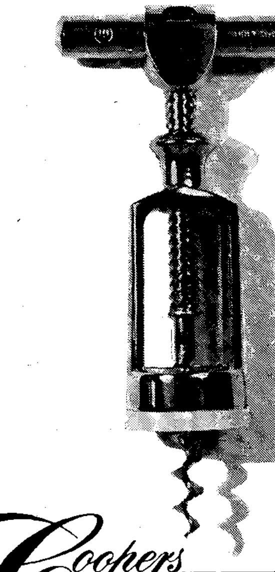

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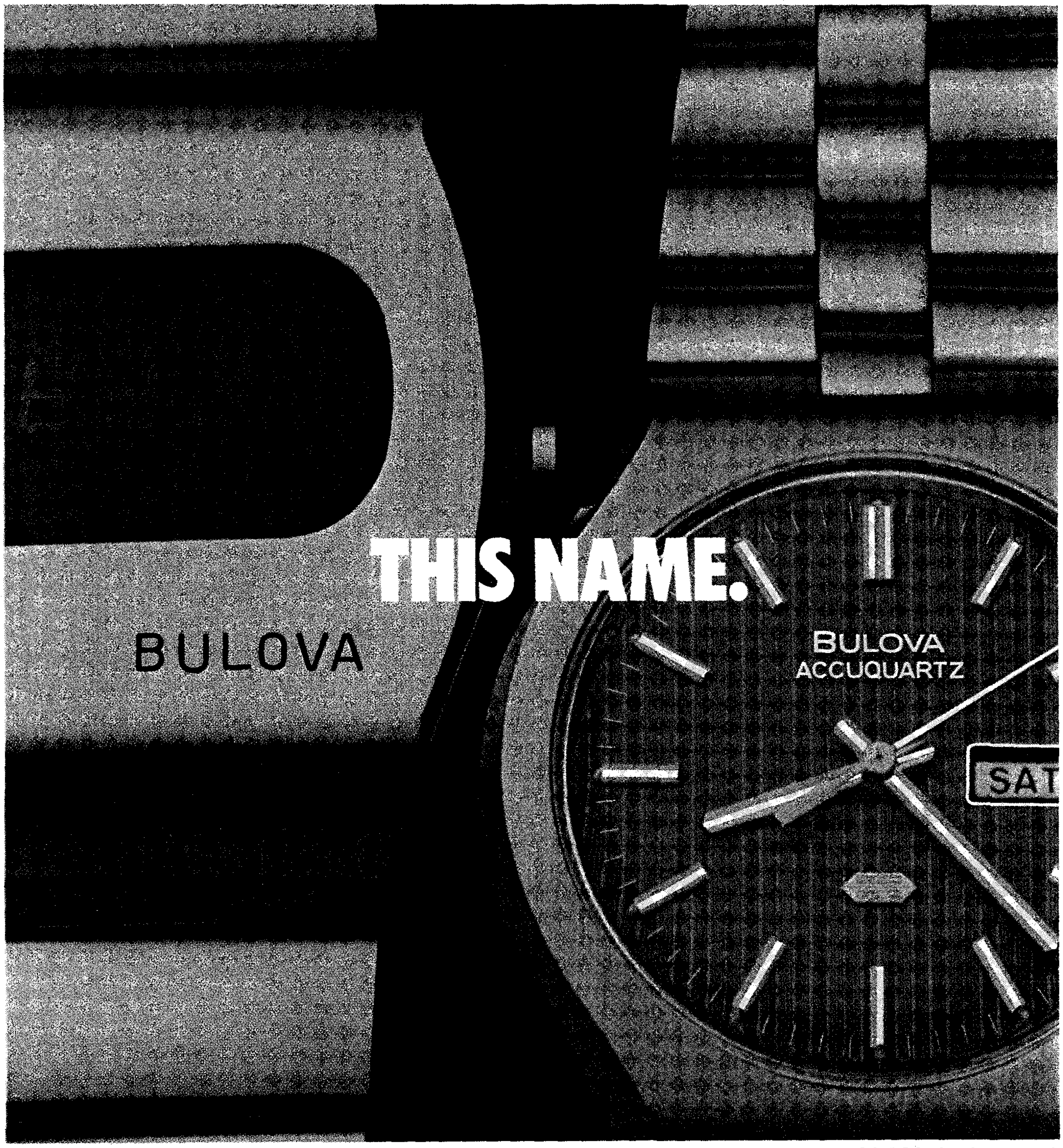

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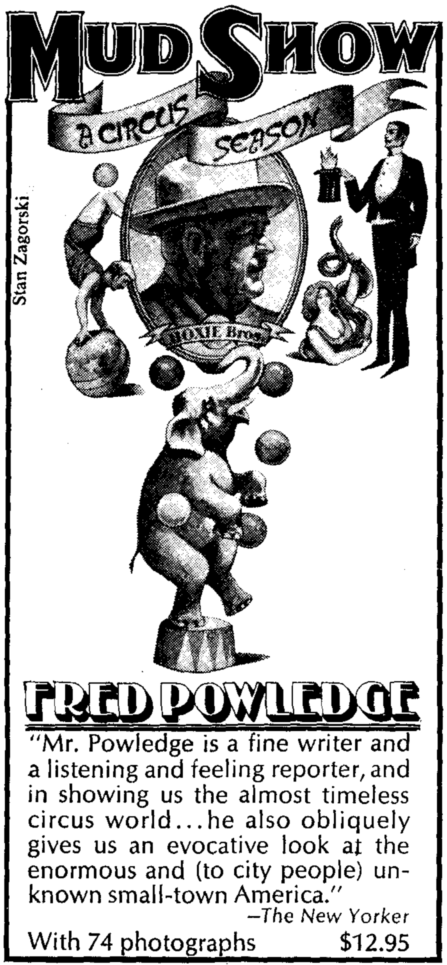
equal truth, that she had been within her rights, according to Gertrude's will. To aggravate the tension, Poe was inexplicably three months behind in Alice's monthly allowance. "My eyes are a great trouble," she informed Russell Porter, the Paris lawyer she had engaged to protect her—and little enough help he was able to be. "I can write only by holding the paper within about ten inches of my eyes under a strong light. . . . It is urgent that he [Poe] sends me the money by wire at once—for I am down to bedrock. . . . Gertrude Stein—in her generosity to me—did not foresee that such an occasion could arise." Her financial situation was so precarious that some of us among her old friends raised a fund for her maintenance. Alice was hospitable; she took to inviting us in turn to *bec-fin* restaurants for lunch, after which, in settling the bill, she was inclined to leave the equivalent of twenty dollars as a tip, in addition to the regular service charge. We also discovered that she would send her servant to Fauchon's fancy shop to buy her weekly groceries. (She thought the best was none too good and, as a matter of fact, sometimes not good enough. One November, I troubled to find her a fresh peach she had requested, vainly hoping she would not notice its flaws.) To protect her—and ourselves—from such civilized improvidence, we were finally forced to dole out her income weekly.

The final calamity was still in store. The building at No. 5 Rue Christine was sold, and each occupant was offered the opportunity to buy his apartment. Alice ignored this opportunity, being of the optimistic opinion that she would not be evicted, because of her advanced age. While she was in Italy for her annual arthritis cure, the new owner of her flat sued for possession and won the case. Although powerful friends intervened—even André Malraux, then Minister of Culture, for Gertrude Stein's name was still potent, and Alice was regarded as her official survivor—the French law was adamant. To rehouse her, the musician Doda Conrad and I, after a fruitless search for the kind of old-fashioned Left Bank quarters she was accustomed to, finally had to settle for a comfortable and modern, if unpicturesque, apartment at 16 Rue de la Convention—a noisy commercial street, several miles from the Rue Christine flat, which had been so perfectly peopled with her recollections of Gertrude. Alice was eighty-seven when she was forced to move—bedridden, partially deaf, and almost blind. From her pillow in the new apartment, the only view she had was, ironically, that of the local parish church from which she was to be buried three years later. As a little girl in San Francisco, she had been created a Christian in the most casual way by a Catholic friend of her unorthodox Jewish parents; the friend, Alice once told me, had sprinkled her with holy water, which, with childish faith, she had regarded as a valid baptism. In late 1957, after receiving instruction from a very obliging English priest, who supplied her with a missal and a rosary (which she thereafter wore looped around her left wrist), she was officially admitted into the Church and received Holy Communion. She was now ready to meet Gertrude in "the peopled heaven."

The last letter in "Staying On Alone" was written fourteen months before her death, to a young New York couple, Harold and Virginia Knapik, long devoted to Alice. It reads, "I don't know what is to become of me. . . . The Armenian's lawyer is trying to make some sort of settlement without selling any of the pictures. But how he's going to manage it I'm sure I don't know. Do come back soon. I shan't last forever." She died on March 7, 1967, just before her ninetieth birthday, and was buried in the tomb that she had purchased for herself and Gertrude in the Père Lachaise Cemetery. "Dead is dead but that is why memory is all and all the immortality there is," Gertrude had written years earlier in "The Making of Americans." It is a quotation not often mentioned, and surely it would not have been Alice's choice as the epitaph for their mutual earthly devotion.

With the death of Alice, Gertrude's cherished picture collection, which Alice had fought so bitterly to keep intact as a memorial to her, became the property of Allan Stein's children and was dispersed by them without sentiment. A major selection was purchased for about six and a half million dollars by four trustees and one patron of the Museum of Modern Art, the institution that Gertrude and Alice had so detested, and became the nucleus, in December of 1970, of a spectacular exhibition there—"Four Americans in Paris: The Collections of Gertrude Stein and Her Family." The preview night for privileged members, held in a great storm, with the rain falling in sheets, predictably was a fashionable affair, the ladies and gentlemen arriving



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in their dampened finery to be greeted by a long, formal receiving line that included the new official owners of Gertrude's art. The smart public atmosphere could never, of course, have substituted for the ambience of the Rue de Fleurus studio, where Gertrude's pictures, discovered by her and bought modestly, and now worth a millionaire's ransom, had originally hung, where they had had the benefit of her pure and sacred passion before price became one of their miraculous merits. In their new, sleek museum showcase, the major value that seemed lacking was private love. —JANET FLANNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE LATER CECILS, by Kenneth Rose (Harper & Row). The early Cecils were William and Robert, the superb ministers of Elizabeth I and James I. Then the family went into a decline that lasted for a number of centuries, only to make a comeback with Robert Cecil, third Marquess of Salisbury (1830-1903). Between 1885 and 1902, that eminent Victorian was three times Prime Minister. This book, however, is primarily concerned with the third Marquess's children. None of them climbed to the top of the greasy pole; they were lesser eminences, such as a bishop, a provost of Eton, and a president of the League of Nations Union. The Cecil family, which over the centuries acquired more titles than Americans can be expected to keep track of, did not suppose but knew that the middle class was in every way loathsome. Because of their vast self-assurance, they felt no need for display and, against the museum-quality background of their stately home, dressed with far less care than their servants. No special trains for Cecils; being top class, they travelled third. Feeling no need to conciliate any human being (including one another), these people said and wrote exactly what they thought. Their minds were keen and their wit was devastating; the volume is a compendium of hilarious, savage wisecracks. Family photos by Lewis Carroll.

FULL FATHOM FIVE: WRECKS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, by Colin Martin (Viking). The author, a British maritime archeologist, is one of the leaders of a team of scientist-divers who have located, identified, and excavated three wrecked ships

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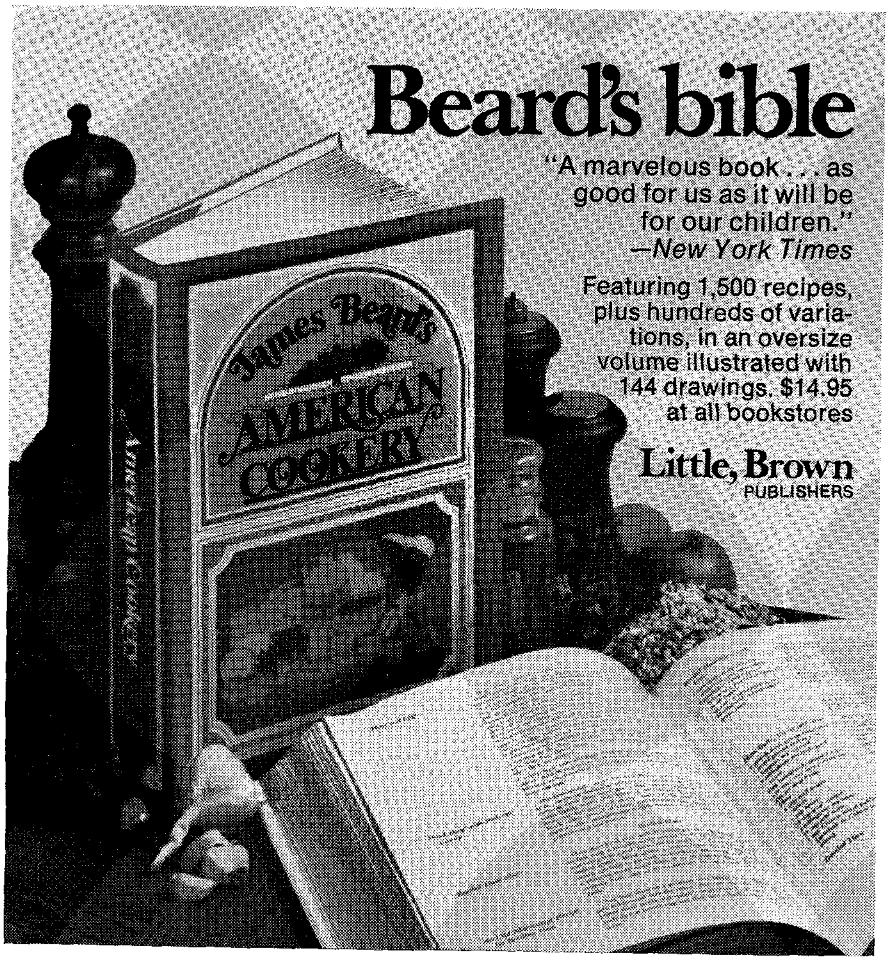
of the Spanish Armada, two of them in Irish waters and one between the Orkney Islands and the Shetlands. He tells here how (by meticulous detective work with old documents) they found the wrecks, and what they discovered when they dived upon them. The Armada has long been at the center of a mystery; many historians maintain that the great fleet was not intended to actually defeat the British Navy and invade England but was, rather, a gigantic bluff to scare the Elizabethans into making concessions to Spain. Why else, it has been asked, was the Armada padded out with so many clumsy merchant vessels, why were so many of the Spanish crews untrained and badly armed and provisioned, why were the guns of the fleet of such poor quality? The author and his colleagues believe that their discoveries—especially the guns they brought up—provide answers to some of the puzzle, and he spells them out here. Many illustrations.

DAILY LIFE IN VICTORIAN ENGLAND, by Christopher Hibbert (American Heritage). If you took a novel by Charles Dickens and shook it until all the crockery, waistcoats, blancmanges, corsets, watch fobs, peculiar turns of phrase, and fleeting references to popular pastimes fell out, you'd get the present volume—a humdrum but not unappealing recitation of the habits and doodads of the Victorian era. The book examines the obsessions of the Victorians with considerable charm, as in an American girl's letter home from her uncle's Shropshire estate in 1851: "I cannot imagine what [an English country gentleman] would do were there no poachers. . . . He enlarges upon the villainy of poachers, upon the ingratitude of poachers . . . until you grow so nervous that you expect to see a poacher start up and seize the bird upon your plate." It's all a bit like a museum-guide recording, but the sumptuous illustrations—of Cornish flower-pickers, Yorkshire sheepshearers, afternoon tea parties, a Billingsgate peddler, Paddington departures, and a barebreasted soubrette, wearing a garter printed with the words "Honi Soit," who is toasting the Prince of Wales—more than compensate for the defects of the text.

THE SEEING HAND: A TREASURY OF GREAT MASTER DRAWINGS, by Colin Eisler (Harper & Row). More than three hundred draw-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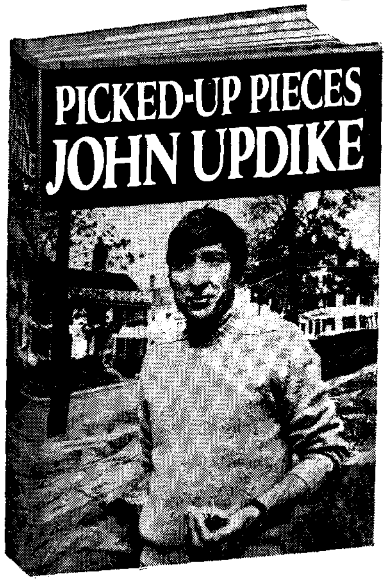

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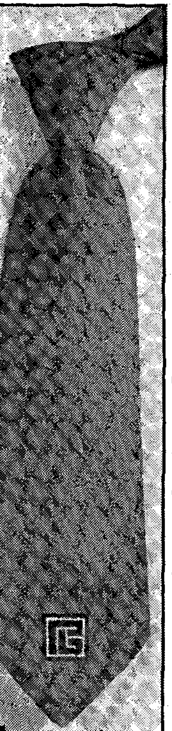

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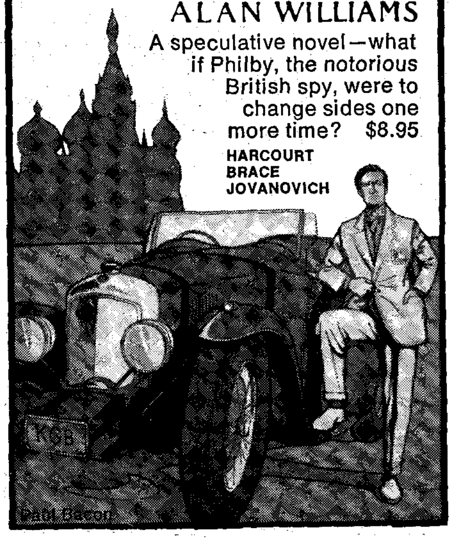

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ings, charmingly grouped according to subject (portraits, landscapes, figures, animals, allegory, myth and fantasy, and so on) and gathered from what appears to be every major museum and private collection in the world. This is a compilation to pass on to your grandchildren, not only because of the excellence and beauty of the reproductions but because the range and choice of drawings (from the haughty, sensual Duke of Alençon and his hilariously rakish horse by the sixteenth-century master Antoine Caron, to Cézanne's romantic, fluid portrait of Achille Emperaire, to Klee's ominous, touching "Doomed Place") give us what amounts to a visual encyclopedia of history. Professor Eisler's captions and brief introductory essay are helpful. A hundred and thirty-two of the illustrations are in color. Twenty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents.

THE GREAT BOOK OF BIRDS, by John Gooders (Dial). This book, the work of a distinguished British ornithologist, much resembles "Birds of the World," by Oliver L. Austin, Jr., and the artist Arthur Singer (Golden Press, 1961), but there are certain points of difference. Both are encyclopedic in form, with short but adequately detailed essays (historical, descriptive, environmental) on each of the several families that embrace the nearly eighty-six hundred species that make up the avifauna of the world, and both are handsomely illustrated in full color—Mr. Gooders' book with over four hundred photographs by various photographers, and the other, of course, with Mr. Singer's paintings, some three hundred in all. The texts are equally authoritative (though the more recent is obviously the more up-to-date), but Mr. Gooders' writing is the more succinct and functional. And in a scientific work of this sort photographic illustrations are much to be preferred to paintings, the latter tending invariably toward stylization. Twenty-four dollars and ninety-five cents.

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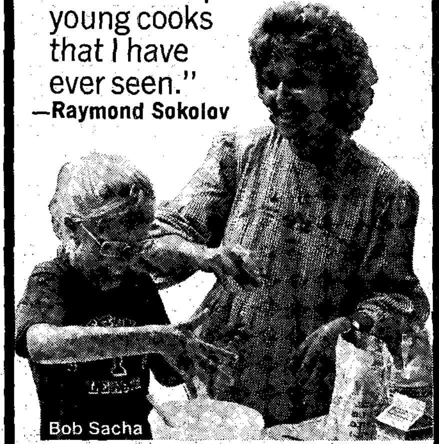

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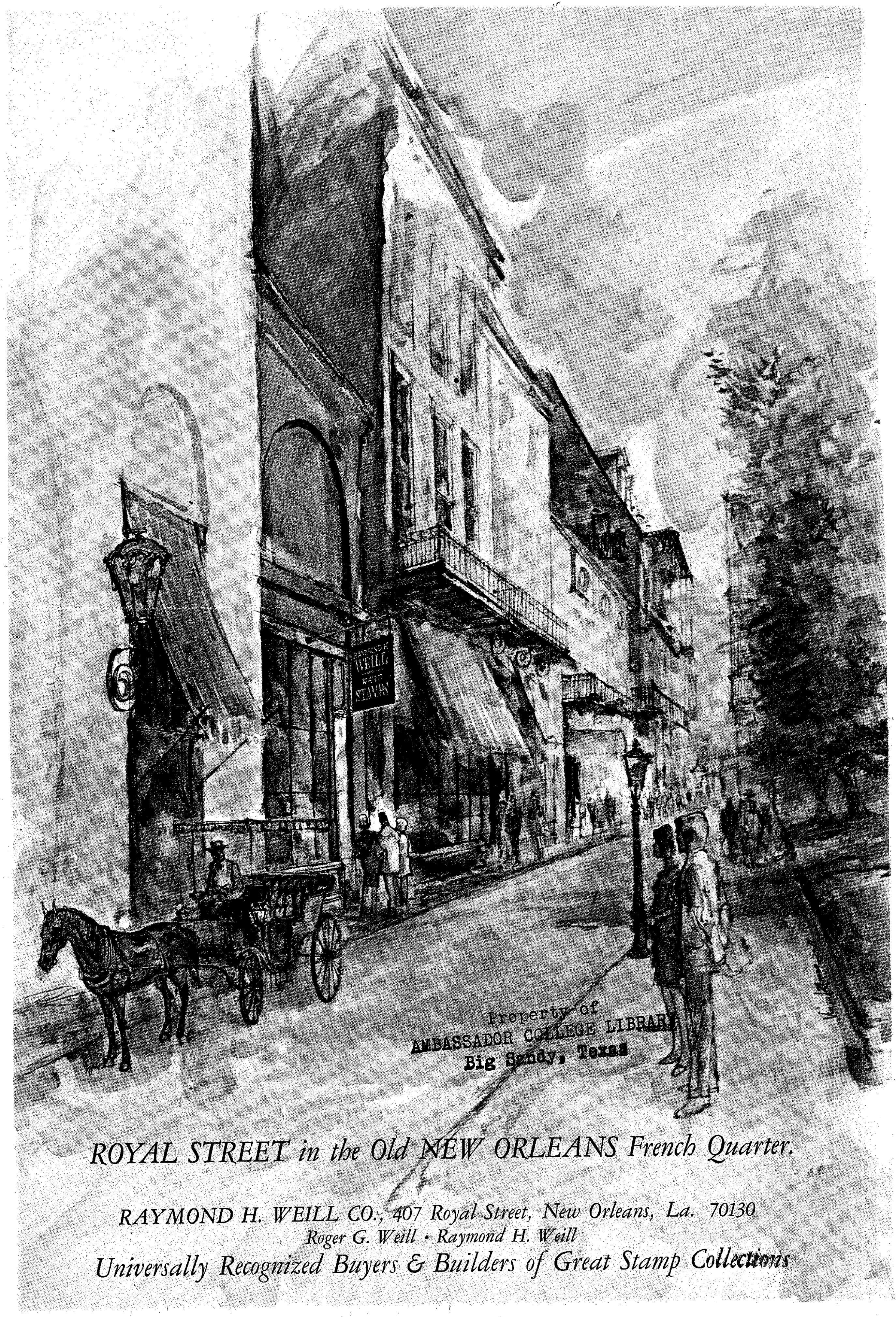

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